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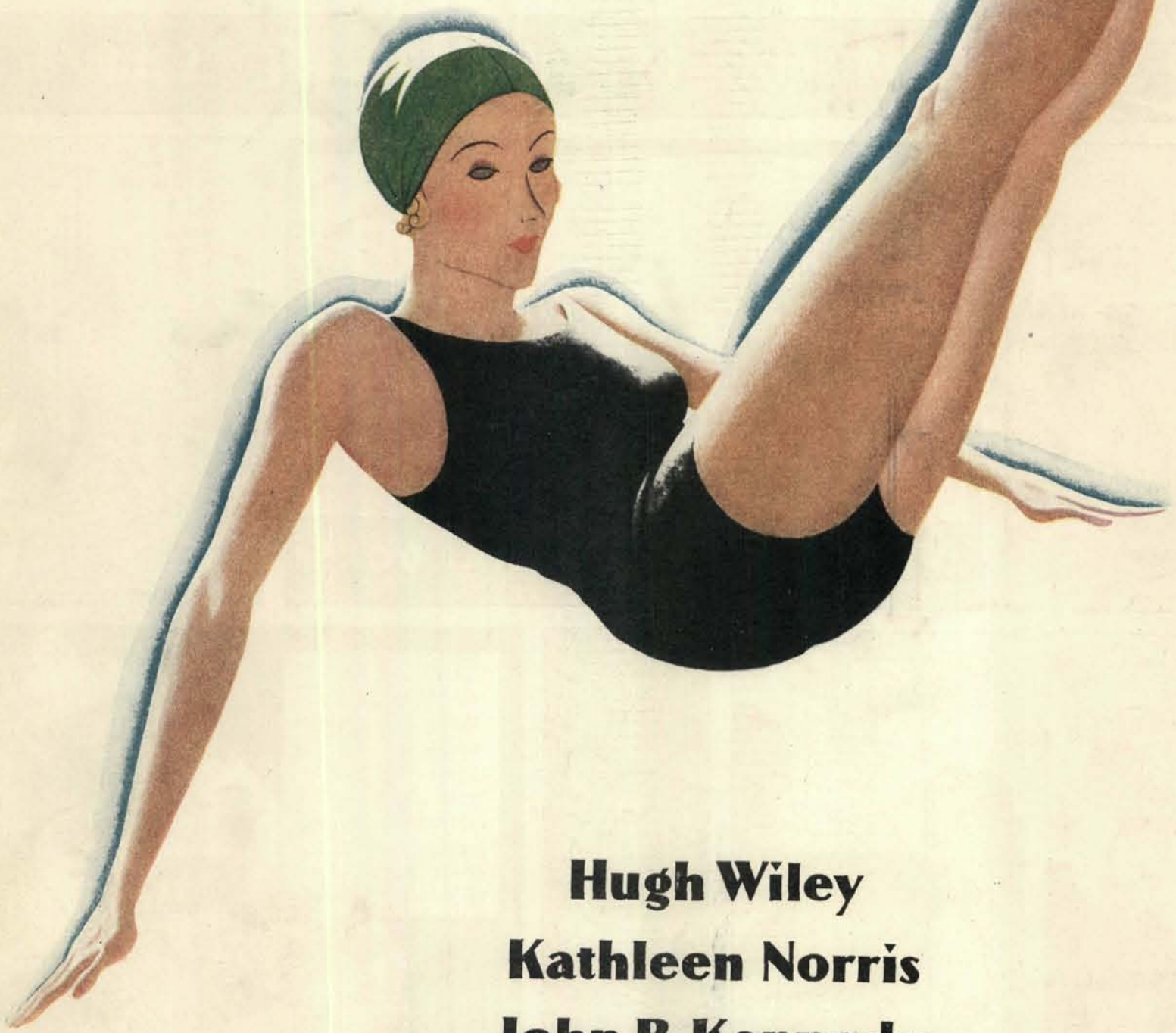
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Hugh Wiley

Kathleen Norris

John B. Kennedy

Albert Richard Wetjen

GEORGE HUGHES

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JULY 22, 1933

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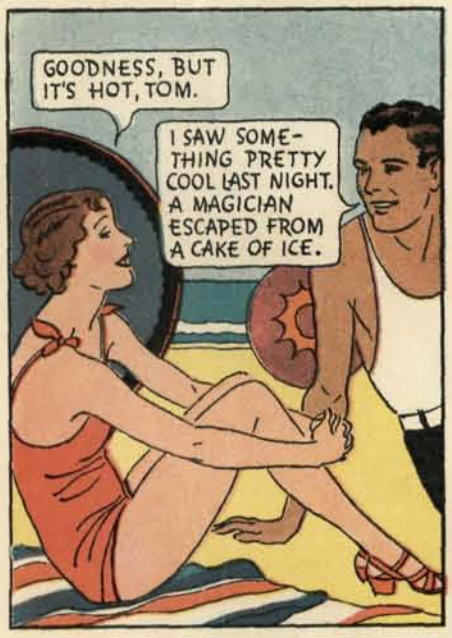
IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

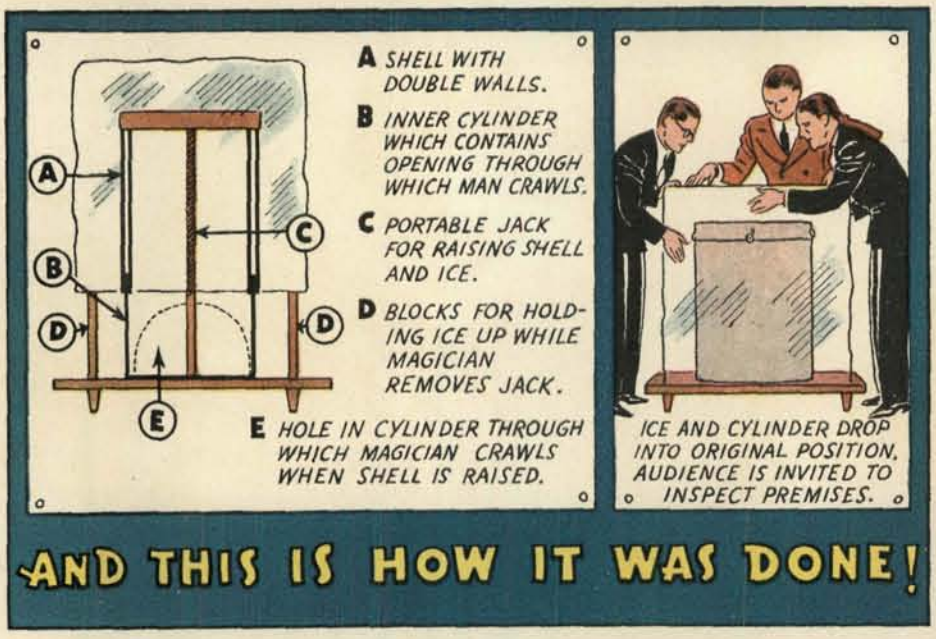
Siberian Prisoner Escapes from ICE CAKE

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



MAGICIAN GETS INTO CAN. IT IS LOCKED! 1.
200-LB. CAKE OF ICE IS LOWERED OVER CAN SO AS TO COVER IT COMPLETELY. 2.
SCREEN IS PLACED BETWEEN AUDIENCE AND ICE. 3.
HE'S OUT!—AND TAKING HIS BOW. 4.

—THIS IS WHAT HE SAW!


A SHELL WITH DOUBLE WALLS.
B INNER CYLINDER WHICH CONTAINS OPENING THROUGH WHICH MAN CRAWLS.
C PORTABLE JACK FOR RAISING SHELL AND ICE.
D BLOCKS FOR HOLDING ICE UP WHILE MAGICIAN REMOVES JACK.
E HOLE IN CYLINDER THROUGH WHICH MAGICIAN CRAWLS WHEN SHELL IS RAISED.
ICE AND CYLINDER DROP INTO ORIGINAL POSITION. AUDIENCE IS INVITED TO INSPECT PREMISES.

AND THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE!

I NEVER DREAMED YOU KNEW THINGS LIKE THAT. HAVE A CIGARETTE?
SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU TAKEN TO THAT KIND?
WHY—ER—DON'T BE ANGRY, TOM, BUT ONE OF THE GIRLS SAID IT HAD A MILDER TASTE.

It's more fun to know

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE *tobaccos than any other popular brand . . .* Try Camels, and learn to know the flavor of tobaccos that are more pleasing . . . milder . . . choicer in quality. *It's the tobacco that counts.*

BE A MAGICIAN

FREE—FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY! 36-PAGE ILLUSTRATED MAGIC BOOK OF CIGARETTE, CARD, AND COIN TRICKS. EVERY TRICK A WINNER! NO TIRESOME PRACTICE NEEDED. SEND ORDER-BLANK AT RIGHT AND FRONTS FROM 5 CAMEL PACKS.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, DEPT. 22-B
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
I enclose fronts from five packs of Camels.
Send me postpaid Free Magic Book.
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

NO TRICKS IN CAMELS—JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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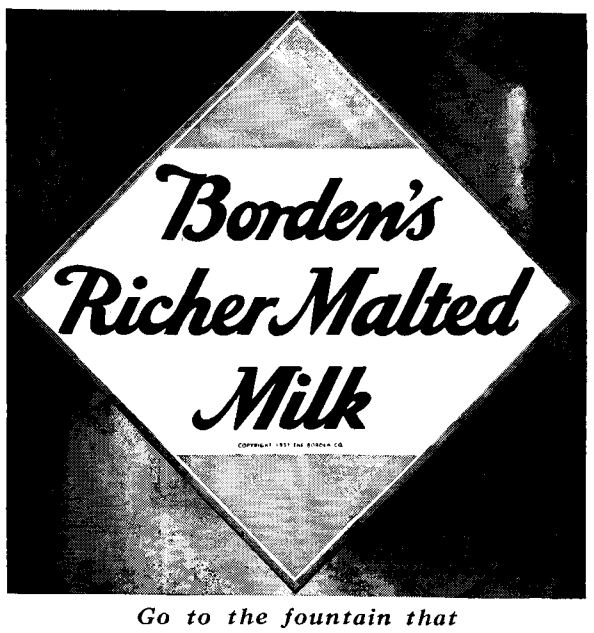
"If our figures expand . . our salaries shrink"

say GENEVIEVE TOBIN and JACK HOLT

Closeups of charming Genevieve Tobin (above) and Jack Holt (below) enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" between scenes of "The Wrecker". . . a new Columbia production.

Keep fit with the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . a sandwich . . . and a glass of Borden's Richer Malted Milk



Go to the fountain that displays the Borden diamond

KEEPING SLIM is a hobby with some people . . . and a matter of pride with others. But with movie stars, keeping slim is a *necessity!* For a few extra pounds can cost a star a contract.

That's why screen celebrities insist on meals that give plenty of nourishment . . . without bulging the silhouette!

Heavy lunches are out!

When the work of a studio pauses at noon . . . mighty few stars eat a heavy, fattening lunch. They need *energy* for the afternoon's grind. And many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch . . . the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Genevieve Tobin and Jack Holt, getting the energy they need . . . without fear of fat. For they're enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . *a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit . . . pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and a glass of the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted . . . Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better

Borden's is a richer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit tomorrow! And don't forget . . . for home use, buy Borden's Malted Milk in the handy glass jars.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN America decided to build its prosperity on the sound principle that wage-earners are also investors, the crooked promoters and the investment sharks came into their own. Mr. Fred Horowitz, who as special U. S. prosecutor brought some of our foremost financial pirates to justice, explains the mechanics of investment skullduggery, and shows you that our present accounting methods rather than the accountants make it simple to fool even the seasoned investor. Mr. Horowitz offers the remedy, an 8-point audit system which would compel bed-rock honesty in balance sheets proffered to investors. William G. Shepherd tells you about it in an important and timely article: "Stop Lying to Investors."

ALL the world knew of the failure of brilliant Thelma Rhodden's marriage to Julian Matrick. But only Carol, who looked like a lovely, cool gardenia in her crisp nurse's uniform—only Carol knew that they still loved each other. Julian, of course, being what he was, simply hadn't the heart to tell Carol about it. And then, just to complicate things, young Dr. Howes decided that Julian wasn't good enough for Carol anyway, precipitating a most surprising state of affairs. "As If He Cared" is by Teresa Hyde Phillips.

WHEN Herr Adolf Hitler decided, between crises recently, to fit Germany's religion more closely into the Fascist scheme of things through the new "state church," results were immediate, if not too gratifying. T. R. Ybarra details them for you at first hand in "You Can't Get to Heaven that Way."

OF COURSE you've heard of the bogus Marquis of Rhyde. When Mike Calhoun, whose motto was "anything for a laugh," brought the Marquis to meet Claudia Snell, Mike's all-time classic gag turned right around and kicked him in the teeth. You'll enjoy "The Wow of the Week," by Everett Rhodes Castle.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS writes the story of a great baseball player who wouldn't admit that "Legs Last Just So Long." Dr. Ruth Wadsworth looks at beauty culture from the scientific point of view, and lays down a few fundamental rules for your guidance in this most important matter. André Maurois writes the Short Short Story. William MacHarg presents Detective O'Malley with another baffler. Ernest Haycox brings things rapidly to a head in the Powder desert, and Kathleen Norris, as always, holds you enthralled. Get your nickels ready.

This Week

July 22, 1933

Cover by George Hughes

HUGH WILEY
Dinner for Two. **Chinese do things backward—even when playing Cupid.** **Page 7**

RUTH BURR SANBORN
The Stars Fell Down. **A modern Cinderella—in pink.** **Page 10**

SHIPLEY THOMAS and JOHN T. FLYNN
Watch the Small Change. **It may be part of the heralded silver lining.** **Page 12**

RAY TUCKER
The Man Misfortune Made. **President Roosevelt's fine fight for health—and its unexpected by-products.** **Page 14**

WILLIAM MacHARG
Mind Reader. **Detective O'Malley playing on superstition.** **Page 15**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Facts on the half-shell.** **Page 16**

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
In the King's Hut. **Justice walks through the jungle with Wallaby Jim.** **Page 17**

DON MARQUIS
A is for Roach. **Zigzag zoölogy.** **Page 18**

JOHN B. KENNEDY
Tough Dollar. **Jimmy Durante, flop-stopper, who works hard for his money.** **Page 19**

COREY FORD
Bodyguard. **A good idea—but Casey started to improve on it.** **Page 20**

ERNEST HAYCOX
Starlight Rider, Part IV. **When killers fall out—** **Page 22**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Manhattan Love Song, Part II. **Babes on Broadway.** **Page 24**

EDITORIAL
Yesterday's Sin, Today's Virtue. **Page 50**

Any Week

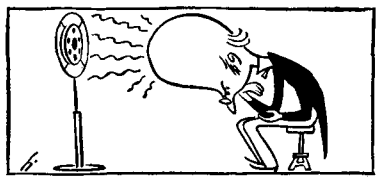
"I HOPE," says Mr. Morton Fellman of New Orleans, "that you won't take it too much to heart if I call your attention to a rather serious error in your recent articles on Senator Long. You constantly refer to Louisiana but it has been Hueysiana for several years."

AND Mr. George W. Metcalfe of Pennsylvania thinks that we published George Creel's "The Kitchen Cabinet" in what some people call the nick of time. "Quite a few of those brains attaching to Mr. Roosevelt," says Mr. Metcalfe, "will be working elsewhere before Congress meets again. Too much thinking for any President to handle. Mark my words."

"OF COURSE," complains Mr. B. M. Mockley of Denver, Colorado, "if the drinkers of this country are going to double-cross the drys and refuse to wallow in the gutter, beat their children, murder their wives and otherwise ignore the warnings of the Anti-Saloon League after an evening of 3.2, how can we expect the drys to hold the fort?"

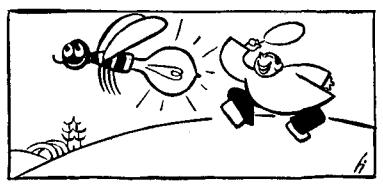
AFTER a patient examination of the American scene viewed from Savannah, Georgia, the thoughtful Mr. Bill Matches sums it all up as follows: "An old professor once noted the infinite capacity of the human brain to resist the introduction of knowledge. The grown man will believe what he wants to, for, as another authority has it, the beliefs of the average unscientific man are more precious to him than the truth."

KNOWING Mr. Matches, we feel sure that a complete explanation of the above will be forthcoming at the proper time. That it has been a bit warm in Savannah is no secret to us. A fellow townsman of Mr. Matches, Mr. George B. Lollard, tells us so, adding that he would like us to inform the governor of Georgia, the Hon. Mr. Talmadge, that the state dares him to give it a chance to legalize beer, which Savannah is drinking copiously anyway. "We ask you to ask him," says Mr. Lollard, "because he won't listen to us."



"COME on down some evening," says Mr. Tom McNulty of Washington, D. C., "and watch the local 'brain trust' running hither and yon looking for a microphone to think through."

THANKS to Miss L. Swift of Tokyo, Japan, we are in position to say that, contrary to a statement made by us, fireflies are not sold in large lots by wholesale dealers in Japan for garden parties. The facts are, according to Miss Swift, who was born in Japan and has spent most of her life there, that there are firefly parties "when families and friends sally forth in light summer garb, armed with round fans to knock down fireflies, often taking a basket of refreshments and making a party of it." From other sources we learn, too, that fireflies of much larger size are found in China. So, with our customary agility, we put two and two together and present you with the low-down on the Sino-Japanese imbroglio.



THE General Assembly of Connecticut has passed a minimum wage law, Mr. Joseph M. Tone, the State Labor Commissioner, hastens to advise us. "No small part of the credit," adds Mr. Tone, "must go to you and to Mr. William G. Shepherd, author of "Robbing the Working Girl," which appeared in Collier's last November, as the article helped tremendously to build up that strong public opinion which forced the passage in the face of legislative inertia and very strong organized opposition."

"IF YOU'VE been reading your newspaper," writes Mr. R. L. Hasty of New York City, "you will have seen that Mayor O'Brien of New York indignantly denounces what he calls 'hordes of radicals who invade his City Hall, planting seeds of sedition, socialism and communism.' These hordes, in case you don't know, went to City Hall to oppose new taxes for the support of Tammany Hall. But Mr. O'Brien may be right. Anyway the hordes went to fertile ground with their seeds. Tammany has done more to promote radicalism than the Communist party."

AND Mrs. Theresa B. Ottenheimer of Portland, Oregon, thinks it is just as well that the "heathen and other benighted peoples cannot read our newspapers." But if they could and did read, she adds, she would like to know what they thought after a "nice, friendly exhortation by a visiting missionary to adopt our so-called culture and thereby enjoy the blessings of our civilization."

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Colgate's is made for WATERPROOF whiskers

WATER — common, ordinary water — is what softens whiskers. But, Mister, water and your whiskers may not be getting together.

Here's why . . . Nature has surrounded every whisker in your face with an oily, *waterproof* coating. And because many shaving creams fail to completely remove this oil coating, your whiskers stay dry . . . tough and wiry.

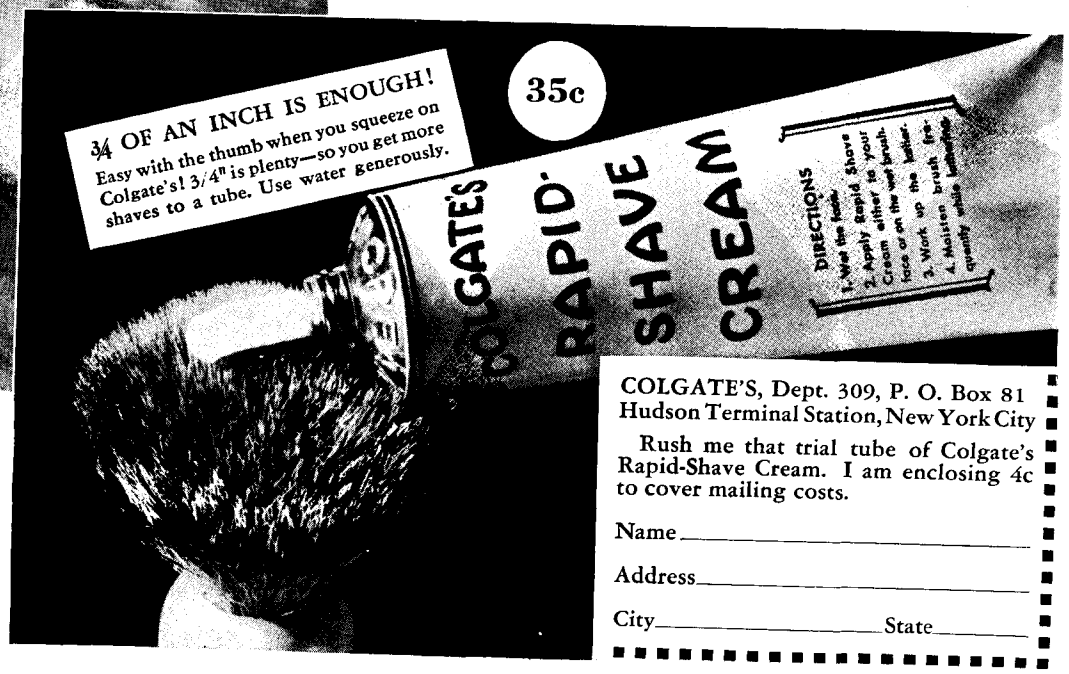
Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream *completely* de-waterproofs whiskers! Its rich lather surrounds every hair and emulsifies the oily, water-resisting coating . . . *floats it away.*

Then, tiny water-laden bubbles soak, soak, soak the stubbornness out of every whisker . . . make 'em soft, wilted . . . a set-up for your razor! That's why Colgate's gives you such a silky shave.

A godsend to tender skins!

Colgate's is easy on your face, too. No after-shave parch, no drawn, scraped feeling. That cool, creamy lather acts like a charm on your skin . . . leaves your face soothed, smoothed and smiling.

Buy a tube of Colgate's. Lather up . . . shave. For the 'nth degree of after-shave comfort—follow through with a palmful of Colgate's After-Shave Lotion. Then a dash of Colgate's Talc for Men . . . and you've got a face that's as contented as a purring kitten!


¾ OF AN INCH IS ENOUGH!
Easy with the thumb when you squeeze on Colgate's! 3/4" is plenty—so you get more shaves to a tube. Use water generously.
35c
COLGATE'S
RAPID-
SHAVE
CREAM
DIRECTIONS
1. Wet the face
2. Apply Rapid Shave Cream either to your face or on the wet brush.
3. Work up the lather.
4. Massage well into the growth.

COLGATE'S, Dept. 309, P. O. Box 81
Hudson Terminal Station, New York City

Rush me that trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. I am enclosing 4c to cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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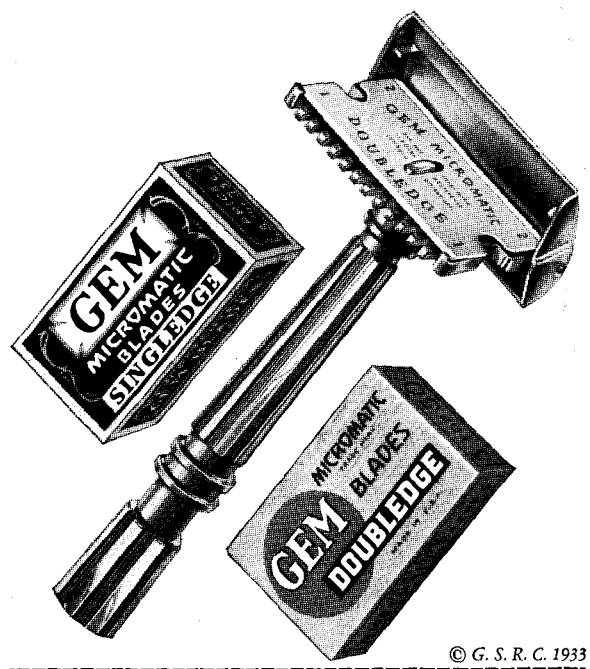
Gem reaches the deepest clefts, wrinkles and skin-folds.

Not a nick, scuff or skip!



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GEM RAZORS get *all* the beard. They reach the deepest clefts, wrinkles and skin-folds—and never leave a nick, scuff or a skipped hair behind.

The correctly slanted, bevel-sided top slips into every corner and crevice of the face.

No bristle can hope to elude the keen, clean sweep of Gem's surgical steel blades—steel so evenly grained and toughly tempered that it withstands 4840 separate stroppings without frazzling the Micromatically exact edge.

The combined product of perfection and inspection—mutual friend of all rough chins and thin skins. Rigid, longer-lasting and deeper wedged, because they're 50% stronger and thicker. Far cheaper than any substitute because of their extra shaving and saving power.

Adjusted so precisely by dual-alignment (exclusive and patented feature) that the stubbornest stubble yields to Gem's thistle-down touch without a tug or whimper.

The only razor that compels you to use the barber's long, swift, *right-angled* stroke. The only razor that protectively covers one side of a double-edge blade while the other is in action.

The only razor in which single-edge blades can *also* be used—provided they're Gems. One-piece construction—no take-down parts—guaranteed unbreakable, and *forever*. Handsomely boxed set (*still* on a gold-plated standard), *everywhere* $1.00.

Send a quarter with this coupon for complete trial Gem set.

Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C8, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1.00 outfits.

PRINT NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR AND BLADES

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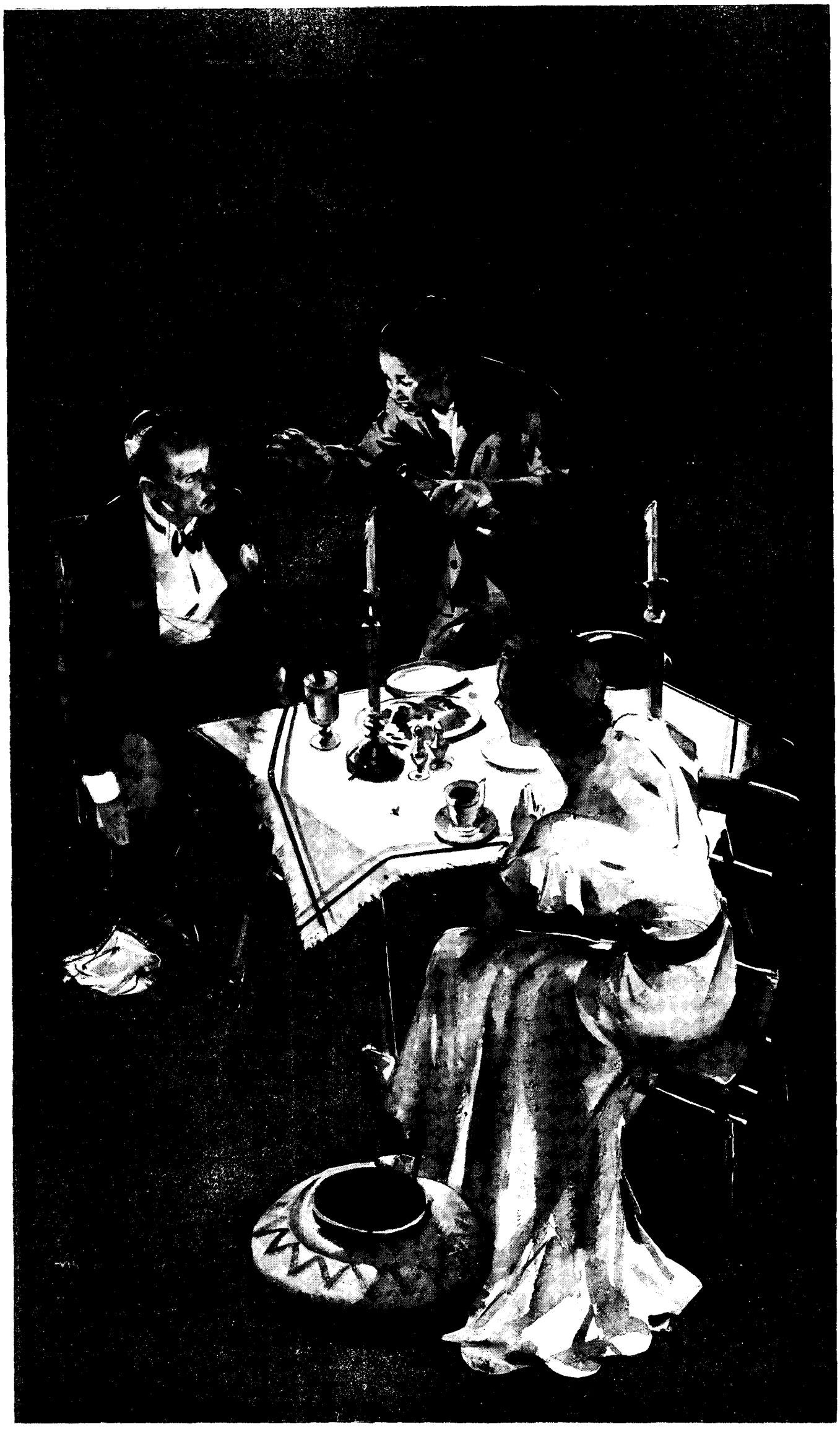

ON THE night that Soong Wo was born the Tree of Disaster was in bloom. Its black petals lined the pathway of his childhood. The talons of famine clutched his little world and men ate weeds that grew on the abandoned graves of their fathers.

Flooding rivers and ravaging disease brought the Last Gift to unnumbered tens of thousands in the anguished Central Glory, but presently one of the lesser lieutenants of Milo Fo reached down and lifted Soong Wo out of the black pit. His father sold Soong Wo into slavery for six ounces of fermented rice. A labor contractor who was collecting men for a coffin caravan bought Soong Wo and the new chattel was charged with the duty of tending the cooking fires of the caravan. It seemed to Soong Wo that the westward journey into the Takla Makan was a pathway through paradise, for now his stomach bulged with substantial rations and thick felted robes shielded him at night from the howling demons that rode the icy gales across the frozen land.

On its eastward trip the camels of the caravan were laden with heavy coffins for the first stages of the journey. In these coffins lay shrouded corpses of men who had paid good gold to have their bones transported to the villages of their own people. Away from the last frontier of law the dead men's bones were scattered on the desert and the coffins were filled with a new cargo of Persian opium consigned to the Japanese buyers in northern China.

Because the expedition promised rich reward, the master of the caravan was generous with rice. Enjoying the smile of Milo Fo, "I have forgotten long years of distress in this day of plenty," Soong Wo reflected. "The road has been rough but now the pathway is smooth, the sky is blue."

THE last mile is the longest. Nearing the Yellow Sea, a bandit crew that had been financed by the Portuguese proprietors of an opium ring operating in Macao swept down from a mountain fortress and within the hour the master of the caravan and twenty of his men met death. In the first shock of the battle, Soong Wo surrendered to the spreading fire of a bullet hole that burned through his left shoulder. He closed his eyes in sleep that ended his agony. Dead men lay around him but he was not yet one of this happier company. In a late hour of his troubled sleeping he heard a voice that seemed to speak strange words. He opened his eyes. A white man stood above him. Another knelt at his side. This man addressed him in a dialect that he could understand.

"Have no fear," the man said. "You are safe." This man was Warren Gregg and he spoke in a strange imitation of the Cantonese dialect. Gregg's hands, bandaging Soong Wo's wound, were gentle enough and skillful but the pain of the moment swept Soong Wo back into the black abyss, and for a while time stood still. Then from the

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broken shore-land of his anguished empire Soong Wo seemed to float out upon the tranquil surface of a quiet sea. Pain had left him and he awakened to look upon a happier land whose king was Warren Gregg.

Soong Wo realized that Gregg had saved his life and on the instant, out of gratitude and fealty, resolved: "I will serve this man as long as life endures."

The New York group that had financed Warren Gregg's expedition enjoyed a rich dividend on its investment. Gregg had led his men into Mongolia and at Ertemte, twenty miles north of Hallong Osso, the expedition came upon its first treasure: a rich deposit of vertebrate bones of the Pliocene.

SWINGING down to Kansu, Gregg left the Tao valley after a brief exploration of the grave fields in the valley had yielded a hoard of painted pottery, of bronzes adorned with designs suggesting the Scythian animal forms, and three skull fragments that were to add ten thousand birthdays to the oldest Ancient Man. These treasures, with a harvest of ancient pottery from Honan, found lying above a deposit of flints and stone rings of an earlier civilization, were the favors that came when Milo Fo smiled from his heaven upon Warren Gregg.

Then the smile of Milo Fo was hidden by a mist of tears that fell from the sorrowing eyes of Kwan Yin, and the Central Glory was swept with the flame of war. Gregg's conquest of ancient things ended with a rapid retreat toward the China coast.

Parting with Soong Wo, "You have been a faithful servant," Gregg said. "You have served me well and I regret that I cannot take you with me to my country."

"Is there no place for me in your service?" Soong Wo asked.

"There is a place for you but there is no gate in the wall erected by the laws of my country. You cannot pass that wall."

To himself, "Heaven smiles upon the resourceful man," Soong Wo reflected. "The wall of death is the only barrier that cannot be passed. There must be a gate in the wall that bounds my master's country." To Warren Gregg, "In the river of life no man can swim upstream. I shall believe always that where there is room in the heart there is room in the house. Bowing low to you now I speak the words of farewell. For me this moment holds a thousand years of sorrow."

Gregg smiled at Soong Wo. "There is a last step to every journey," he said. "There will always be a place in my house for you. If you should find a gate in the wall you will be welcome in my house. You have been a faithful servant."

"I shall find a gate in the wall," Soong Wo said. "Mountain streams must finally join the sea.". . .

In San Francisco, waiting for a slower ship that was bringing the trophies of the expedition out of China, Gregg gave himself a ten-day holiday. He employed part of this time in renewing old acquaintances. He spent three days playing golf with a pair of Stanford men who had been in his class. Through all of these three days he was conscious of an increase in the disappointment that had come when he found that Helen Ross was spending the summer in England.

"She is just as beautiful as ever," one of the Stanford men declared. "That red hair of hers has burned a hundred broken hearts to cinders."

"Including seven Argentine polo players," the other man offered.

"And the millionaire Frenchman who drifted into Del Monte last year."

"Is she married?" Gregg asked them.

"She's probably waiting for you. You recall the dear dead days, don't you?"

"Kid stuff," Gregg said; but in his heart he realized that not all of his wooing had been kid stuff.

THAT night, following a heavy hour of memories, "Not a single minute of it was kid stuff!" Gregg exclaimed, talking loudly to himself. "I was in love. I would have been a darn' sight happier if I'd worked for a marriage license instead of my degree. What a great mining engineer I turned out to be! Sidetracked into digging up dead relics of dead people. What I crave is a live one —and her name is Helen Ross." He thought of the trophies and the treasures that he had won in China and the fruits of his victory turned suddenly to ashes. "I would trade it all, all the dead stuff of yesterday, for one day with her. I guess I've lived too many days in the remote past. I'll try living now and today for a while—now and tomorrow. Tomorrow and tomorrow—ever and always with her. What a fool I've been!"

The white man addressed Soong Wo in a dialect that he could understand. "Have no fear," he said

IN New York Gregg spent four months working on the scientific report of his expedition and the catalogue of his collections. Then he faced the depression for a month until all thoughts of the depression were swept away by a brief cablegram from Helen Ross. "Arriving Friday," Gregg read. "When do we eat? Love."

Before the eating began, "I can't live without you," Gregg declared to the girl. "I love you and I want you with me always. Will you marry me?"

"Maybe after another million years of your archæology," Helen Ross answered. "What about our meal ticket? You were always burdened with large ideas and small money at school."

"The biggest copper people in the world have offered to send me to Peru," Gregg said. "It's a swell job with all of the square meals that you could eat."

"I hear that the Peruvians drink nicely. The rest of the idea makes me shudder. Tell me about it when you come back."

"It isn't necessary for me to go to Peru. The scrap in China has revived the quicksilver market. Quicksilver has a price. Some men in town here want me to develop the old Snakerock properties in California. There is eight thousand a year in it—and California."

"Yes, darling," Helen Ross said, frowning up at the waiter who had appointed himself referee. "We will be married in California."

"We'll be married in New York right now," Gregg amended in a masterful voice.

And so they were married in California.

THE ore in the Snakerock mine is cinnabar. In the past it was a popular face paint with the Indian tribes of the region. For eighty years the mine was worked without much systematic planning, and when Gregg took it over it was a jumble of shafts and chutes and caverns unmapped and, in the main, unknown to any living man. The Chilenos and Mexicans employed underground in the Snakerock fostered the traditions of death and disaster and mystery that had been woven about the Snakerock country. There were dead men in a dozen forgotten areas of the Snakerock workings and ghostly voices could be heard in the black caverns of the mine—voices that spoke in Spanish dialects strange to every listener's ears and voices that used English idioms current a century ago.

For the Chilenos and Mexicans, thrills and mysteries came from the depths of the Snakerock, but for Warren Gregg profitable quantities of cinnabar, rich in quicksilver, rewarded his genius for organization and for hard work. His interest in his job grew as the underground survey of the mine progressed. And then a lucky guess uncovered an ore body that brought production up for the month to over a thousand flasks.

"She's a winner!" Gregg exulted to the red-haired Helen when the month's report had been mailed.

His wife yawned. "That being the case suppose we have a week or so at Del Monte," she suggested. "I'm bored to death. It's been a month since I've had a glimpse of the outside world. Couldn't we have a week or so at Del Monte or run up to the Yosemite or Palm Springs?"

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"You go, darling. I realize it's sort of a tough spot for you. I have to stick to the job."

"I think I will," the girl decided. "Old Wong can take care of you for a week or so. He seems to run his kitchen a lot better when I let him alone. You'll probably eat like a movie magnate while I'm away."

"I'll drive you down to the train in the morning. You need any money?"

"I have plenty."

WARREN GREGG breakfasted with his wife. Returning from the town he went down into the lower workings of the Snakerock. He spent forty-eight hours underground. He came up tired and dirty and hungry. "What I need is a drink," he decided.

Entering the living-room of his bungalow, which stood a thousand feet from the main shaft of the Snakerock, he called loudly for old Wong Yup. A new voice answered him, "Wong Yup go sick," and it was Soong Wo trying out his first bit of pidgin English on the man who had saved his life in the high reaches of the Takla Makan.

In the cool, shadowed room of his residence the white man's eyes widened and in Gregg's smile Soong Wo read a welcome that rewarded him for the distress and the perils of his journey to his master's side.

"I'll be damned!" Gregg said. Then in the dialect that Soong Wo knew, "How did you get here? The smile of Kwan Yin marks this fortunate day."

"Ketchum boat, ketchum walk, ketchum good luck," Soong Wo answered in pidgin. "Where lady you marry? Bimeby better you ketchum large boy family."

Abandoning the Cantonese, "Lady go lilly bit. Come back some day," Gregg answered. After a while, "All the time too muchee work. Lady no likee here. Allee same die."

"More better lady stay here 'longside you. My cousin San Francisco say him Number One fashion nice lady. Good pidgin she allee time stay by you ketchum large family. What you likee eat?"

Explaining his desires in the matter of rations and temporizing with the mild suggestion that the detail of a son and heir might be held under the head of future business, Gregg presently abandoned Soong Wo to his own devices.

Within the week Soong Wo mastered the trick of making Gregg comfortable. Thereafter he devoted his leisure hours to various minor construction projects. He mixed investigation with his creative industry and by the time a lawn around Gregg's bungalow had been reclaimed, a trout pool organized in the little creek that fronted the house, and fifty trees transplanted to cool the sun-swept site, he had explored the surrounding terrain within a radius of two miles; had investigated the furnaces, the mine buildings and the tunnels of the Snakerock, and held himself to be an old hand in the business of running his part of the show to suit his master's pleasure.

WHEN Helen Gregg returned she was agreeably surprised at the change which had become manifest in her household. "He's a darling," she declared. "He is a maid and a laundress and a cook and a valet and a gardener all in one."

"You might add that he is a first-class trout catcher," Gregg suggested, "and don't forget the quail we had for lunch. Not a shot in a carload—he rigged some sort of a snare and took them alive."

"Maybe he can make champagne," the girl suggested.

"He can probably make better stuff than the champagne you buy."

"I had some last night that wasn't so bad. The skipper of some Italian ship was one of Minnie's guests and he gave her a couple of cases as a souvenir."

"Souvenir of conquest, you mean?"

"What else? Min is reaching the silly stage."

"You can't blame her much with Joe away on his ship from one year's end to another."

"She was never very keen about him anyway."

"Are you keen about me?"

"Frightfully."

"I'm glad, little honey. You forgive me for not chasing around with you? Forgive me for sticking close to this meal ticket?"

"Don't be silly. You're a swell pal and I love you."

"Thank you, darling. Maybe we'll go places before long. Read this."

Gregg handed his wife an open letter. She read it.

"Does this mean the New York people are selling the mine to this German outfit?" she asked. "And who is Frederick Koll?"

"It means they are selling the mine if Koll's report to his people is favorable. He is a youngster in the mining game but he is a good gold man. I was on an African job with him for a couple of months. He was sort of a wild youth but he knows the gold game—and probably as much about quicksilver as the next man. There isn't much system to quicksilver. The Snakerock and all the rest of the mercury properties I ever saw are more or less guesswork."

"Is Koll coming here?"

"You read the letter. I guess we will have him on our hands for a month or so. Koll will probably be underground for a month before he makes his preliminary report."

"Where are we going to park him? There's no room in this place for him."

"I'll have that little cabin under the big oak down by the creek fixed up for him. Soong Wo will rig everything. Don't worry about Koll. He's an old hand at roughing it."

WITHIN a month following Frederick Koll's arrival, Helen Gregg's yearning for the outer world was forgotten. The young German engineer brought several interesting sections of the outer world with him. For a while the girl believed that her interest in Koll was inspired by his vivid narration of adventures that had overtaken him, but presently she realized that a more personal attraction had awakened her. She found herself looking forward with increasing eagerness to the late hour each day when Koll came up from his exploration of the mine.

Within a month Koll's surveys had covered all of the important areas underground. Thereafter, poring over his notes long hours each day, he began work on his report and the maps of his survey.

At this time, realizing that quicksilver production was the one important factor in the pending transaction, Warren Gregg spent sixteen hours underground each day, supervising the work of the two shifts that were employed in the mine.

When Koll's residence at the Snakerock had lengthened into the seventh week the mail messenger came in one evening with a long communication from the New York owners of the mine. It was addressed to Gregg. Late that night Gregg showed the letter to his wife.

"It's a cinch they will make the sale," he exulted. "Get that hot spot in the fourth paragraph—honey, the hard work I've been doing hasn't been lost. They're square shooters and when they say that I get a ten per cent cut on the sale price that's just exactly what they mean."

"How much money will that be?" Helen Gregg asked.

"The Snakerock is a ten-million-dollar property. There's a million dollars

(Continued on page 26)

Warren Gregg spent sixteen hours underground each day, supervising the work of the two shifts

Illustrated by John Gannam

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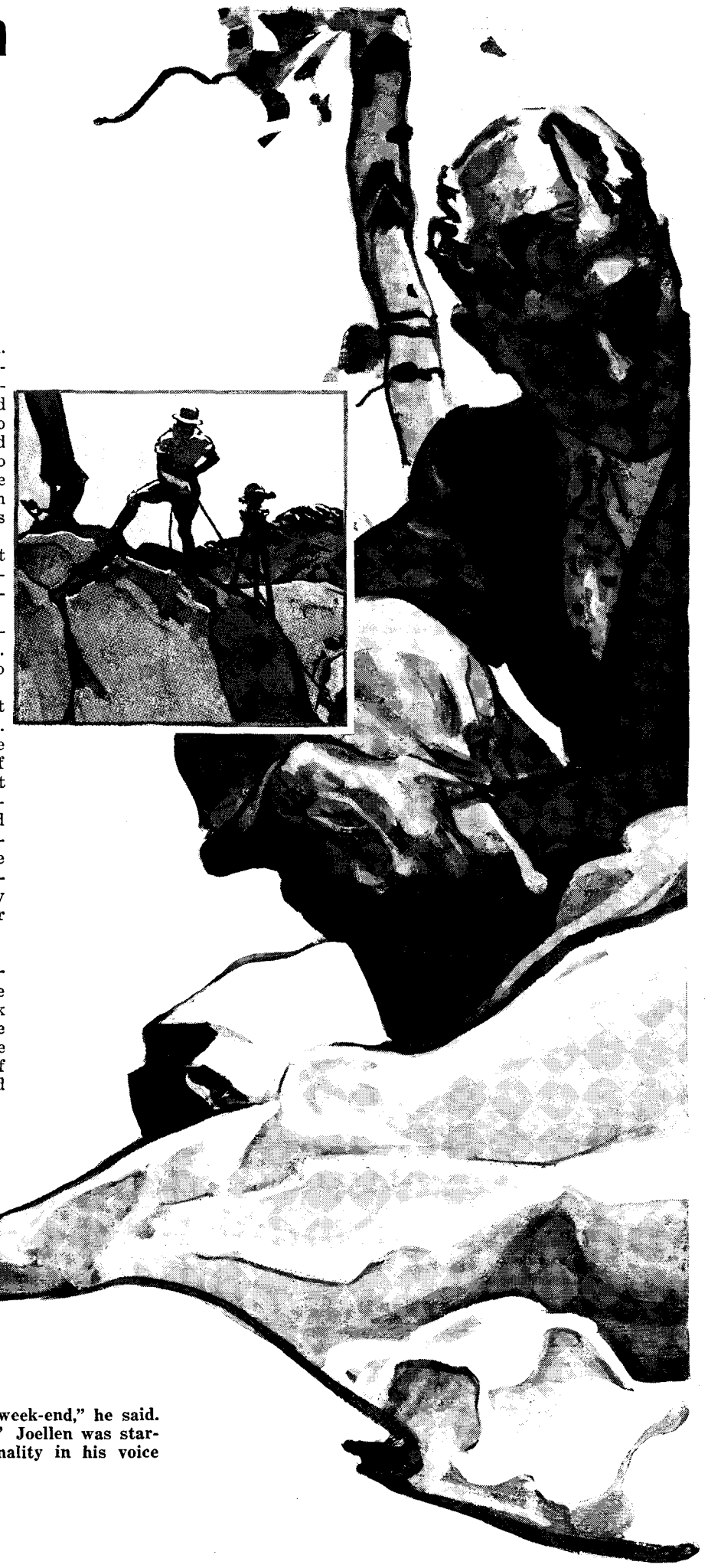
The Stars Fell Down

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

Joellen's beauty was the kind that had to be discovered. She kept it to herself as long as she could. But any girl can be provoked beyond endurance



"It has been a good week-end," he said. "I shall remember it." Joellen was startled by a hint of finality in his voice

JOELLEN read it in a magazine. *Pink is for proposals.* She turned the page right over. But later, with more pink in her cheeks than the thought of even the brightest pink dress could put there, she turned back.

Joellen Pembroke grew up in Pembroke Village—an old, old town in northern New England, distinguished by its fine old elms, its fine old houses with the paint all peeling off them, and its relics of fine old families. The Pembrokes were of the finest and oldest. There was Grandmother Pembroke, aged ninety-five, Granduncle Enos Pembroke, aged ninety-two, Aunt Lavinia Pembroke, aged eighty-nine . . . and Joellen.

Joellen was brought up to close doors quietly, and never to contradict, and not to resemble her madcap mother more than she could help; she ate soup and baked apples and junket because the old people could not chew, and read the obituaries into Grandmother Pembroke's ear trumpet. The youngest caller at the Pembroke house was Lawyer Windershin, a mere sprig of seventy-one, who grew quite kittenish after his second wife died—but even he was hardly the stuff of which proposals are made. No one had ever really kissed Joellen, nor sat with her under a wild, young moon, nor told her that she was beautiful.

Perhaps the Pembrokes did not know that Joellen was beautiful. They told her that she had the Pembroke bones, which were small, fine, aristocratic bones that it had taken generations of straight-backed Pembrokes to make—and they did not mention the lovely flesh that overlaid them, so rounded and yet so slender, nor the lovely grace of their movement, which had been her mother's charm. They told her that she had the Pembroke hair, which was fair and straight—and did not mention the shine of it, which was the shine of unpolished amber. They said nothing whatever about her eyes, which were enormous and dark blue, rather dangerously trusting and rather . . . dangerous.

NEVERTHELESS it must be admitted that Joellen's beauty was the kind you have to discover. It is often like that with beauty which is not lighted with happiness inside. You looked at Joellen once and thought nothing much about it—only that the day was fair and the sun unusually bright. It was only when something extraordinary happened, and you saw her smile unconsciously at a lovely thing like flowers or a spring dawning, that the thought came to you of beauty.

Grandmother Pembroke and Aunt Lavinia and Granduncle Enos all died the same winter—the winter that Joellen was twenty-two, and looked sixteen, and felt nearly a hundred. When it was over, Joellen shut up the old Pembroke house, and took her small inheritance in her purse, and her dark, durable clothes in her suitcase, and went to the city in search of the youth that she had never had.

The city was a magic word to Joellen. It meant theaters, and large, gay restaurants, and night clubs just pleasantly wicked, and shop windows, and handsome and dashing young men who wrapped ladies in sable coats and handed them into taxis. There was also a sprinkling of offices, where one worked to the accompaniment of much laughter and chatter of last night's party.

Joellen went to an employment agency and broached the subject of offices. "But what can you do?" the secretary asked her.

Joellen considered her accomplishments. There did not seem to be many. "I can read very nicely," she said, "into an ear trumpet."

Reading into ear trumpets is not one of the overcrowded professions. Joellen built up a considerable clientele among the rich and lonely old ladies of the city. But she found that one does not go by herself to the gayest of the restaurants, nor even to the least wicked of the night clubs; and one is not invited to parties when she knows no one to invite her. Joellen would have begun to doubt the existence of the city she had imagined if it had not been for Clarice.

CLARICE lived in the same rooming-house where Joellen did. And Clarice was simply gorgeous. She had dark hair with a natural wave that had to be set every week, and dark eyes made darker with mascara. She had a pair of red slippers with gold heels and a gold mesh bag with a ruby in the clasp. She went out every evening with some one of a hundred different men, and changed the color of her nails to match her costume, and her perfume to match her man; and she had been proposed to so many times that she had lost count. She said so herself. She told Joellen all about the hundred different men.

Clarice told Joellen about Val Dewire, who was the most *marvelous* dancer. He knew every song in every show in the city, and he might have been a crooner. The cozy way he held you when he danced just made you feel . . . cozy. She told her about Monty Crewe, who was the *best*-looking thing, really. He might have been in pictures. When he looked at you out of those *eyes* of his, it just made you feel as if you could sink into them all over. . . . Joellen listened, dazzled. But she liked to hear about Galan Warbeck best, though in a way there was less to hear about him.

Galan Warbeck was not often in the city. He was a construction engineer, and went off to the most entrancing places—Cuernavaca and Potosi and Xandu—and built bridges and tunneled under mountains, and did battle with snakes and floods and revolutions. When he came back he was all burned-up-looking, and thin and worn and masterful. It was hard, though, to get him to talk. He was a little bit reserved. Austere, almost. Clarice was half afraid of him.

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Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

. . . Joellen could not imagine a man that Joellen would be half afraid of. And yet, somehow, she could imagine Galan Warbeck. He would have very long, strong fingers, and a long, strong chin. . . .

Joellen hid the magazine under a cushion when she heard Clarice coming. She knew that Clarice was going out with Monty Crewe, because of her perfume—Rêve d'Amour. "Are you going to marry him?" she asked.

Clarice turned on the lights above Joellen's dressing table and examined a slim eyebrow. "How do I know?" she inquired carelessly. "Anyway I'll stall him off until I see Galan Warbeck. He's coming back pretty soon, and I told him to look me up. . . ." She held out her fingers, deciding whether coral was right with her earrings. "I'm going to have a house party at the lake this week-end. Bob and Bunny Waters for chaperons. They're so busy being newly married that they won't bother us much. I think I'll just ask Patsy Lee—small parties are more fun. I haven't decided on the men. . . ."

She turned from the mirror, testing a shoulder strap to see if she could depend on it to slip just enough to be interesting without coming off. She did not really see Joellen, only her own idea of her: a queer, quiet little thing, in dark blue, with no social graces. It would be a grand party, if it wasn't for the cooking. . . . "Want to come?" she said.

For a moment Joellen could not believe it. "Come?" she repeated. "You mean—*me?*" She drew in a long, quivering breath, and her eyes went wide. "I'd love to."

THE next morning Joellen canceled her appointment with Mrs. Marcus Van Indewidgen, and went shopping instead. She bought a knit suit, which was called ashes of roses. She bought a pink-and-white candy-striped linen, and a white seersucker with pink buttons and a wide pink belt, and an old-rose crêpe that tied under her chin. And then she bought the Dress.

The Dress was the wholly impractical and delicious part of the day's activities. It was pink, of course: the softest, palest, most persuasive pink in the world. It had a little tight bodice, that showed every lovely line of Joellen's slimness and roundness, and a long, long skirt, flowing down to silver slippers; it had tiny puffed sleeves, like pale pink bubbles, and a thin silver girdle. "It is *your* dress," the saleswoman told Joellen rapturously. And it was.

The rest of the week was a blur of preparation, with new decisions every minute about what clothes Clarice should take, and what men. By the time Saturday came, Joellen had no idea who was being asked. It didn't really matter. "Monty Crewe and I are driving up," Clarice said. "You can ride in the rumble."

"All right," said Joellen happily, laying out the pink suit.

Trilby Lake was a little spot of blue water, stuck down in a shallow saucer of the hills, like a sapphire in the palm of a man's hand; the cottage looked through pines and silver birches to the shore. Monty Crewe lifted Clarice out over the car door, and she squealed and clung to his coat; Joellen climbed down unassisted from the rumble. They went inside.

The others came almost at once: Bob and Bunny Waters, Patsy Lee and Val Dewire, all crowded into Bob's roadster. They came storming inside on a high, bright tide of laughter.

"My dear," said Patsy, "I'm simply dead. I had to ride in Val's lap all the way, and Val's got a bone in his knee."

"Cute," pronounced Bunny, viewing the house. "Cute as a bug's ear. Where'd you get it?"

"Borrowed it," said Clarice. "Monty, stop! You're mussing up my hair. . . ." She had borrowed a radio for dancing, and a man to install it; wood for the fireplace and another man to chop; a truck to bring the groceries, three canoes, and a cook book. Clarice was wonderful. She had thought of everything . . . everything except an extra man for Joellen.

JOELLEN did not understand just at first. She said "How do you do?" to everyone, and stood on the edge of the group, trying to find a way in. Bob and Bunny Waters drifted unobtrusively away. The gay chatter bubbled up around her. It was all about people Joellen did not know, and shows she had never seen; it was all very sparkling and brittle and it drew the others into a tight bright circle that left Joellen outside.

Joellen looked around that shining circle. Clarice was more dazzling than ever in burnt orange and a plaid blouse. Patsy was a fuzzy redhead, with a high color and a restless mouth; her thinness was accented by a crocheted dress with so much material in the sleeves that there wasn't much left for the hips. She was like a needle, Joellen thought, stuck in bright wools. Val Dewire was the handsome blond one, with the cleft in his chin, and a voice like the pluck of harp strings. Monty Crewe was the handsome dark one, with the tantalizing eyes. In spite of their difference, the two men were oddly alike: it was as if living in the same city and eating the same food and dancing the same dances in the same places with the same girls had shaped them after the same pattern.

Joellen counted them again. Bob and Bunny Waters. Patsy Lee and Val Dewire. Clarice and Monty Crewe. . . . "Are—are we all here?" she asked uncertainly.

"She wants to know if we're all here!" repeated Clarice. "Are you all here, Monty?"

"No," said Monty. "And I won't be till I've eaten."

"It's hours to dinner-time," objected Clarice. "Let's have pancakes and coffee, and take some peaches and go out in the canoes."

"One peach will do for me," said Monty.

"Who can make pancakes?" asked Clarice.

"When you say that to me, smile!" said Patsy.

"How about you?" said Clarice to Joellen. "Make a lot, that's a darling."

JOELLEN put on the white seersucker with the wide pink belt, and then she went into the kitchen and made pancakes. She made a lot of pancakes. Her cheeks grew hot, and her hair grew tumbled, and she burned her thumb, and dropped butter on her dress . . . and still they called for pancakes. Even then Joellen did not understand exactly—not till the others took the peaches and went out in the canoes.

"It's going to be an awfully easy dinner," Clarice said. "Just a big, baked ham, and lots of mashed potatoes, and salad, and apple pie. You can make apple pie, can't you? Everything's in the kitchen. You won't mind baking the ham while you're washing the dishes, will you?"

Joellen stood on the porch and watched the canoes out of sight. The sun glinted on the paddles, and on Patsy's flaming hair, and Clarice's high laughter floated back, and Val's voice in a snatch of song. They went around the point . . . and out of sight.

Joellen understood then.

Joellen was so busy understanding that she did not hear the footsteps until they reached the porch. She turned quickly. "Galan Warbeck!" she cried—and flushed warmly at her blunder. It couldn't be anybody else; he was so long and lean and brown. But Joellen had never met him.

Galan Warbeck looked up at her with gray eyes as clear as rain. "That's right," he admitted. "Who are you?"

"I'm Joellen Pembroke."

"I just got in," Galan Warbeck said, "and there wasn't a soul in the city, Saturday afternoon. I found Clarice's note, saying to look her up. Where is she?"

"They're all out in canoes," said Joellen.

"And why aren't you out in a canoe too?"

"There wasn't another canoe," explained Joellen. She added honestly: "There wasn't anyone to take me."

"I'm here now," Galan Warbeck pointed out. "What shall we do about it?"

"I'm supposed to do the dishes," said Joellen.

"You can't wash dishes," said Galan positively, "unless you have a river to wash them in. So that's settled. Let's go somewhere and settle a lot more things."

"What things?" said Joellen.

(Continued on page 30)

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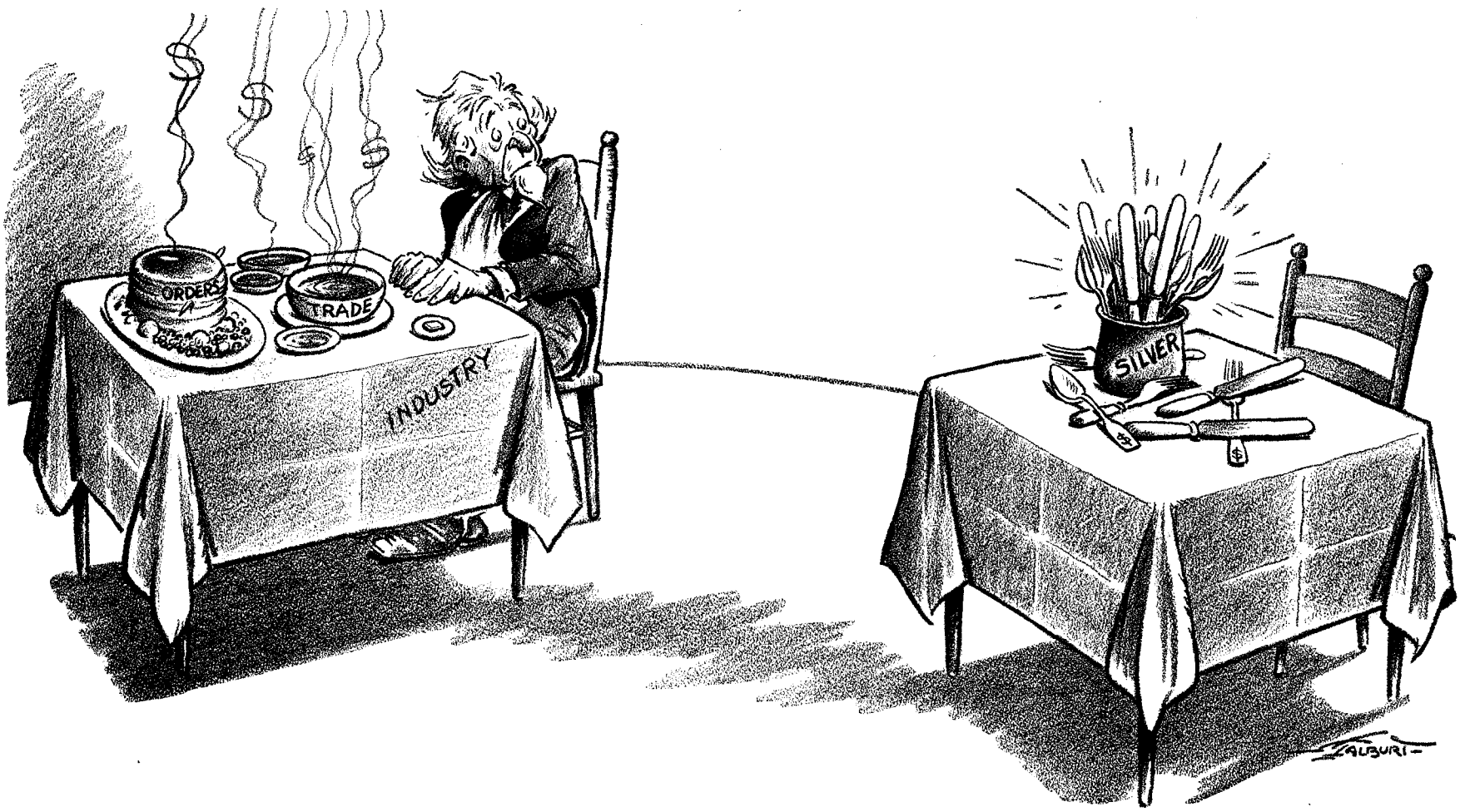

And, meanwhile, the soup gets colder

Watch the Small Change

By Shipley Thomas
and
John T. Flynn

When a Chinaman wants to buy American goods he must first buy American money. But his silver money is so low in value that in order to buy a one-hundred-dollar article he must spend more than two hundred and ninety of his own dollars. Therefore, he doesn't buy. A rise in the price of silver would revive vast markets that are now dead. The authors of this article show the way to bring this about

A NUMBER of important gentlemen from the ruling nations of the world sitting about in London talking about such troublesome problems as money, international exchange, gold and silver; somewhere in America a little town and a nut and bolt factory upon which part of its population lives. Everywhere in the town its people see signs of awakening life. The smoke begins to curl from chimneys again.

Bill Smith, who works in the nut and bolt plant, is looking forward to getting back on a full-week schedule again. What is more, he has been reading his evening newspaper and wondering what all that palaver in London has to do with more work and more pay in his factory. What is more, he ponders obscurely what all this talk about silver will come to in a town that uses nothing but steel in its manufactures.

It all sounds terribly like the things his father heard when William J. Bryan had the country by the ears as he swept over the land preaching the gospel of free silver and the famous formula of 16 to 1. It is really not so easy for Bill Smith to understand how using silver dollars for gold ones is going to make very much difference in the amount of steel that runs through his machine at the mill. He never sees any gold dollars, or silver ones either, for that matter, and he figures quite properly that he probably never will.

But, as a matter of fact, there is nothing so bewildering about this question of silver which the American delegates at London persist in talking about. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that the professors insist on discussing it in terms as cryptic and enigmatic as those the doctor uses in writing his prescriptions. If it is reduced to simple terms there is nothing mysterious about it and no reason why Bill Smith, who can understand the running of his machine in the factory, can't understand this question of silver values.

First of all, the principal reason for talking about silver now looks to be about as far away from Bill Smith's town as anything in this world. Certainly China, for instance, is far enough away. But for all that, it is not as far away as Mr. Bill Smith thinks. The machine on which he works turns out little bolts by the hundreds of thousands. These little bolts are sold not to China, but to a town not a hundred miles away, where a big factory makes typewriters. But—and here is what Bill overlooks—that factory makes typewriters which formerly sold largely in the Orient. Forty-five out of every one hundred typewriters manufactured in the United States were sold in our foreign trade and much of this in the East.

Now, this particular typewriter plant has been running on a curtailed schedule. It doesn't need so many bolts now and that's why Bill is losing a few days' work every week—because Chinese and Indian merchants have stopped buying typewriters from America.

Chinese Dollars and Bill Smith

And why have they stopped? Well, the reason is to be found in silver. And that brings Shanghai and Hongkong a little closer. And what is more, silver has suddenly become of more vital interest to Bill Smith than the big shade trees down on Main Street.

And how has silver done all this?

The answer is very simple. You do not have to be a financial wizard to understand it. Here it is:

When a Chinaman goes shopping he carries in his belt silver coins. He doesn't go in for paper money. He learned about that centuries ago. He carries silver dollars, not very much unlike our own in appearance. But, of course, there is one tremendous difference: Our silver dollar is worth one hundred cents. The government of the United States says so. Its stamp is on the coin. Behind it is the credit of this mighty country. Behind the silver dollar of the Chinese is nothing but the silver metal that is in it. Today, as we write this, silver is worth thirty-seven cents. In China a dollar buys goods and services at the prices fixed by the conditions of trade there. That vast nation, shut off by its habits of thought from the rest of the world, goes its imperturbable way, spending its coins at values fixed in China without much reference to the markets of the world. But when this Chinese business man goes shopping for American goods he can't buy anything with Chinese dollars. He must use American dollars.

International trade is always a mysterious thing to the average business man. In its actual workings it is somewhat complex, in its essential features not at all difficult.

The first thing to remember is that there is no international money. Therefore, if a Chinese business man decides he wants to buy an American typewriter which costs $110, the first thing he has to do, in effect, is to get $110 in American money. And how does he do that? He buys it—buys it from a bank or a dealer in money just as he would buy anything else. He buys it with his money. When he sets out to buy some of our money, it comes down to a simple question of what his money is worth compared with ours. The Chinese merchant's dollars—being just so much silver—are worth thirty-seven cents. Therefore he has to put up two and seven tenths of his dollars to buy one of ours. To get that $110 he must put up 298 of his dollars. Now when he makes this calculation what does he do? What would an American do who was asked to pay $298 for a $110 typewriter?

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He would go out and buy a new pen, and that's what the Chinese merchant does. Therefore he doesn't buy any typewriters. And therefore the big plant at Typewriterville slows down. And the small nut and bolt plant slows down also and Bill Smith is out of a job —all on account of silver. And that's one reason why those eminent gentlemen are sitting around a big table in London looking for a way to bring Bill Smith and the Chinese merchant together again in a little typewriter trading.

But why, you ask, doesn't the Chinaman go on the gold standard? He is on the gold standard. So is India. But they haven't got any gold. They are on the gold standard in theory only. What chance has a nation like China or Brazil or Mexico to operate effectively on the gold standard when a great, powerful, rich nation like England has to slide off of it because of insufficient gold to maintain it?

But, after all, the Chinese are not worrying so much about the matter at all. Those contented millions don't care if merchants along the coast can't buy American typewriters. It's pretty much our funeral, not China's. What is more, may we ask, have you ever tried your hand at getting China to change anything? She was using silver money before Columbus dreamed of a passage to India, and, for that matter, before our own savage ancestors had quit arguing politics with war clubs in the forests of Europe.

No use talking to China about changing her money. But since China will not change, why shouldn't we—just a little? In other words, the trouble is not so much with China's dollars as with the silver in those dollars. Suppose we did something to make the silver in those dollars worth more—more like ours. Wouldn't that be a good idea? Isn't that at least worth thinking about—if it will speed up a typewriter factory or two back in America? And remember, it's not just typewriters that are involved. And it's not just our trade with China.

For instance, back in 1929 the people of China purchased four and a half billion cigarettes from us. They also bought 85 million pounds of tobacco. They took 25 million dollars' worth of petroleum products and two and a half million barrels of flour. That's what they bought in spite of these money barriers.

They took 125 million dollars of goods from us in 1929. But then silver was worth over 58½ cents an ounce. It has been going down ever since the price of gold started up. And of course our sales in China have been steadily declining.

What applies to China, applies likewise to India, to Persia, other Asiatic countries; to Mexico, Brazil, Central America and other Latin-American countries. It applies, in fact, to countries with populations aggregating a billion people—one half the peoples of the earth. So it is a very serious thing.

It is certain that we will not be able to do business with these billion people until we find some way to increase the purchasing power of silver, which means raising the price of silver. And how can we do that?

This is the problem which Senator Key Pittman, actual head of the American delegation to the World Economic Conference, has set himself. If we can do it you can be sure that the smoke will start from many a smokestack in America before the snow flies.

This battle about silver is an old one. After his first defeat Bryan wrote an account of it in a book which he called "The First Battle." It really wasn't the first battle. There had been plenty before it. There have been quite a few since. There are a number of men, like Lord Desborough in England and Senator Wheeler in America, who still battle for the old formula of 16 to 1. But the present negotiations about silver must not be confused with that. The plan is not to completely remonetize silver. And the leader in this movement is Senator Key Pittman of Nevada.

The Pittman Plan

Pittman is now chairman of the exalted Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and is at this moment sitting with his feet under the economic conference table in London as the practical head of the American delegation. He is a Westerner, but by no means a woolly one. He started in Mississippi but has moved about a good deal since, but has kept close to those alluring things called mines all the time. He was a prospector, prosecuting attorney and fortune-maker in the Klondike. Then he moved down to Montana and then to Nevada, gathering clients, gold and silver and other precious metals as he went and finally landing in the Senate, where he has parked himself for twenty-one years.

He was raising Cain about this silver business long before the depression. And now it begins to look as if he knew what he was talking about all the time. His plan is not anything like those others and it is the one which may perhaps get the backing of the world. It is a proposal to raise the price of silver and keep it raised by creating a larger demand for it.

To understand this plan to get the price of silver up, you must know first why it is down, and to grasp that you must look at that great world map where the trade battles of this troubled but interesting globe have been fought these last hundred years.

In 1919 the price of silver—in terms of gold—was $1.40 an ounce. This was above the 16-to-1 ratio which made Bryan famous. And in 1920 the price of silver began to fall. By 1925 it was down to seventy cents an ounce. Then England struck a blow at silver. And since that time it has continued to decline until it recently reached twenty-four cents. What was this blow and why was it delivered?

It is necessary to understand that ever since the Napoleonic wars Great Britain had persistently moved to force the world onto that gold standard upon which, in the end, she was herself almost crucified. Her reasons, of course, were purely commercial, and over a long period represented an intelligent handling of England's own problems.

Americans sometimes get excited over what they call England's selfish rule. But, after all, in pushing for a gold standard, England was not pressing her own designs any more selfishly than we were in building our tariff walls. The Englishman usually knows well what he wants in international trade and for over a hundred years has gotten it with a consistency which arouses the jealousy of his less successful rivals.

England and the Gold Standard

The wars against Napoleon made England's allies her debtors. Her investments were spread over the world. It was at this point that she saw the advantage for a great creditor nation to be on a gold standard and, while Europe celebrated the great victory of Waterloo amid scenes of wild excitement, England quietly closed her mints to free-silver coinage. All the other mints of the world continued the free coinage of money for anyone who brought in the metal, at the ratio of 16 to 1. England alone continued to accumulate the greatest gold reserves in the world and she continued to loan silver so that in fifty years the whole world owed her money. American states, railroads, factories owed her countless millions. Then came the Franco-Prussian War, the defeat of France.

Bismarck, bent on destroying France, demanded and collected from her an indemnity of a billion dollars in gold—all the gold France had. He now found his new empire rich in the precious yellow metal. Germany and England held 90 per cent of the monetary gold of the world. Before the war every little German state had its own coinage, all silver. Bismarck now called in all these silver coins, put his new empire on the gold standard, melted down the canceled silver coins and threw the silver on the world markets for what it would bring. It amounted to 300 million dollars and it broke the back of the silver market. The nations of the world engaged in a mad scramble for gold.

The United States and France and other European nations were forced in self-protection to close their mints to silver. This turned out to be the death thrust to the white metal. It was called at the time the "Crime of '73."

The chief beneficiary of this crime was England. The value of gold went up. There were some twenty billion dollars due her in investments in all parts of the world and these were enormously enhanced in value.

Then came the World War. And something strange happened. The warring nations had to buy huge quantities of raw materials in the Orient. And they had to pay in silver. This produced a frantic demand for the white metal and it began to soar in price. By 1919 the price had gone to $1.40. This meant that Bryan's old battle-cry of 16 to 1 had become a reality.

All this was very serious for Great Britain. She was the biggest buyer in the Orient, particularly in India. To pay she had to buy silver, and as silver was going up and the pound going down, her purchases were costing exorbitant

(Continued on page 28)

Illustrated by Harold Talburt

A stabilized silver currency would bring half the world's people back into the world's markets

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The Man Misfortune Made

By Ray Tucker

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In 1926 Mr. Roosevelt was fighting his way back to health

In the pool at Hyde Park. Swimming is more than recreation to the President. It is medicine

© International

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is the second of that name to enter the White House through the miracle of ill health. If he had not been a seemingly hopeless invalid for several years, it is doubtful if he would have developed the qualities of mind and body which helped to make him President.

Although his physical endurance is the least striking of the effects of the President's illness, his indifference to the capital's scorching midsummer heat is remarkable. Except for fast automobile rides into the Virginia countryside—he likes the rush of vehicular motion—several cruises, and swims in the new White House pool, he has taken little recreation. Now and then his face shows signs of weariness, but his power of recuperation is exceptional. He is the iron man of the Administration, mentally and physically.

The curious twist which ill health gave to the President's career and character resembles the effect it had on his fifth cousin. It was while recovering from a physical breakdown, and seeking a cure for asthma, that "Teddy" Roosevelt acquired those outward characteristics we now call "Rooseveltian." It was on the ranch that he learned to whoop it up with cowboys and hoboes. It transformed him from an Oyster Bay "blue-blood" into the hardy and explosive figure we now associate with his name.

This theory applies even more forcefully to President Roosevelt. Old friends are struck by the change between the man who was only a gay, handsome, hard-working Assistant-Secretary of the Navy twenty years ago, and the strong figure now in the White House. Something more than age and responsibility shows in his face and action and manner. Except when he smiles, he has the look of a man who has been close, almost too close, to realities other men rarely see, close to depths other men rarely penetrate.

When Josephus Daniels was looking around for a helper in the early days of the Wilson administration, he recalled Franklin D. Roosevelt only as "that good-looking New York boy" who fought for Wilson at Baltimore in defiance of Tammany, and made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy largely because of his looks and loyalty. Now the "good-looking New York boy" is constitutional dictator of many phases of American life, and in some respects the world's reliance for recovery.

If further proof of this metamorphosis were necessary, it may be found at Warm Springs, the Georgia health center which he founded for sufferers from infantile paralysis. The patients there, young and old, exhibit in some degree the same traits so noticeable in their distinguished alumnus. Everything in that place of canes and crutches testifies to an attitude toward life far more real than can be discovered among the straight and sound of limb. Trivial things do not mean so much to people whose one request of life is to walk again.

The Foundations of Purpose

Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal derives from such a scale of values. No politician thinking only in terms of political popularity would sponsor such a provocative and revolutionary program as his seems to be. Some of his own advisers shake their heads dubiously as he and his brains trust speak of their dreams for a planned, rounded, organized state.

Such "experiments" as the Tennessee Basin development, the industrial control system and the agricultural program—each of which antagonizes powerful interests—are not the sort of moves a selfish and political-minded party leader would make. They are too much of a gamble for the practical boys; they are not a sure thing, politically. But Mr. Roosevelt, obviously, is thinking of tomorrow, and tomorrow's children, more than of 1936. His eyes light up when he discusses these social projects, and a different note creeps into his voice. So the people at Warm Springs grow joyous when they speak of such far-off things as health and walking erect again.

At Warm Springs there is a sense of timelessness, and this is the essence of the Roosevelt program. Among his crippled friends there is no thought of a hurried and haphazard world with demands and problems that must be solved immediately. There cannot be for people whose only hope is that some day they may discard crutches for a cane, or use a muscle which they cannot even move today. Their life, necessarily, must be one of advance planning, for when one does move, it is an effort, and each move must be thought out carefully. It must have purpose and not whim behind it.

Health, the President has learned from personal experience, cannot be regained in a day. So he is patient in planning and hoping, and the New Deal, in his opinion, is worth waiting and striving for because, like health, it is worth having.

The same considerations apply to procedure as well as to underlying principles. Mr. Roosevelt refuses to be rushed. One of his favorite sayings is: "There's no hurry." He thinks things out cautiously, despite the speed he has shown since inauguration.

Many incidents show this faculty in operation. When he was attacked for not removing ex-Mayor James J. Walker of New York without delay, he resisted the clamor even though it endangered his political chances. He moved slowly and patiently, and eventually "Jimmie" forced himself out. When the Hoover administration begged him to join in a statement on the banking crisis before March 4th, Mr. Roosevelt declined. As a result, there came the necessity of a banking holiday, and a period of stock-taking, with Mr. Roosevelt in a more advantageous position to serve the country than he would have been in if he had acted precipitately.

Making Haste Slowly

In laying the groundwork for the London Economic Conference, he proceeded with the utmost care, conferring with foreign diplomats for weeks in advance. Foreign and domestic problems, whose deferred settlement worries his advisers, do not bother him. If they cannot be composed one way, time will untangle them as it does twisted arms and legs. Meanwhile, be patient: "There's no hurry."

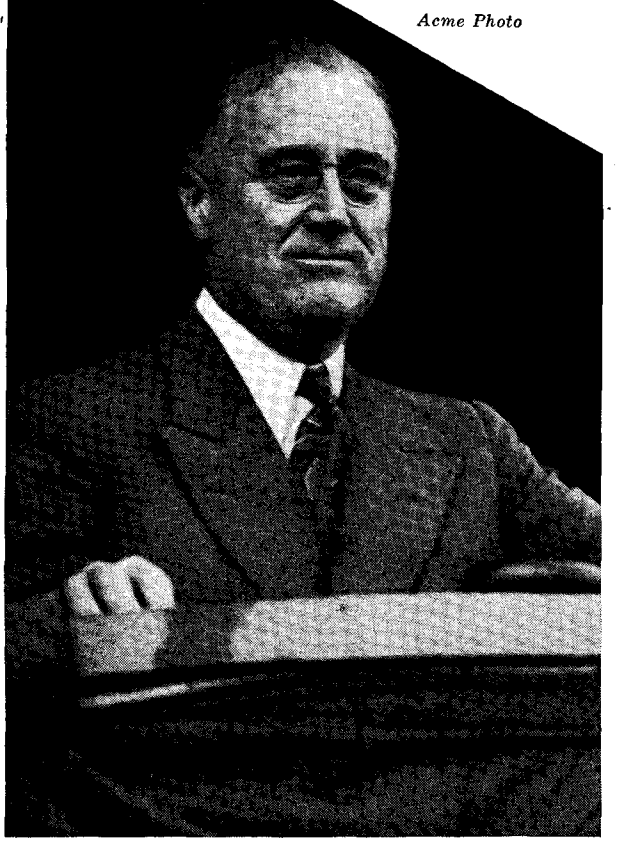
This convalescent attitude, however, does not mean that the President is content simply to wait. From his period of illness he got qualities of ingenuity and resourcefulness which he displays every day. So do his friends at Warm Springs. From their necessities are born inventions by which they carry on. In manipulating their wheel chairs, in driving automobiles, in getting around on canes and crutches, in swimming, they develop great skill and strategy; they think up all sorts of amazing devices. If one fails, they do not keep on trying it; they think up another.

Time and again Mr. Roosevelt reflects this habit of thought. He refers to many of his major plans as "experiments."

(Continued on page 49)

Mr. Roosevelt in 1931, alert, vigorous, sure of himself

Acme Photo



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The Mind Reader

By William MacHarg

Detective O'Malley in action again. This time he goes after the wrong man. But you know O'Malley!

SEVERAL guys," said O'Malley, "got knocked off, all in the same neighborhood. They was strangers that come to town with money. Now another guy got pushed over, so they put me on the case. Cosimo his name was, and he come from Rochester. It happened in a rooming-house. We won't solve this because everybody that knows anything is afraid to tell it. It's just bad luck my getting this case."

"Have you got any lead at all?" I asked.

"The guy that runs the rooming-house knows more than he is telling. He says if someone came in with Cosimo he didn't see him. You can't blame him; he's an honest guy himself but liable to be shoved across if he says different."

"It sounds like a tough case."

"You said it."

The rooming-house was four stories with a high basement. People were gossiping on doorsteps all around but not on this one. A uniformed cop sat in the doorway reading a newspaper.

"Anyone around this place?" O'Malley asked him.

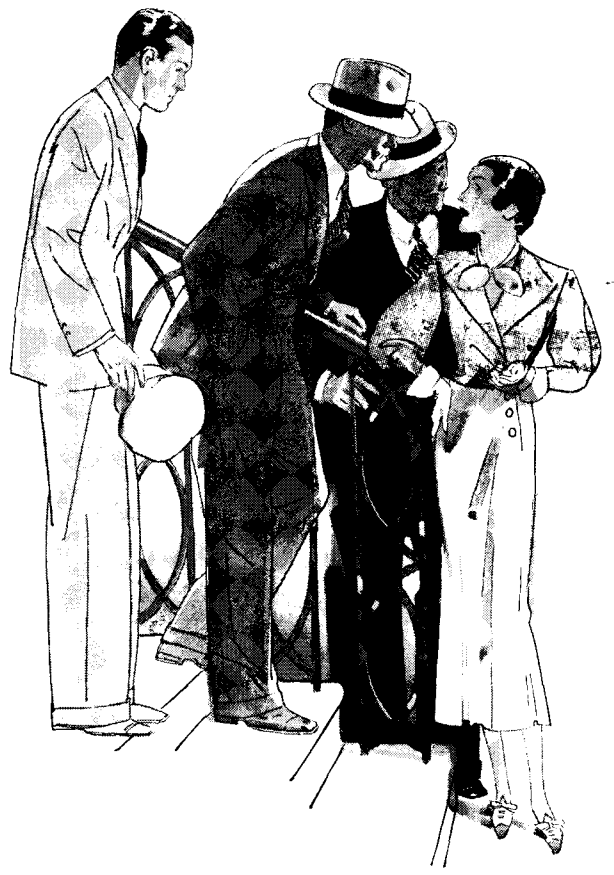
"I'm the only tenant. The birds that live here," the cop explained, "got no more baggage than a second shirt. When this happened each of 'em took his extra shirt and moved out before the police could get here. They got the proprietor at the station-house."

"YOU got his keys?"

"Yeah, I got those."

"I guess we ought to look around a little."

We followed the cop upstairs. The murder room was on the second floor. It held a bed, a dresser and one chair. There was nothing else in the room except an empty red-wine bottle and two glasses on the window sill.



"What's on your mind, girlie?" O'Malley asked

"They took everything this bird had," the cop informed us. "His clothes and baggage. Domenico says the bird come in here alone. Would a bird that was alone drink out of two glasses, stab himself in the back and carry out his baggage afterward? There ain't no fingerprints on them glasses. They left the knife here."

"Is Domenico the man that runs the place?" I asked.

"That's right."

"What do you make of it, O'Malley?"

"It's like I said it was. The robbed guy got killed so there would be no witness. It's some kind of murder ring. They seen this Cosimo had money and got acquainted with him and one or more of 'em come here with him to his room. Nobody will talk, so we got no way to tell who done the killing. It might be someone from outside or some of those that lived here."

We went all through the building looking at everything. Some of the rooms were locked but the cop unlocked them with his bunch of keys. There were things scattered about such as men would leave who were departing hurriedly. On the top floor one room was different. It was rather luxuriously furnished and the bureau drawers were filled with a man's things and his clothes were hanging in the closet. The owner's name on the tailor's label in the clothes said: "Jos. DiPalda."

"Whoever DiPalda is," I remarked, "he is apparently expecting to come back here."

We found nothing else. When we came out of the building one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, about seventeen years old, was standing on the sidewalk waiting for us.

"What's on your mind, girlie?" O'Malley asked her.

"I would wish to know what you are doing with Domenico."

PEOPLE on doorsteps near and on the sidewalk were listening. One of them was a big man with two pin-points of mustache.

"She has interest in Domenico," he informed us suavely, "because he is our friend, but there is no use asking policemen anything, Philomena."

"You got that much right, fellow, anyway," O'Malley told him. "Any of you people know anything about this homicide?"

They didn't. We went around and questioned people in all the neighboring buildings. Sometimes we didn't question them, because when they saw us coming they disappeared before we got to them. Nobody knew anything. They couldn't even tell us the name of anyone who lived in Domenico's rooming-house.

"Well, there you got it!" O'Malley declared finally. "This murder might as well happened in some statue hall in the Metropolitan Museum. What's the use questioning people whose eyes and ears and tongues are made of marble? You get no answers. I knew we wouldn't get nothing. Let's quit and go to a show and I'll report I couldn't get no clue."

I didn't feel like going to a show.

Domenico didn't want to go in but he couldn't help himself

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

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"See you tomorrow at the station-house," I told him.

I met him the next day.

"How was the show?" I asked.

"Swell. They had a dame there that read guys' minds. I came away for fear she might read mine. This is the knife that Cosimo guy got killed with."

The knife had been made out of a file. It had been wrapped in paper so that it could not be seen to be a knife and had been used without taking the paper off.

"Not much chance of tracing that," I decided.

"Not any. They got Domenico here still, but now they got to let him go."

We went in where they had Domenico. He was a small man about sixty years old, with white hair, and he had a pleasant, determined face.

"How is it you get nothing out of this guy?" O'Malley asked the officers.

Domenico answered for them: "They get notting out of dees guy because he don't know notting."

When they let him go we went out of the station-house with him. It was plain he didn't want to be seen with us but there was nothing he could do about it. He was going home. When we had gone a few blocks we came to a small theater which had motion pictures and vaudeville. A sign outside said, "Madame Fortuna appears here afternoon and evening. She reads the trouble in your mind and answers it. Consult her between performances."

"We'll go in here," O'Malley stated.

Domenico didn't want to go in but he couldn't help himself. Some people were waiting to consult Madame Fortuna but they let us in ahead of them. She was a stout middle-aged woman, very blond, in a black dress, who sat in a room hung everywhere with red.

"I got a guy here to get his mind read," O'Malley told her.

Domenico was startled. Then he was frightened.

"Nossir, nossir!" he cried, and he started for the door.

We dragged him back.

"I'll see what I can get," Madame Fortuna agreed. She shut her eyes and covered them with her hands. "I get something tragic in this guy's mind," she declared after a moment. "Is it—murder? Yes, it's murder he is thinking about."

"KEEP on, lady, you're doing fine," O'Malley urged her.

"It was somewhere in a room." She described the room. It was a good description of the murder room. "Two men are there. I can't be sure—there may be more of 'em. There may be three or four. A big man is in his shirt sleeves. He and another one drink wine. Now the other one stands behind the big man. He makes a signal and then stabs him."

"That's swell!" O'Malley commended. "Does this guy's mind give you any picture of the one that done the killing?"

"Sure it does. It gives a real good picture. He is about twenty years old and tall—six feet, I guess; black hair, dark eyes and say, boy! that guy is handsome. He's got a curved scar about half an inch long under his lower lip but it don't disfigure him any."

"Who would that be, Domenico?" O'Malley asked.

Domenico was very white. "Not nobody!" he cried excitedly. "No, no, no, no! I don't know nobody like that."

We went outside. Domenico was anxious and uneasy. When we let him go he scurried down the street.

"You aren't serious about this, O'Malley," I objected. "You don't believe that woman described the killer to you?"

"She described the room and she had never seen it, and we got nothing else but this to go on."

"You're nuts!"

"Yeah? That's been thought before. And I don't have to go searching for the guy she told about; I know where he is."

ON THE way we picked up a plain-clothes cop and then went to a hotel. O'Malley knew the room. We knocked at it and a remarkably good-looking young man, who had been poring over a heavy book, opened the door. He was black-haired and had a half-inch scar under his lower lip.

"Come on, DiPalda," O'Malley told him. "They want to see you at the station-house."

We let the plain-clothes cop take DiPalda to the station-house while we hurried to Domenico's.

"What now?" the officer on post there asked us.

"We got a lead."

Domenico was peeking at us through the crack of his kitchen door. He followed us when we went upstairs. We hadn't searched the top-floor room before but now we searched it thoroughly. In a dresser drawer, hidden under some shirts, we found a file exactly like the one the knife had been made from, wrapped in the same kind of paper. Among the clothes hanging in the closet was a brown suit which had a button missing; some of the cloth had been torn out with the button.

"Fine!" said O'Malley. "Here's the button the dead guy pulled off the killer's coat and had clutched in his fingers."

He took a brown button from his pocket and held it against the coat. It matched the other buttons and the torn cloth fitted.

"No, no!" Domenico yelled. "You are a beeg liar! Dees dead guy don't have no button in his fingers. You don't arres' dees Joseph!"

"He feels bad," O'Malley explained to me, "because DiPalda is his grandson."

We went back to the station-house, but we stopped for supper on the way, so Domenico beat us to it. He was in the captain's room when we got there, and the very pretty girl who had spoken to us outside Domenico's was watching the closed door anxiously.

"This guy inside spill anything?" O'Malley asked the desk lieutenant.

"I'll say. I don't know what happened to him but he come here talking plenty."

O'MALLEY went into the captain's room. I waited. There was a lot of activity around the station-house. After a while O'Malley came out again and we both waited. Finally an officer came in bringing a suitcase. Then another one came with a watch and some clothes. Then a whole group of cops came in bringing three sullen men. One of them was the big man with the pin-point mustache who had spoken to us about his "friend" Domenico.

"Soboni, Oscani, Morino," the lieutenant checked them off.

"Well, saps," O'Malley said to them, "you let life out of several parties; how you going to feel when it happens to yourself?"

"I don't get this, O'Malley," I complained.

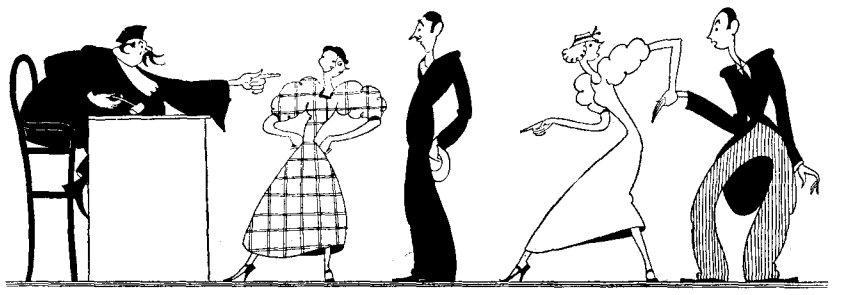
"Why not? You was along with me. This Domenico knew something and was afraid to tell it, so I figured the way to make him talk was to make him still more afraid of something else. Then, at the show, I seen that mind-reader lady. This Joe DiPalda is a fine kid and is studying to be a doctor and is engaged to that girl Philomena; and the old man is crazy over both of 'em. When this killing happened the first thing Domenico done was to get his grandson out of the place, so the boy wouldn't even get the blot on him of police questioning.

"I never seen DiPalda, but some other cops give me a description of him and told me where he was. I fixed it with the mind reader to describe Joe as the one that done the killing. I figured that would make Domenico talk.

"Domenico knew the file and button was a plant, but he was scared about the mind-reading. I guess he thought I believed DiPalda was guilty and that we planted the evidence because I was determined to convict him. There wasn't nothing Domenico wouldn't risk to keep his grandson from being charged with murder; so he beat it to the station-house. When he got here he couldn't prove his grandson wasn't guilty without telling what he knew. Domenico didn't see who done the murder. What he seen was Oscani and Morino coming down the stairs afterward with Cosimo's suitcase. Those two always palled with Sobini, and Domenico figured the three of 'em was the murder mob. They had pawned Cosimo's things."

"It was a remarkable piece of psychology, O'Malley, and you ought to get big credit for it."

"Say, I hope it don't get mentioned outside the station-house. Would I want to get known as a guy that planted evidence? I got troubles enough in this police department without that!"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

French courts are crowded today with women seeking divorces from men whom they have paid to marry them temporarily so they could add Madame to their names. They had no hope of ever having real husbands and wanted to avoid the "old maid" stigma. Prices paid the men for this favor range from $25 to $3,500.

Not excluding the vast bone deposits of giant prehistoric animals in Argentina, Bolivia and Mongolia, the United States contains today more fossilized remains of dinosaurs than any other country in the world.

At the largest camp meeting in American history, held in Kentucky in 1801, 17 preachers discoursed continuously for six days before 30,000 persons. At one time the emotional excitement became so intense that 3,000 followers fainted and 500 others "jerked" and "barked" in unison.—*By Arnold Toiven, Portland, Oregon.*

Although meteorites shoot through the air in a blaze of fire, many of them are not even warm when they strike the earth. In fact, some are so cold that they are covered with frost.—*By Kirk Miles, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Among the many religious ceremonies held in Tibet each year, the most amusing one is "Driving out the Demon." It is a dice-throwing contest between two men, one dressed as the Grand Lama and the other as the Demon. As the Demon's victory would portend disaster to the country, the "Grand Lama" plays safe—with loaded dice.

The Melanesian custom of buying and selling oral words and sentences having a magical influence is still in existence. When a man sells one of these secret phrases—guaranteed to cure disease, frighten spirits or work other charms—he can never utter it again.

In a recent scientific experiment, electrons—actual particles of matter—were introduced into a 60,000 volt high-tension discharge and accelerated to the inconceivable speed of 83,000 miles a second.

Secret service offices in several countries now use a method of opening suspicious mail that surpasses steaming the flap or removing the letter through a hole under the stamp. They slice off one edge of the envelope and then mend it so perfectly with paper pulp and a special press that it defies detection.

In determining the exact location of his ship at sea, a navigator uses—over a period of 24 hours—seven different kinds of time: Zone, Watch, Greenwich Civil, Greenwich Apparent, Local Apparent, Greenwich Sidereal and Local Sidereal.—*By C. W. Frey, Annapolis, Maryland.*

The rhyssa, a parasitic fly, is capable of boring a hole in the hardest kinds of wood with its ovipositor, which is several times its body length and as thin and flexible as a hair.—*By R. Lipszyc, Antwerp, Belgium.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Illustrated by James E. Allen

"Are you Brietman?" asked a slow, calm voice from the doorway

In the King's Hut

By Albert Richard Wetjen

Wallaby Jim listens to a dying man's story, and gets out his guns again

THE fierce tropical rain roared over the lagoon, blotting everything from sight and lifting a fine spray over all the water. It threshed upon the jungle, turning the earth to a quaking morass and sending sudden new rivers down the white sand beach. It hammered upon what was left of the Carstairs & Co. bungalows and store sheds, and made a vicious hissing noise through the rows of coconut palms where the plantation lifted towards the hills. But even above the rain could be heard the sound of the drums on Maewee Island, triumphant, quick, excited. On the poop deck of the Kestrel, Captain Carstairs, better known through all the Islands as Wallaby Jim, stood listening as his ship entered the pass between the reefs and steered into the lagoon.

"They're still celebrating," he said.

Bancroft, his mate, crossed to the rail.

"It's a bad time to argue with 'em," he observed.

Wallaby Jim nodded but said no more. He went below to the main cabin, and then into a smaller cabin that opened from it. A man lay on a bunk there, thin, drawn, exhausted and heavily bandaged. They had picked him up only two days before, far out at sea, in a splintered whaleboat. There was a spear wound in one thigh, a tomahawk had opened his skull, and three bullets were embedded in his left shoulder. He was Monroe, manager for Captain Carstairs on Maewee, and he alone had escaped the massacre. By night he would be dead and he knew it, and Wallaby Jim knew it too. They looked at each other, silent for a while.

"We're nearly there?" said Monroe then, his voice calm.

"Just about," the other agreed. They heard the sudden rumble of the anchor cable and felt the ship check.

"Don't be too hard on the village," said Monroe after a long pause. "It's really Brietman's fault. Giving them gin and working them up. Old King Naiga was always good friends with myself . . . and the wife."

Wallaby Jim nodded again. Monroe's wife had died in the last rush. Three white assistants had died too, and a dozen faithful houseboys. Maewee had been tamed for twenty years but the old men of the tribes always remembered the wild head-hunting days and the young men were easily excited. Especially when they were filled with gin and had white men to back them up. Brietman had been very clever about it. No one could go before the Administration and accuse him of sacking the Carstairs plantation. The natives had done it all. If he chose to take over the place after the massacre, who could blame him? Carstairs & Co. held no concession save the one Wallaby Jim had gained from the muzzles of his rifles when he had discovered the island twenty years before. The law was weak and distant, the South raw and savage, and men took what they could and held what they were able to hold.

"I'd give a year's pay for a gun and Brietman alone," said Monroe. Wallaby Jim laid a hand on the other's shoulder for a moment.

"I'll attend to everything," he said. "It's my job now."

MONROE closed his eyes and seemed to sleep. But he was thinking instead. There was a payment to be made for his wife and his white assistants. There was a payment to be made for himself. He felt tranquil about it. He had been desperate and half-mad during the long blind days in the splintered whaleboat. He knew the Kestrel was due and he wanted to meet her before she arrived. He wanted to see Wallaby Jim and explain. Wallaby Jim would take care of everything. There was no man better known for that from Hawaii to the Kermadecs. Only a fool like Brietman would have ventured to sack Maewee Island, which all the South knew was Wallaby Jim's. Monroe laughed silently to himself and was content. He was going to die but the payment would be made.

Wallaby Jim went out into the main cabin and fastened two cartridge belts about his waist, so the heavy guns sagged on his thighs. He was very calm and very grim, his hard eyes narrowed beneath the peak of his white-topped captain's cap that was sodden with the rain. He poured himself a stiff whisky and took it with quinine, and then he went back on the poop. It was still raining, savagely and insistently, but he had not bothered to don his oilskins. Oilskins were of little use in such weather and they greatly hampered movement. He wore only rope-soled canvas shoes, duck pants and a thin cotton singlet.

"You'd better take two boats," said the mate reflectively. "One to cover your landing." He was busy loading a rifle, and the second mate, midships, was dealing out weapons to the Samoan seamen.

"Get the dinghy away," said Wallaby Jim. "So long as they're celebrating it's likely there'll be no watch kept. I'll go alone."

The mate looked at him, opened his mouth to say something and closed it again. There was nothing that could be said when Wallaby Jim had that curious, hard expression in his eyes. Nothing at all. He shrugged and set down his rifle.

"Brietman's ship's probably round the point at anchor," said Wallaby Jim. "Keep a good lookout and don't let anyone alongside. They might try an attack if they find out we're here."

"I'll watch," the mate assured him grimly, and he called for'ard for the men to get the dinghy away.

THERE was a splintered longboat, upturned and ruined with tomahawk blows, lying in the shallows, and Wallaby Jim pulled alongside and beached the dinghy. He heaved it on its side so the rain would not fill it, and then kicked the crabs and gulls away from something that had been a houseboy.

He walked up the beach, his head bent to the rain but his eyes keen and searching through the blinding veil. Full in the pounded coral path that led to the main bungalow of his plantation and trading post he found one of the white assistants—or rather, what was left of him. Walking on, he came to the fire-charred ruins of his store sheds and bungalows, twenty years' labor wiped out in a night. And near the ruins he found Monroe's wife—dead. Brietman had arranged a good job, he thought. Perhaps he had not wished such a wholesale massacre. Certainly he wouldn't have wanted the sheds and bungalows burned. But there was no holding the natives when they started, the throb of the war drums and the fire of gin strong in their veins.

Wallaby Jim struck the narrow trail that passed along the jungle fringe and led to the village at the end of the long lagoon. He felt no particular anger. All this was part of the game—the great game that sailors and adventurers

(Continued on page 36)

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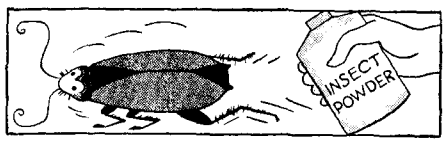
A is for Roach

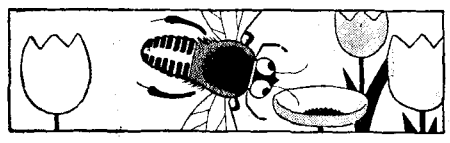
By Don Marquis

■

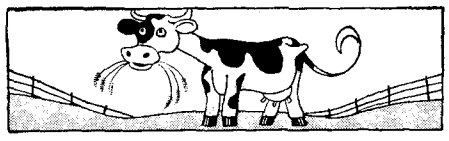
Archy's Alphabet of Insects, Birds and Beasts



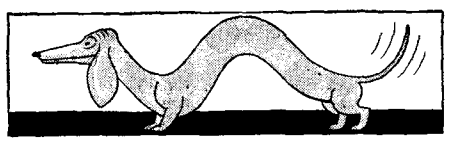
a is for Archy which becomes
a synonym for roaches
an archy neither stings nor hums
but subtly he encroaches
some persons heed him and cry louder
others reach for the insect powder



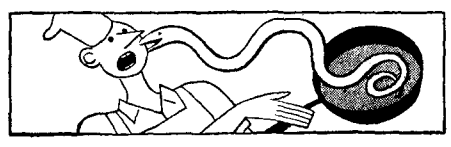
b is the little busy Bee
all summer she makes honey
which gonophs who lack industry
then filch and sell for money
in spite of rackets and depression
work is the silly things obsession



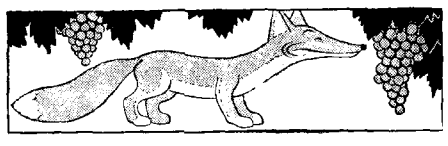
c is the Cow who all day long
delights in eating cereal
she seldom has excelled in song
her tastes are not ethereal
but pasture and pasteur combined
make her a boon to humankind



d is the dachshund long and slim
and like a sausage slender
his melting eyes with love are dim
his heart is soft and tender
and if you pat his head on sunday
he wags his tail for you on monday

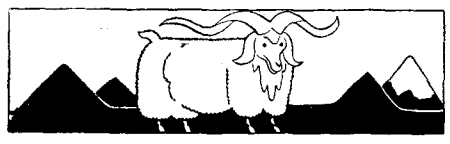


e is the sleek and slithery eel
an antisocial creature
he does not think he does not feel
deceit is his main feature
he often leaves the frying pan
to bite some unsuspecting man

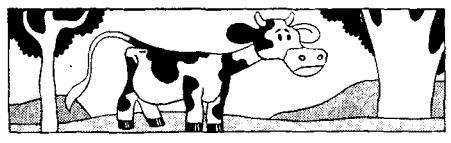


f is the Fox which spoils the vines
surely the fox is right oh
he keeps bad men from making wines
to get poor sinners tight oh
samson made slaying them his mission
because he hated prohibition

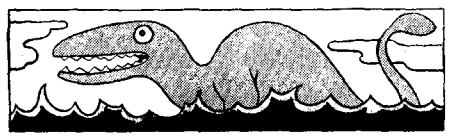
g is the oriental goat
in tiflis or angora
his scented beard protects his throat
they make rugs from his aura
from istanbul to trebizond
his fragrance floats and far beyond



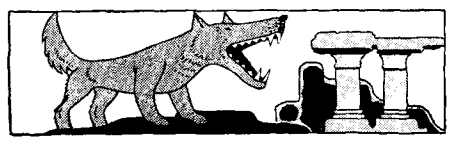
h is for heifer a lady beef
who has not led her own life
partly with pride and partly grief
she broods upon her lone life
standing with reluctant feet
where the veal and beefsteak meet



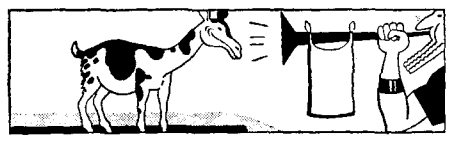
i is the ichthyosaurus which
became a floating prison
with jonah in a gastric niche
somewhere abaft the mizzen
nor fish nor jonah took it kindly
we should not swallow prophets blindly



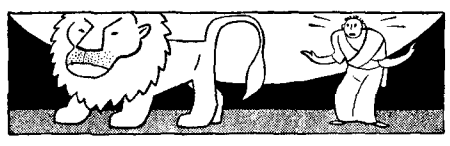
j is the jackal which makes moan
where babylon was mighty
and bad kings slumber overthrown
oblivion for their nightie
my dear dont ever be a mespot-
amian or chaldean despot



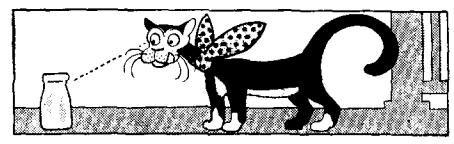
k is the kid of jericho
who when he heard the trumpets
remarked thats grandads ford i know
he comes for tea and crumpets
walls fell and his neck was broke in two
kids should not speak till spoken to



l is the lion who declined
a dinner off of daniel
the king got sore and had a mind
to cuff it like a spaniel
when guests drop in to dinner mabel
dont hang back pouting from the table

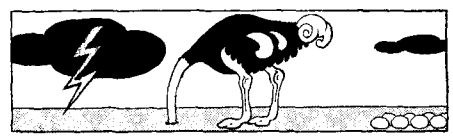


m is the cat mehitabel
who claims she is a lady
but i know more than i shall tell
and some of it is shady
a cat who leads more lives than nine
must have more deaths for to repine

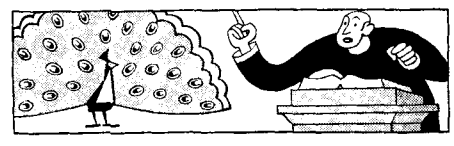


n is the nit whose humble hope
of growing to a louse
is doomed by antiseptic soap
shampoos that sting and douse
man persecutes these feeble critters
until they die of fright and jitters

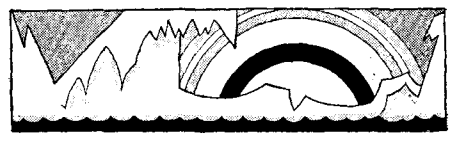
o is the ostrich in plain speech
this bird is somewhat silly
she leaves her eggs on a public beach
and lets them get all chilly
she hides her head in stormy weather
and whistles through a dorsal feather



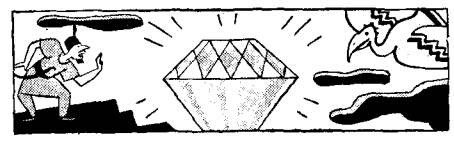
p for the peacocks that were kept
by kings in tyre and sidon
they always strutted as they stepped
and shrieked for apes to ride on
the vanity of these spoiled creatures
is often made a text by preachers

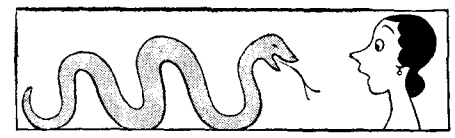


q for the quingus and the quelp
who dwell by arctic oceans
along the ice they skirl and skelp
devoid of five emotions
the reason for their febrile play
is more than naturalists can say



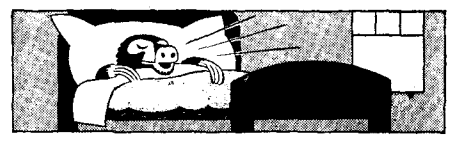
r is the great arabian roc
who dropped a gem for sinbad
big as a modern city block
when he was broke and in bad
rocks is the name we give today
to some prodigious jewel display





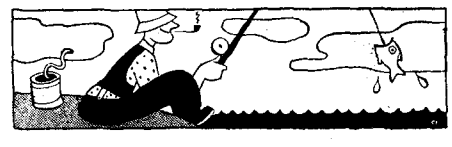
s for the snake of genesis
a low life and a snide girls
oh hear the subtle serpent hiss
and watch his sinuous glide girls
beware that reptile dont believe a
word he utters little eva

t is the tick a kind of flea
that burrows like a rabbit
and makes the hide of you or me
too hot for to inhabit
he has the morals of a weasel
and where he rests he leaves a measle

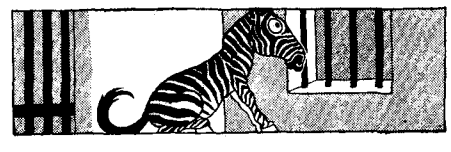


u is the unau or the sloth
in spite of all the warnings
this beast is still extremely loath
to get up early mornings
a useless thing that snores and guzzles
and only works in cross word puzzles

v is the viper false all through
dont warm them in your bosom
for once they get attached to you
you find it hard to lose em
respectable communications
should govern you in all relations



the grisly worm is **w**
they say he never dieth
the thought may somewhat trouble you
eternally he fryeth
avoid iniquitous ambition
and use the worm to go a-fishin



x is the xingu **y** the yip
and **z** the zebra painted
they all have let their morals slip
their manners all are tainted
the zebra lives so much in prison
a permanent striped suit is hisn

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Tough Dollar

By John B. Kennedy

"She broke a bottle over my head and said: 'Consider yourself launched.'" This outburst immediately identifies our hero, Jimmy (Greater than Garbo) Durante. From Bowery boyhood to Broadway night clubs he has followed his snow-plow nose through romance and rough-house—and so to Hollywood

Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante

Photographed for Collier's by Ifor Thomas

SUM up Mr. James Durante's function in life in one word—a clumsy compound as ugly as his nose—and you'd call him the flop-stopper. Four times in his career he has stopped big, expensive shows from flopping—beginning with The New Yorkers—and coming up to Strike Me Pink. And nearly every picture he's appeared in was a bust until Jimmy of the Schnozzle entered the scene—or made the scene—with the schnozzle.

You may recall all the to-do about Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford as a talkie. The reels went out and the reports came back that not Mr. Wallingford, but his chauffeur, Mr. Durante, was the hit of the show. Take that ambitious pot-pourri of prohibition, The Wet Parade. They planned the big scenes with the punch to be clashing gangsters in machine-gun duels. The public differed with the directors. Ribs broke when Jimmy Durante, disguised as a Russian ambassador, sniffed liquor in a night club with his schnozzle and pinched the place. But the big hand came in another spot when Jimmy, as a dry-snooper, stopped a bullet and gruffly perished with a restrained pathos that touched even masculine eyes with tears.

This modest, shrieking violet came by way of being our drollest fellow—as box-office figures testify—by the route of what he calls "the tough dollar" of night clubs and cabarets. Now he's the comic rescue squad, a sort of top talent who can save a scene that has hitherto fallen flat by stepping to footlights and lenses and improvising so nonsensical a line as—"I was sittin' in me study broodin' on de fate of man, when me butler come in an' announced—" Now that with this and similar drolleries in endless percussion he has come up front, we, the public, are entitled to glimpse his background.

New Year's Eve, and here was the Dover Club, New York's liveliest night club, packed with play boys and girls, domestic and imported. Champagne went at twenty-five dollars a quart as din and dance resounded. All the champagne went, so that Mr. Jimmy Durante, of the then well-known night-club firm of Clayton, Jackson and Durante, had to tell the steward to get more wine.

"How many cases more?" asked the steward.

"Ten or twelve—get 'em," said Mr. Durante. "Get 'em quick while the boys and gals are fervid and thirsty."

This was the year's biggest all-night frolic. Two hundred customers packed between the draped walls of a converted garage—all happy or sappy, whichever you will, in paper hats, tossing toy balloons and running up food and drink checks with reckless arithmetic.

In the middle of their energetic floor show, the three partners were disturbed by telephone calls from their champagne-hunter. They told him other places to go to when some failed him. Wine was in strong demand that New Year's. Yes, it was the first day of 1929.

Friends of Mr. Durante

Merrily Mr. Durante plunged into his mad antics—that rowdy, rollicking song of his about wood, when he stacks wood of every description from table legs to waiters' heads in a heap in the center of the dance floor. The song scored enormously. Any song would have scored before that audience at that time.

Two gentlemen entered with two ladies—young and handsome and slightly stimulated ladies. Durante dashed forward to greet them, to introduce them to the shouting crowd as his special friends. The dance went on—and feverish calls were cluttering the telephones for more wine.

"What a night!" said Mr. Durante to his partners. "Two hundred inside, turning 'em away and the average check is more than a hundred bucks. Where's that champagne?"

The band plunged into brighter jazz. The dawn of the New Year tinted the distant Palisades, although nobody in the ex-garage saw or cared for that. Then on the dance floor somebody bumped somebody else, and somebody threatened to bump off somebody else.

By the time Mr. Durante had done a halfback hurdle into the center of the scene over black shoulders of gentlemen and white shoulders of women the free-for-all was raging. And his dear, very dear friends were in the thick of it. They'd started it.

A woman screamed, a bottle cracked a skull, groans and a stampede. Two hundred customers—with the exception of six stretched out on the floor—stormed the doors. Waiters and watchers were helpless. Downstairs they went, surging and shouting—and the empty cash register stood like a tomb of unpaid checks.

The Obliging Policemen

Mr. Durante and his partners gave first aid to the injured. Cops burst into the place.

"Where's the battle?" these demanded.

"All right, boys," said the head waiter. "A little misunderstanding—that's all."

The cops lingered to question the injured. Mr. Durante tore his limited hair and moaned. Then, as a surprise, in came two rugged gentlemen bearing bags—with others behind them.

"Here's them vegetables," said one rugged gentleman.

"Vegetables!" cried Mr. Durante in anguish.

(Continued on page 39)

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Bodyguard

A bit of modern romance not to be taken too seriously—although it has its solemn moments for persons of ready sympathy

By Corey Ford

SHE could not hear a word that Lester was saying, above the clamor of the crowded bar. His lips formed syllables, his mouth opened and closed noiselessly, his bony white hands dipped and swerved before him in nervous gestures; but his meek voice was swallowed instantly and utterly in the din of conversation about them. Not that it mattered. Dial smiled patiently and patted his elbow and murmured at appropriate intervals: "Yes, dear," "Of course, Lester."

It was a curiously undistinguished voice, polite and self-effacing, and it was hopelessly lost in the confusion of noises around the bar of Twenty-one at seven o'clock in the evening—laughter, the clink of glasses, muffled rattle of ice in a shaker, the whir and crash of a cash register, Jack's affable "Good evening, Miss Andrews," clatter of dishes in the kitchen, snatches of conversation: "That's Dial Andrews. I

She basked in the murmur of adulation about her

wonder if . . ." laughter, ". . . with all the pearls . . ." The strident nasal voice of a woman from Ohio: "Remember her last year in Hullabaloo, Muriel? Or weren't you on then?". . .

Dial smiled serenely, resting both elbows on the edge of the mahogany and draping herself against the bar with a sinuous grace, her knee slightly bent in the long folds of her black skirt, the heel of one slipper locked over the brass rail. Her exquisite back rose from the low-cut evening gown in a haughty curve, like a rearing cobra, and her white shoulders drooped with just the proper languor and her head was thrown back imperiously as she basked in the murmur of adulation about her, feeling the tacit tribute of masculine eyes upon her bared shoulders and back, enjoying the sour envy of the women. Her rapid ear sorted the hum of conversation and reported, with canny instinct, only the remarks that concerned her: ". . . calls her the most beautiful woman in New York!" ". . . the most expensive! That string of pearls around her neck alone should be worth . . ." laughter. The persistent nasal voice from Ohio: ". . . must be the famous pearls. I should think she'd be afraid to go around with all those . . ."

DIAL fingered her Martini carelessly and leaned her head farther back, so that a loose knot of jet-black hair almost covered the pearls at the nape of her neck. She was, she knew, one of those very rare women who can wear pearls and give them an added luster; where they rested upon her delicate throat they seemed actually to take a faint pink iridescence from her skin, and they glowed with an unreal brilliance, like foxfire, in the shadowy depths of her dark hair. She never wore any jewels save pearls; never used make-up of any kind; dressed usually in a dull dead black that did not reflect light and that set off in vivid contrast, like the plush lining of a jeweler's box, the unusual radiance of her white skin.

The nasal voice cut suddenly through the placid surface of her thoughts: "Think that's the producer of Hullabaloo with her now. Lester Willis. No, the insignificant one, with the white hair. They say . . ."

Poor Lester. She smiled. Polite and self-effacing as his voice, his only distinction was that shock of sanded white hair, brushed straight back like a high-school sophomore's, incongruous and a little absurd above his very boyish face. His profile was sharp and, Dial reflected, young and handsome; but the face within the outline of his features was as colorless as a silhouette cut out of white paper. Poor dear. She patted his elbow. He craned his head around at a three-quarters angle and peered down at her eagerly over his shoulder, like a heron, and evidently said something very clever, for he paused with his mouth gaping expectantly for her answer.

Dial nodded vaguely. He was not satisfied and repeated his remark. She began to grope a little wearily through the hopeless tangle of voices, searching for his voice, and found instead, like the crossed wires of a rural telephone, the same nasal voice from Ohio: ". . . say she's always running around with him. I hear they're in here together all the time." Dial stiffened. "In my opinion, she's no better than a common—" and then Gus' voice cut in abruptly, across the bar: "Another Martini, Miss Andrews?"

She nodded absently, and tuned into the conversation again grimly in time to hear Ohio's companion remark eagerly: "You don't say."

Ohio gasped triumphantly with that sharp intake of breath that signifies an affirmative among women: "Hyop! Orson Bitz, the banker! He gave her all those pearls she's wearing," vindictively, "and all the thanks he gets, she runs around with this . . ."

"I said," shouted Lester in her other ear, "let's sit over at a table. I'm getting hoarse shouting."

She nodded and swung around slowly,

Mr. Bitz licked his lips. "But I'm telling you to do it," he choked

raking Ohio, as she turned, with a devastating smile. The nasal voice halted abruptly, like a startled cricket, and Dial stared coldly for a moment at hostile eyes and prim lips already pursed to say the word "producer." She turned away languidly. ". . . producer," she heard at once behind her back, "they say that Bitz even divorced his wife because of . . ." With a shrug Dial preceded Lester to the corner table which Carl had pulled out in readiness. He moved it back again snugly over their knees, dusted the china ash-receiver with his napkin, handed them a flat menu: "Will you care to order now, Miss Andrews?"

"I'm dining a little later, Carl," she said pleasantly.

LESTER inquired jealously: "With Bitz?"

"Of course," she said. "You knew that. He'll be here any minute."

"Have you told him yet?" asked Lester with malicious satisfaction.

She nodded her head thoughtfully.

"What did he say?" grinned Lester.

"What could he say? I'd explained before that I never intended to give up my work on the stage altogether. He always knew I planned to do another play sometime. Oh, he forbade me, of course," she sighed, "then he sulked, and now tonight he'll try to bribe me with pearls, and in the end he'll come around and give the usual handsome party on the opening night. Poor Orson."

"He won't take you away to Hawaii or somewhere," brooded Lester, swirling his Martini and gazing with faint repulsion at his olive, "the way he did before. Because he won't get rid of me as easily this time. He won't come between us," he warned, gripping her forearm dramatically and upsetting his drink. "Nobody will ever come between us again, Dial, will they?" She shook her head. "Will they, Dial?" She shook her head again. "Hmm, Dial?"

"No, Lester," she said. "Will you bring Mr. Willis another Martini, Carl?"

"Because that's why I planned to produce this play," confided Lester, "just so that I could have an excuse to be near you, Dial. I had to see you, dear. And now I'll see you at rehearsals every day, and we'll go over the part together every night, and we'll open out of town—we'll open in Timbuctoo, Dial, if you say so—and he can't say a word. And we'll always be together, won't we, dear?" She nodded. "Hmm, Dial?" She nodded. "Won't we be always together?"

"Ah-ha," she drawled, patting his elbow. "Yes, Lester. Thank you, Carl."

LESTER held the cocktail aloft with unsteady fingers. "Because he's had you all this time to himself, he's been able to give you everything, Dial; jewelry and everything," he sighed, absently tilting his glass and scowling dully at the liquid which ran over the side and down his fingers, "but now it's my turn. Now *I* can offer you something . . . excitement, fame, applause. . . . Dial, you remember the opening of Hullabaloo. . . ?"

"Dear, you're spilling your drink again," she murmured. "Here's Orson. Hello, Orson."

The fat little florid man began to pick his way daintily on birdlike feet through the crowd toward them. Lester

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had time to gulp the remainder of his Martini, say in a low voice: "Lunch? . . . Well, I'll meet you at the theater about two," and stiffen to attention as Orson Bitz reached the table. He rested his damp, fat palms on the edge of the table and bent forward from the waist, teetering on his wrists like a stout sparrow on a wire. He beamed "Darling!" to Dial, and added negligently over his shoulder, "Hello, Willis."

"Hello," replied Lester sullenly.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting, darling," said Bitz, without looking at Lester, "but I saw something in a window . . . it reminded me of you." He moved around the table in two little hops, without straightening, and settled himself into the chair that Lester had just vacated. He wheezed and collapsed in a series of ballooning folds, his fat little thighs spreading apart, his round stomach protruding forward into his lap, his dress-shirt buckling and swelling out over his vest into a grotesque bosom. He chuckled tenderly: "Anyway, I thought you'd like it."

Lester hesitated darkly behind him.

"Thank you, darling, that was so sweet of you," smiled Dial.

Lester turned in silence and lurched majestically through the door. Bitz watched him out of the corner of his eye.

"What's he doing here?" he whined instantly, when the door closed.

"Cocktails," said Dial carelessly. "Let's see what you bought."

"DIAL!" Orson Bitz squatted a little lower and ruffled himself outward like a brooding hen. He drew his chin down between the points of his collar and looked intently into Lester's cocktail glass. "You haven't changed your mind, then," he forced himself to ask at last, "have you, Dial?"

"About doing a play?" she asked brightly. "No, dear."

Orson scowled unhappily into the glass: "With . . . him?"

"Of course," she laughed. "It's going to be a sort of revue. It sounded so exciting I couldn't resist—"

"When do you start?"—rocking the stem of the glass miserably between his second and third finger.

"Oh, right away. Rehearsal tomorrow. I'm meeting him at the theater early to go over the script, and tomorrow night we're going to hear some of the music—that reminds me, dear, I can't have dinner with you tomorrow night—and Saturday morning he's taking me to—"

Orson picked the olive out of Lester's glass and commenced to nibble it mournfully. "It'll be just like it was before. I'll never see you, you'll be so busy all the time running around with him . . ." He gnawed the olive pit with his front teeth and almost sobbed: "You wouldn't want to . . . go to Europe or some place, Dial? Instead?"

She laughed merrily: "I want to do this play. Orson, I'm just dying to see what you've got. Dear, please, show me."

He took the slim box from his pocket and slid it across the table dispiritedly. She opened it eagerly and lifted the pearls and twisted them slowly in her fingers so that they glowed and reflected the light in her hand. "They're gorgeous," reverently. "You make me so happy."

"You'd make me happy too," he sulked, "if you wouldn't do this play for Lester Willis."

She put the bracelet back and snapped the box definitely shut. "Is that why you bought them for me?"

"Now, Dial," he pleaded, instantly contrite. She smiled and took them out of the box again. "Only I was just sort of wishing—"

"I'm going to put them on," she announced happily.

"You know, you ought to be a little careful about wearing all those jewels," fretted Bitz, watching her disconsolately. "With all these stick-ups in the papers—"

"What else are they for," she shrugged casually, slipping the bracelet over her wrist, "except to wear?"

"I worry about it, dear," brooded Orson, pecking at his olive pit. "If anything should ever happen—"

"Never mind, dear," laughed Dial. "If you feel that way, I'll get a personal bodyguard."

Orson stopped chewing the olive pit suddenly and held it in mid-air an inch before his face. There was a thoughtful expression on his face.

"And he can follow me around night and day," Dial continued casually, "and then nothing can happen."

"A private bodyguard!" echoed Mr. Bitz, as a tremendous idea slowly formed in his mind.

"Like a faithful dog," Dial laughed. "He can follow me to rehearsals, and follow me here, and follow me home at night," she chattered gayly, "and sleep on a mat outside my door, and growl if anybody touches my pearls. . . . Look, dear, aren't they sweet?"

She held her slim wrist aloft, and the bracelet slid down onto her forearm. She twisted her arm slowly, admiring the pale iridescence of the pearls. Bitz alternately chewed the olive pit and tapped it against his front teeth, blinking at her craftily now and then like a robin.

"Bodyguard," he chuckled to himself. "That's it."

MR. BITZ'S prim secretary opened the door of his office, made an effort to control her face and said in a voice full of suppressed giggles: "There's a young man out here to see you."

"Tell him I'm out," said Mr. Bitz wearily. "What does he want?"

"He wants to see you about a job," said the secretary.

"Tell him I'm out," repeated Mr. Bitz. "Where is he from?"

"He's got a letter of introduction from Mr. Haley of the National Bank," said the secretary. "He seems very insistent."

"Tell him I'm out," shouted Mr. Bitz.

"That's what I told him, Mr. Bi-itz!" Her voice ended in a little squeal as the young man strode past her, and she muttered, "You stop!" and blushed furiously and slammed the door.

Mr. Bitz leaned back in his swivel chair in surprise and stared through his pince-nez glasses for a moment at the amiable young giant who had halted before him genially, extending his letter of introduction.

"What do you mean by interrupting me like this?" he demanded, plumping down again in his swivel chair and glancing briefly at the letter. "What's your name?"

"McCarthy—Casey McCarthy."

"What kind of a job do you want?—I mean, what do you do?"

"Nothing," Mr. McCarthy explained. "I'm a college graduate."

(Continued on page 44)

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

"Maybe it would help if I put it on," Casey suggested calmly

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Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

HUGH TRACY, a young cattleman living alone near the little town of Antelope, is shot by a hidden enemy. Rushed to a hospital, he recovers. Returning to his home, he finds that vandals have looted it. While inspecting the wreckage, someone shoots at him. Galloping in the direction of the shot, he finds a girl, rifle in hand, awaiting him.

The girl—beautiful, young—announces that she is Lynn Isherwood. "I shot," she says, "*not* to kill you, but to warn someone." Then, following a few cryptic answers to Tracy's questions, she rides away.

A few hours later, Tracy returns to the house. The girl is there, "tidying up, by way of apologizing." As she leaves she warns Tracy that he is in peril—that they must not meet again. . . . And Tracy *is* in peril. Two rival outfits—Tade Shadrow's TS and the Double-Ought (owned by the Testervis brothers, Bat and Morgan) are struggling for control of the Powder desert region. Both need some water which Tracy owns, and which he stubbornly refuses to sell to either. One or the other is plotting his death. But which? Determined to learn the answer, Tracy visits Shadrow at his headquarters. Flanked by Sid Maunders, a hired killer, and Lake Tolbert, his foreman, Shadrow (who has just discharged Willy Bones, an employee, after cheating him) greets him, claims to be his friend. Then—"There's a big fight coming. You'd better throw in with us!"

Tracy makes no promises. Instead, he pays a visit to Morgan Testervis, the older of the two brothers, who listens to his questions and answers them frankly. While they are talking, Bat Testervis comes in. He is (although Tracy does not suspect it) in love with Lynn Isherwood. Knowing of the girl's visit to Tracy's home, he gives the visitor a sullen greeting. Then, turning to his brother: "We've got to fight Shadrow *now!*" Morgan, however, does not agree with him. "We'll wait a while," he says calmly. Whereupon, Tracy surprises them both. Hitherto neutral, he announces that he is with them—will fight for them against Shadrow, if need be. . . .

In Antelope, for supplies, Tracy finds TS gunmen watching him. Obviously, word has gotten out that he is an ally of the Double-Ought crowd. Aware that one false step may cost him his life, he meets Willy Bones—and Maunders, who, ordered by Shadrow to kill Willy, tries to pick a quarrel with him. Whereupon, resorting to a dangerous bluff, Tracy saves the little fellow. A minute later the killers, headed by Shadrow, move out. As Tracy watches, a girl rides to the head of the column—*Lynn Isherwood!*

IV

THE after-vacuum of their passage seemed to suck the last dreg of vitality from Antelope. The town was empty, collapsed. High whirls of dust stretched all the way from courthouse to poplars, the sun burned down, water dripped monotonously into the stable trough—that was all. Tracy expelled a deep breath and stepped from the stable, his first move in ten long minutes.

"Crawl out, Bill."

An exultant whoop startled the uneasy echoes. Bill Vivian appeared from a between-building alleyway; not deliberately but in quick, cat-like strides, knees springing and his head turning from side to side as his glance went foraging about. He wore no hat and a mop of unbelievably raw red hair tumbled about his skull. He was homely beyond the power to portray, each feature jarring with the others, and the whole effect was one of striking disharmony. Sun and wind had burned his face to mottled brick coloring, his eyes were a light and vivid green. Across an angular face, deeply and vertically lined, struck an exaggerated streak of a mouth. Small and thin, his movements were controlled by surges of impetuous nerves; and thus he came forward, yipping like an Indian.

"Yore sure a sight for sore eyes, Mister Tracy. But thin."

"It's a habit of yours to show up at the right minute," drawled Hugh.

"It took me an awful half hour crawlin' up to this town."

"Looks to me like you been sleepin' in the trees ever since I left."

"That's truth. I left this country on the lope."

"As how?"

"After I took you to the hospital I started back with the idea of findin' out where that shot come from. Never made it. Couldn't get into the Powder with a box of dynamite. The beagles have been on my trail practically since the flood."

"TS?"

"You'd better believe it. Dogged me all over. A little birdie told me you was back and I made a run acrost the desert. Got to your place last night and found you'd gone."

"So it was your tobacco smoke I smelled?"

"Ahuh. But I couldn't stay. Was somebody on my trail and I figured if I didn't haul out sudden and draw this shadow with me you'd walk into him. Was on Mogul this mornin' and saw you slope for town. So I come."

"Where's the shadow?"

"I just got weary of bein' chaperoned. So I backtracked, slung down on him and tied him to a tree so hard he's practically part of the bark. Hope the ants bite him."

"Bill," said Tracy, staring past the poplars. "What made those mugs haul out of here so sudden? There's only one thing I know that could put TS in such an awful sweat."

"Sure. Trouble with Testervis."

Tracy swung about. "We've got to get goin'. Bring your horse down here."

HE WENT directly to the general store, bought a supply of grub and split it in two gunnysacks. Returning to the stable, he found not only Vivian ready for him but young Willy Bones also. Handing one of the sacks to the redhead, he shot a curious glance at the kid. "What for?"

Willy Bones spread his palms upward. "Where else could I go?"

"Hell-bent out of this country, which would be mighty wise."

"No," said Willy doggedly. "That won't do. Shadrow owes me eighty dollars."

Hugh and Vivian swapped glances and Vivian drawled: "Is that very damned important?"

"Anyhow, I'm ridin' with you fellows," said Willy, stubbornly insistent.

"Willy," broke in Hugh, "you'll be lucky to get out of it alive."

"Thunder, I was dead when I walked from Burkey's saloon. You can't kill a man more'n once."

"Better not," pressed Hugh.

Bones lifted a pair of concerned, begging eyes on Tracy. "I just got to. Doggonit, I just got to."

"Bill," said Hugh, "we've got an army. Let's go."

"You won't never regret it," cried Willy Bones; and three abreast they galloped out of Antelope. TS hoof dust strung a banner all along the foot of Mogul.

"I'm the only man in this party," said Bill Vivian, "that's got a lick of sense. You're pokin' yore snoozer into bad medicine."

"I told Testervis I was throwin' in with him."

"With troubles of your own, you do that?" marveled Vivian.

"No way out of it."

Twenty-Mile Rock was just ahead. Spurring off the road toward it, Tracy looked down at the surrounding dust and rejoined the others with a more sober face. "They didn't stop to water. That means hurry. Bill, somebody's tipped over the apple cart up yonder on the plateau."

"Apple cart's always gettin' tipped over in this infernal country," growled Vivian.

FARTHER on, at the point where TS rim road climbed Mogul's fault, Hugh detoured again, seeking the story on the earth. But the risen dust was like a signal arrow along the desert road; Shadrow's men hadn't gone up the sharp climb. "Headin' through my place," observed Tracy shortly, and increased the pace. A change came over the party; there was no more talk. Willy Bones raked the foreground with his sharp, blue-eyed face and Tracy, once casting an appraising glance at the youth, found no sign of apprehension there. The kid had grit; somewhere in a short life he had been seasoned. As for Bill Vivian, that red-headed stormy petrel was a tower of strength. He was a fighter through and through; rash of talk and often impetuous in action, yet he understood when to play a cool, heady game. And there was no man in the Powder who so clearly knew all the devious devices and stratagems of sagebrush warfare.

The long road fled straightaway toward the foot slopes of the spur. Nothing breaking his thoughts, he had time to wonder again about Lynn Isherwood. Her appearance with Shadrow had been a shock; and there followed now a whole train of puzzling queries. Considering her plain warning to him, he could see that she had never meant to deceive him. Whatever her position in the Shadrow scheme was, she thoroughly understood it. But the thing that kept returning to him, wherever his reasoning led, was the stamped fear visible on her cheeks as she had gone galloping out of Antelope. Deeper and deeper the mystery became; and of one thing he became increasingly sure—she was not happy in her place. Powder's arrogant force pressed on her too.

Bill Vivian spoke quietly—always a

She swung up the grade and watched

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sign of that bantam's focused interest. "Hugh, they went through your place, all right."

"Straight on to the Testervis range, then," said Hugh. "Last night I saw around thirty men ridin' mighty quiet into the broken country."

"So that's what I heard," grunted Vivian. "There was a shot."

"Mine. I figured to warn the patrols Morgan Testervis had out. I believe—"

HE STOPPED, canting his head aside. Out of the high distance a dwindling echo rang. One, spreading and vanishing. Vivian stared at Hugh, green eyes alive. "The ball opens," he murmured.

There was then a long lull in which the steady pound of their horses' hoofs and the squeal of their saddle leather strengthened. They reached the first climb of the spur and, as they did so, a long and ragged burst of firing rose from the horizon. "Not so far off," muttered Hugh and led the others into the pines.

"A little due care," warned Vivian.

Hugh charged around the last bend of the trail and reached the back of his house. Vivian promptly swung left to hit the other side, too old a hand at this sort of a game to need prompting. Willy Bones, taking his cue, jumped from the saddle and went ducking and dodging toward the barn. Already on the ground, Hugh took a quick glance through the house's side window and found it empty. Thereupon he ran for the porch, to meet Vivian in full charge from the other side.

"They went on."

"Right through the yard," agreed Hugh.

Willy Bones trotted back from the barn. "She's empty," he called.

Vivian winked at Hugh. "You'd think he done this all his born days."

Hugh lifted his head. The yonder firing had settled to a steady, detonating roll—somehow indicating a deadlocked affair. Weighing the sound, he guessed the point of trouble to be around the rock cairn, along the broken gullies where shelter was to be so easily had; fifty men, by the least reckoning, dug in and sniping away.

Bill Vivian suddenly said: "Grass dies if you stand on it too long."

"We're going up there."

"I knew that. But why ponder at length?"

"Gettin' my conscience squared, maybe. Bill, you realize what's happening?"

Vivian's answer was a full and complete echo of himself: "Black's black. It's right or it's wrong. Don't clutter up your head with doubt or consideration. What's goin' to happen is goin' to happen. You're dead or you're alive."

"Willy," said Hugh, "you're sure you want to proceed? Nine miles straight across to the Powder rim and you're out of it."

"To live to a green old age and tell your grandchildren about a couple of tough mugs you once knew," drawled Vivian.

"Back up, Bill," grunted Hugh. "This ain't half so funny. Well, Willy?"

"What did I do that wasn't right?" complained Willy.

"Catamount's cub," applauded Vivian, on the run for his horse; and Hugh made an accepting gesture of his arm. "I'm sorry, Willy. Come on."

The firing meanwhile had risen in pitch, vibrations crackling through the intense heat of the day. When they reached the trees and passed up the trail there was a momentary muffling of volume. But that was only the interim of calm, the prelude of a fresh fury leaping into their faces once they arrived at the upper limit of the pines and stood in that arena-like space below the plateau's rim. Each echo sailed over them flat and crisp; beyond them, out of sight, roiling currents of sound eddied and reverberated. Even Vivian, casual and canny a fighter though he was, drew up his pony to stare at Tracy with a face wholly absorbed by thoughtfulness.

"That's close," he muttered. "An' bitter."

HUGH paused only a moment, calculating the routes open; then, pointing his pony at the rubble causeway—up which he had gone two nights before to find Lynn Isherwood—he raced on.

"Watch out!" yelled Vivian. "Come back here!"

Tracy saw nothing above; but the urgency in his partner's voice was so great that he sheered aside from the causeway and galloped into the pines, where the other two had gone. Vivian was off his horse. Rifle steadied beside a tree trunk, he watched the rim ahead. "Somebody's racin' for the trail, Hugh."

No sooner said than verified. Half a dozen horsemen swooped into sight, riding the very margin of the rim. At the causeway's upper end they came to a piled-up stop, studying the natural arena below; one of the group pointed. A rapped-out exclamation reached down.

"Shadrow's men all right," muttered Hugh. "Lookin' for trouble in this direction."

VIVIAN kicked over the rifle safety with his thumb. The restlessness so much a part of him had gone out and he stood with his feet apart, bantam body relaxed against the tree, absolutely sure and confident. Willy Bones had picked another tree and watched Tracy in solemn attention. Hugh shook his head, studying the group above and listening to a fight that seemed now to fall away to a farther distance. It had lessened perceptibly in the passing moments, softened its tone. The shots came spaced and deliberate. Hearing all this, Tracy pressed his lips in a profound and bitter sadness. He knew what the end was to be. Those clapping echoes of the fight were receding into Testervis country.

There was another indistinguishable murmur from the men above and all of them wheeled and galloped away. One long, reaching echo rolled over the rim; and afterwards a queer silence pulsed through the dead air layers. Hugh Tracy turned and stared at Vivian. "It's over, Bill."

Vivian had been reading the sounds, too. "Goodby, Testervis."

"Yeah," muttered Hugh. "I bet on the wrong horse. Now we better go back to the house and wait for our spankin'. No—wait! Willy, pull your horse deeper into the bushes. Watch out, Bill!"

A single rider appeared on the rim and tipped down the causeway, hatless, fingering his quirt at every other jump. Hugh suddenly ran into the cleared area and waved his arm. "Happy, slow down!"

The rider flinched back in his saddle, then, recognizing Hugh, he rushed forward and literally threw the pony on its haunches. Sweat ran down his face like tears and the thick dust lay in mottled patches on his cheeks.

"Happy, where's your outfit?" snapped Hugh.

"Gone!" yelled Happy. "Scattered to hell and gone! We got licked, Hugh!" The high breathing of the man turned to a choked spasm. There could be no doubt of it, this Happy was crying. "Watch for yourselves, boys! We're through! Morgan Testervis is a-layin' dead up there with a bullet in his chest!" And he charged past them, down the trail.

IT WAS one of the repeated ironies of Tollgate John Isherwood's rather sorry life that he should, one week before a not-unexpected death in Nevada, consign his daughter, Lynn, to Tade Shadrow's "kindly and influential care" along with certain properties to be held by Tade in trusteeship until the girl was twenty-three years old. Having no faith at all in a woman's ability, Tollgate John had exercised the privilege of relationship and called on Shadrow, who was Lynn's uncle and only kin in the West. He never knew Shadrow's character, only that over in the vast

(Continued on page 47)

the cavalcade race on along the desert

Illustrated by Matt Clark

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Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

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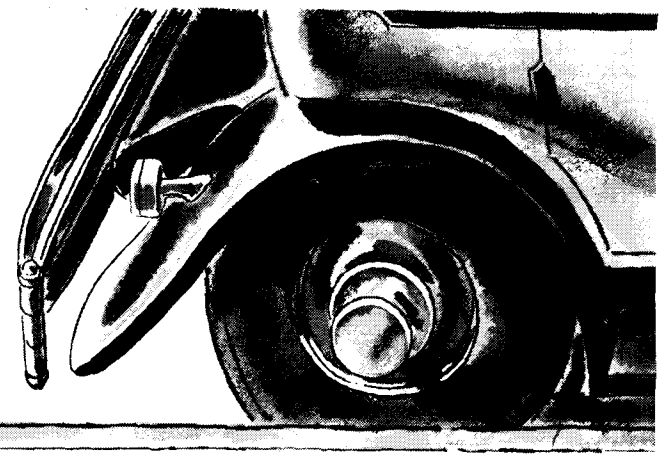

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE eve of their graduation from Stanford University, Fanny Furness, Madge Rountree, Chris Thring, and Mack Wise discuss their plans for the future. Close friends, they all long to go to New York. But their funds are limited. Can they go? *Dare* they go, with their sole assets youth, courage, and a sublime belief in themselves?

To Mack—big, blond, handsome Mack—the answer is simple. A talented pianist, a clever speaker, he *knows* he can "make good" with some broadcasting company. "I'm going," he announces calmly. But Chris—dark, quiet, hard-working Chris, who has slaved his way through law school and who has a mother and sister he may some day have to support—is not so confident. Getting a start in New York, he points out, is difficult. He hesitates to take chances.

Madge—small, shy, but a brilliant student, a clever actress and a skillful manipulator of puppets—says she feels as Mack does. With a mother to back her, she is going. If she fails on the stage, or as a puppet expert, she will return to the Coast and make a living teaching Latin and Greek in her mother's little school in Piedmont. Fanny, too, is determined to go. Her mother and father are no longer living. No one is dependent upon her. A tall, blue-eyed, self-reliant girl, she has confidence—and several hundred dollars in cash. To her, New York stands as a challenge—a challenge of the East to all four of them to come and prove their mettle as their forefathers did when, fully conscious of the perils before them, they accepted the challenge of the West.

Over a picnic luncheon, they talk of New York, its problems, its dangers, its rewards. And they decide to go. Chris alone hesitates. "I think," he says, "we're all crazy!" But he, too, agrees to try the hazard.

And so the greatest adventure of Fanny Furness' life looms before her. But she is far from joyous. That sweet spring night, gazing from her window at Fraternity Row, where she has passed so many happy hours, she reviews her years at Stanford. Glorious years, those! But—"And now"—the words frighten her as they parade through her mind—"we'll all go to New York to make our fortunes. *And Madge is in love with Mack, and Mack with me, and Chris with Madge, and I with Chris.* What a world! I wonder if we can ever straighten it out!"

II

THERE'S a fire—something—" Fanny said, rousing from a sort of stupor.

She was tired; they were all tired. For almost four days they had been jogging, racketing, bumping over the long road; California was more than three thousand miles away now, and college days, and sodas at Sticky's, and the blue shadows on the creamy Spanish walls of the quadrangle, were gone forever.

It had been all thrill, all fun, at first. Fanny and Madge had settled into their compartment with great enthusiasm, dividing space, arranging soap and powders and creams fastidiously. The windows, the brief stops at Ogden and Omaha, the long stop at Chicago, had all been fun, been thrilling; every meal had been a hilarious event.

But now they were near the end; the next stop would be New York, and after that things would be more serious. Mack talked less, Chris hardly at all. On Chris' handsome, dark young face a look of concentration that was not quite a frown, not quite anxiety, settled itself.

Marjorie would not admit that she was uneasy, but during the last day of the trip she had reiterated with increasing definiteness her oft-repeated statement that "everyone" said that "anyone" could live easily on a hundred dollars a month in New York, or anywhere, and that "anybody" could always telegraph "their mother" for more, if need arose.

FANNY alone remained serene, as far as actual plans were concerned. But it was to be noted that as the last afternoon wore away in the hot car, and as twilight began to fall upon the unfamiliar scenes that flew by the windows, she fell silent, too; her elbow on the window sill, her face close to its own reflection in the glass, her eyes fixed on the June world outside.

Such lush greenness everywhere in the open spaces—so different from California's brief, grudging leafage!—and rivers, real rivers, running deep water, instead of showing only empty grassy beds like the arroyos of home. Towns looking grim and businesslike and hot in the last light of a June day. And at eight o'clock, New York!

"Our next letters home," said Fanny, "will have 'New York' written at the top!"

"Oh, don't!" Madge said faintly.

Mack had been born and raised in Salt Lake City. Madge had twice been to Europe, by way of Canada, with her mother and a selected group of schoolgirls. But neither Fanny nor Christopher had ever been out of California before, and none of the four had ever seen New York.

"Let's discuss our plan of procedure once again," Fanny had said in a businesslike way, over the supper table. "We all go to Mrs. Smith's—that's a blessing anyway, to know where we're going, and what it'll cost us. Ten dollars apiece, for a week; we all have *that*, anyway. Chris reports tomorrow to his law firm—"

"'Arnold, Overman and Carnot,'" Chris supplied, as she glanced at him. "I hope to Heaven their office'll be open tomorrow, and that I can start in on Monday."

"Mack," Fanny pursued, "goes to the 'I. B. C.', the Inter-America Broadcasting Company. I think it would be cute, Mack, if you stepped into the president's office saying, 'May I B seen on your payroll—'"

"I'll remember it—go on from there," said Mack. "What do you girls do?"

"Oh, that's what scares me!" Madge put in, fluttered. "But of course I have my hundred."

"Madge has a letter to Tony Sarg, which she'll present," Fanny said.

"I suppose I can find him," Madge added.

"In the telephone book, darling."

"Isn't it funny," Madge interpolated wonderingly, "to think of people like Tony Sarg and—and Paul Whiteman and Gershwin and all of them, being in the telephone book!"

"Oh, *funny!*" Fanny echoed, with a gasp of premonitory excitement. "Oh, I'm going to love New York!" she said.

"Where's Mrs. Smith's boarding house, Fanny?"

"Oh, the East Sixties, or the West, or something. I showed you the dean's letter, Madge. The dean," said Fanny to the men, "did say we might not like it; it's very simple. But she said it would give us a foothold. Madge and I," Fanny went on, "mean to find a little tiny apartment, don't we, Madge?"

"If we can, on a hundred a month," Madge began dubiously.

"Oh, but I'll be making scads!"

Chris looked at her thoughtfully. They were all wedged into the compartment seats; Chris next to Madge, Mack with his arm about Fanny, the girls at the windows. Their bags were packed; their coats and gloves waiting; the trip was almost over.

"How will you be making scads of money, Fanny?" Chris asked.

"Oh, somehow! Anyway," Fanny said serenely, "I have two hundred and twelve dollars, you know. That'll last for weeks."

"Fanny, I thought you had five hundred," Madge said.

"I did have, nearly. But—oh, I don't know," Fanny explained. "I had to send the dean flowers—she was awfully nice to me—and my ticket, and—I don't know. Anyway, now, I have two hundred."

"YOU'LL find New York a lot different from Palo Alto!" Chris warned her.

"How do you know, Chris? You've never been there."

"I know. But you'll find it different. In the first place, it's the greatest city in the world, people don't know each other and care about each other the way they do at home. It's bloodless; it's soulless. Then, in the second place, everybody comes to New York; every little town in the country is sending boys and girls here, to try to make good. The competition is fierce."

"Seven million persons get away with it," Fanny asserted, looking out of her window. "I intend to be one of them."

"You haven't said yet how you were going to make those scads of money," Mack said, at her ear.

"Oh—oh, yes! The stage, I *think*," Fanny answered judicially. "Possibly something else, as a stop-gap. But eventually, the stage. 'Miss Fanny Furness, who so charmingly portrays the part of Griselda, was born in California in 1920. Her success in—'"

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

"Where do you get that 1920?" Mack interrupted.

"Why, they always lie about their ages, Mack; actresses have to."

"Yes, but they don't take themselves back to ten and twelve."

"Well, I'll arrange the year of my birth later," Fanny said, unruffled. She looked out of her window again, and

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"This is awful," Fanny said, with a suggestion of hysteria in her voice. She was kneeling quite frankly, plunging madly through a suitcase

there was silence in the dusky little room until she suddenly asked:

"There, what's that? That red on the sky down there ahead of us? It must be a big fire, or something—"

They all looked out. Chris said, in an odd voice:

"That's—that's it, I guess. That's New York."

And for a while they were all four silent, staring at the dull red fan that spread umbrella-wise against the southern sky, throbbing steadily, throwing into dim silhouette the squared tops of high buildings and the great round drums of tanks. The dome of heaven was a warm dark blue now; the last of the day was dying in dull streaks of amethyst and rose toward the west.

"A monster!" Madge said in a frightened whisper.

"A frontier," said Fanny in a resolute voice.

"Gosh, what a theater set," Mack muttered.

"Does it lick us or do we lick it?" Chris said, as if to himself.

"We lick it!" Fanny exclaimed with a little shudder of thrilled anticipation. "But goodness, goodness," she added, under her breath, "it does look *big*, doesn't it?"

THEY were all silent again, looking down from the high railroad trestle at the thickening streets; the great blocks of apartment houses strewn about on the rough, earthy hills north of the city, the gradual closing in of cement and steel and brick and iron. The train thundered on after the stop at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street; they were passing brick and brownstone apartment houses now, in crowded, impoverished neighborhoods. Windows in the shabby front rooms were open, showing glimpses of flat, iron bedsteads and twisted, disordered supper tables; men and women rested elbows on the window sills, and looked out into the clamor and confusion of the streets. Fanny saw a fat, bald-headed man fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan, the first she had ever seen. She saw flat baskets, many of them, on the sills of open windows, and nude babies sprawled in them, held only from the street far below by a maternal hand.

There were five minutes of this and then the train dived and plunged into the blackness of the tunnel, and perceptibly began to lessen speed.

"Oh, Fanny," Madge faltered, "does it frighten you a little?"

"No. You could live in one of those places we just saw, if your husband loved you, and your baby was healthy," Fanny said slowly, but stanchly. "It might even be interesting to see what was going on."

"Interesting!" Madge echoed, with an elaborate shiver.

"New York—Grand Central Station," the porter shouted.

"Oh, it does thrill you!" Fanny whispered.

"We have four minutes," Chris said. But sheer excitement forbade their sitting still any longer. Stiff, flushed, feeling stupid and hungry and dirty, they filed out to the long platform, and saw the redcaps busy over the line of bags. The air was heavy and humid, two levels, three levels below the hot streets, and smelled of pipes and earth and sweating cement.

"Taxi—huh, ladies?"

"Taxi through New York!" sang Fanny. "Oh, and let's not unpack right away; let's get out, and walk everywhere—to Roxy's and the Empire State and some of the big hotels and the Ghetto; we don't have to do a thing we don't want to, we can stay out as long as we like in New York—New York—New York!"

"We want a taxi," Chris said briefly, after this burst, to the attentive redcap.

"Yasseh, dis way, boss!"

"'Boss'! Don't you love the 'boss'?" murmured Fanny, her eyes dancing, her head moving about with the quick motion of a bird's head, as she followed.

They were in a deep arcade where taxis swept through in long curves, grated against the curbs, swept on again. Muffled horns honked; an officious starter took charge of them, bundled them in, held the taxi door impatiently, ready for a slam.

"Where to, Madam?"

Madge was fluttered again. "Oh—the dean's letter—it was in my—oh, dear! You have it, haven't you, Fanny?" she ended in sudden relief.

FANNY was wedged into the innermost seat of the car, with the little seat up; and Mack, with his overcoat, camera, small handbag and portable radio, was packed solidly into the small seat. Madge was between Chris and Fanny in the back seat; the girls' coats and several pieces of lesser luggage occupied the remaining space.

"Oh, mother-of-pearl!" Fanny could be heard to ejaculate under her breath.

"I gave it back to you," Madge said positively. "Remember? It was where Miss Randall stayed last year when she came on," she said to the boys nervously as Fanny searched her handbag under their stern eyes. "She told Mother it was nice and clean and cheap—Fanny, where did you *put* it?"

"It's in my big bag—" Fanny murmured, not looking at anyone.

"I've got to get out of here," the taxi driver said agitatedly. He was but too evidently being urged onward by his superior, the starter.

"Start up there, you!" this authority now shouted, in an absolute frenzy at the delay.

"Is time so extremely precious?" Fanny challenged him. But fortunately he did not hear. The taxi moved on its way; they were out in a brightly lighted street. New York at last! But at the moment they had but a distracted attention to give it.

"Drive—drive to some place where

(Continued on page 41)

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Dinner for Two

Continued from page 9

in it for me—for us! That ought to pay expenses on our delayed honeymoon. We'll go places and see things while Koll stays here and works his fool head off. *They'll probably retain him to run* the show."

A shadow darkened the light in Helen Gregg's lovely eyes. "How soon will we have to clear out?" she asked.

"From what the letter says I expect the New York outfit will bring Koll's people out here in a week or so. As near as I can read between the lines it's all over but the formal transaction. You'd better get yourself set for a dash of New York, London, Paris and all interesting way stations. . . . I have to get a bath and get cleaned up for dinner. Gimme a celebration kiss. Holler for Koll while I'm getting my bath. Ask him to shake up the cocktails tonight. On your way, my million-dollar queen!"

On her journey down the winding pathway toward the great oak tree whose spreading branches sheltered Koll's cabin, Helen Gregg walked slowly at first. Then, nearing the cabin, her pace quickened. She saw a light in the cabin. Koll was bending over a table on which lay an intricate diagram of the Snakerock workings. The door of the cabin was open.

Through the screen door, "Warren apologizes for his delay," the girl said abruptly. "May I come in? He's bathing. He wants you to shake up some celebration cocktails."

Koll had risen to his feet. "Celebration cocktails?"

"He had a letter in the evening mail from his New York people. He says we are—he is taking me away . . . and you are to stay here."

"That really *is* big news," Koll said. "My people are probably paying a big price for the property—but it's worth it. Just a moment until I turn out these lights. There! The moonlight is . . . Why, my dear! Helen, are you crying?"

PRESENTLY, from the doorway of the cabin, "Better you come ketchum supper," Soong Wo advised. "Hot supper cold pretty soon." Soong Wo's placid voice held no trace of the violent emotion that raged in his heart. A shaft of moonlight flooding the shadowed room had revealed to Soong Wo, among other things, his master's wife held close in the embrace of another man. "Supper ready, Missy Koll," Soong Wo repeated.

Helen Gregg waited until Soong Wo had gone and then, "Do you suppose he saw us?" she whispered.

"It was dark," Koll answered, lying in an effort to calm the girl. Then, "It's all right. A Chinaman keeps his mouth shut."

"I'll go back alone," the girl faltered. "You wait five minutes before you follow me."

"I'll go back with you," Koll amended. "Wait a moment until I find my coat."

At the dinner table Warren Gregg's dynamic gayety seemed to inspire a similar mood in Helen Gregg and Koll. "I just ketch me a long-distance call from New York," Gregg announced. "As near as I could understand the layout through an earful of lather, my people and two officials of your German syndicate will be out here next Thursday. I'll meet them in San Francisco Thursday morning," Gregg announced. "They'll be on the Overland."

From San Francisco on Thursday Warren Gregg telephoned to his wife. "There are seven in the party," he said. "Three visiting firemen of the German syndicate and four of our outfit. Everybody's tired. We'll drive down tomorrow morning. Tell Soong Wo to spread himself on the lunch deal. I'm bringing some more Scotch. Here's a kiss for you, darling, and high-pressure congratulations. From rags to riches is my story. Do you miss me?"

"Frightfully," the girl lied.

To Soong Wo after she had hung up, "Mr. Gregg is bringing seven guests for lunch tomorrow," the girl announced. "Very nice men. Very nice lunch."

"I ketchum number one good lunchee," Soong Wo promised.

"For dinner tonight you'd better get some champagne ready. Make a nice dinner for Mr. Koll and me."

IN THE late afternoon after Soong Wo had set two bottles of champagne on the back of the stove, he went to the room where he slept. From a vermilion pigskin chest under his bed he retrieved a little stone statue of the compassionate Kwan Yin. He installed the deity on a shelf above his bed.

"In this world of darkness who is of clear perception?" Soong Wo whispered. "To virtue there is great recompense. O thou radiant deity, understanding my motives, lend thy aid."

When it seemed to Soong Wo that the smiling goddess had consented to bear the burden of responsibility for whatever might result from his activities, he brought an electric vacuum cleaner to his bedroom and for the first time in the history of his reign the floor of the room was cleaned. In the cleaning process only half of the regiment of agile fleas that had been left as a legacy to Soong Wo by the former occupant of the room retained their liberty. The rest of the fleas spent the afternoon in vain endeavor to escape from the dust bag of the vacuum cleaner.

When his sweeping job was finished Soong Wo ambled down the slope back of the bungalow until he came to a brilliant growth of poison oak. . . .

In the late afternoon before Soong Wo set about the preparation of dinner he spent five minutes alone in Frederick Koll's cabin. He uncorked the bottle that held Koll's shaving lotion. Into the open bottle he dripped the essence of a twisted pack of poison oak leaves. When he had squeezed four drops of juice from the leaves into the shaving lotion he put the cork back in the bottle. He picked up the shredded leaves and rubbed them around the neck bands of the three white shirts that were included in Koll's wardrobe.

He had brought the dust bag of the vacuum cleaner with him, and before he left the cabin he shook the contents of the dust bag out upon the floor in front of the bureau. He returned then to his kitchen and began boiling a large head of cabbage. . . .

Koll had put on a dinner coat for the evening. To offset this pleasing picture, Soong Wo had adorned his own anatomy in a pair of faded overalls and a wrinkled jacket that bore grease smudges.

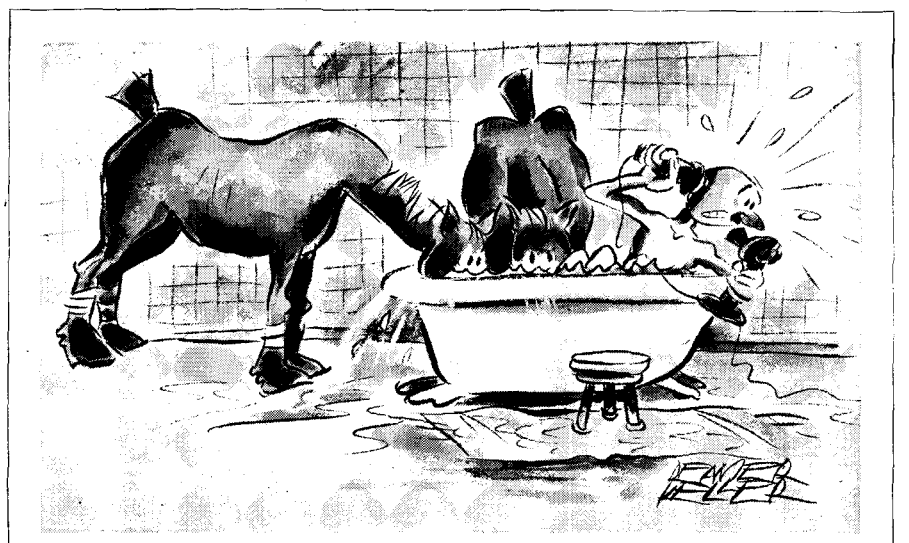
In the dining-room immediately after she had been seated, "Open the windows," Helen Gregg directed, wrinkling her nose. "Burning grease and cabbage!"

"They always burn grease," Frederick Koll commented.

An area around his right knee suddenly burned with an itching that precluded further speech.

Soong Wo came in with the soup. "You likee biss-kit?" When it was discovered that the interior of the biscuits consisted of warm dough, the dislike of the biscuits became unanimous. There was a salad then, and its principal motive power was garlic.

A tough leg of lamb, swimming around in a mass of boiled cabbage, followed the salad. "Mr. Koll will carve," Helen Gregg directed. Soong Wo's surprise at this domestic touch was evidenced in a carefully timed halt that enabled him to deposit three ounces of gravy in Koll's lap.



"Hello, hello. Jacob's Riding Academy? Did you lose a couple of horses?" *Reamer Keller*

"Oh, verry sorry," he said, dabbing at Koll's trousers with the shopworn dish rag. "I ketchum new chair."

When a new chair had been placed for Koll, Soong Wo seemed suddenly to have consecrated his life to the business of wiping the gravy off the first one. He panted at this job with an obvious energy that testified to the utter oblivion of his other duties. He was jerked out of this trance by the petulant voice of Helen Gregg.

ABANDONING his work of chair-cleaning, Soong Wo brought in the champagne. "You may open it now," Helen Gregg directed.

Due to the fact that Koll had stooped suddenly to quench another itching spot that had ignited on his left ankle, the cork of the first bottle of champagne missed him by an inch but he was in fair range of the gusher of warm wine that followed the exploding cork. "Oh, verry sorry!" Soong Wo apologized, directing the last few spurts of champagne into Koll's half-empty glass of water. "Mebbe more better I ketchum wine glass for sam-pane."

Bearing up under her cross, "Get wine glasses for the champagne," Helen Gregg fumed. To Koll, "I'm sorry. Did it get all over you?"

With growing sarcasm, "Not quite," Koll growled. "Not quite—but I think he did a fairly complete job." When he had wiped the champagne away from the back of his neck, Koll's fingers lingered above that section of his anatomy. His neck itched. He scratched it for a while and then he gave his attention to various itching areas of his face. The scratching process was interrupted by the return of Soong Wo.

"I'll open that bottle," Koll said.

Withdrawing to a point of safety ten feet from the scene, Soong Wo observed the white man's work with respectful attention. "You must never shake a bottle of champagne," Koll advised the attentive Soong Wo.

The admiring pride in Soong Wo's eyes was veiled by his lids at the premature pop of the champagne cork. This time Helen Gregg was in the line of fire, and when the tumult had died down, "I'm frightfully sorry. Stupid of me!" Koll apologized. "Did much of it get on you?"

"Not much," the girl lied.

"It is probably the altitude that gives it the excessive pressure," Koll suggested, dribbling the remains of the wine into the two glasses.

When the wine was poured, lifting his glass, "To you," Koll said in an abbreviated effort at gallantry. He set his glass down quickly and reached for his left knee. He saw the frown deepen on Helen Gregg's face.

The strawberries that Soong Wo served for dessert were not quite ripe, and something had happened to the cream. In spite of this, "Even with the little mishaps it has been perfectly delightful," Koll began, accepting a cigarette from Soong Wo that seemed to have a flavor of garlic in its complex aroma. "It has been one of the most enjoyable—" A hiccough had found its haven in the syllables of Koll's last word.

At this, suppressing an insane desire to laugh through a flight of tears that were just beneath the surface, "If you don't mind, I think we'll let the music go tonight," Helen Gregg said. "I'm really—"

AT TEN o'clock that night in his little bedroom, standing before the shrine of Kwan Yin, "I have made a small payment on the great debt of life that I owe to my master," Soong Wo announced.

Through the incense that wreathed the countenance of Kwan Yin, the goddess smiled down upon her faithful servant.

Next day, making another small payment on his debt to his master, Soong Wo prepared a luncheon for his master's guests that inspired continuous compliments. Soong Wo, clad in immaculate white linen, beamed upon the company.

To Helen Gregg, after their first moment together, "That was a swell lunch," Warren Gregg commented. "I'm proud of the way you run our house."

"You wouldn't have been proud of Soong Wo's dinner last night," the girl returned. "It was loathsome!"

"Soong Wo needs a man around the house to boss him," Warren Gregg declared boastfully. "He needs a big chief—I've got to run along now and take our visitors through the mine. Koll is out of the picture with his poison oak."

Smiling at her husband, "Yes—Koll is out of the picture," Helen Gregg agreed thoughtfully. "Will you please give me a great big kiss? . . . That was nice— Darling, will we have some perfectly ice-cold champagne the first time we dine alone together on our new honeymoon next week?"

"I'll give you a ton of champagne for another kiss like that last one," Gregg promised.

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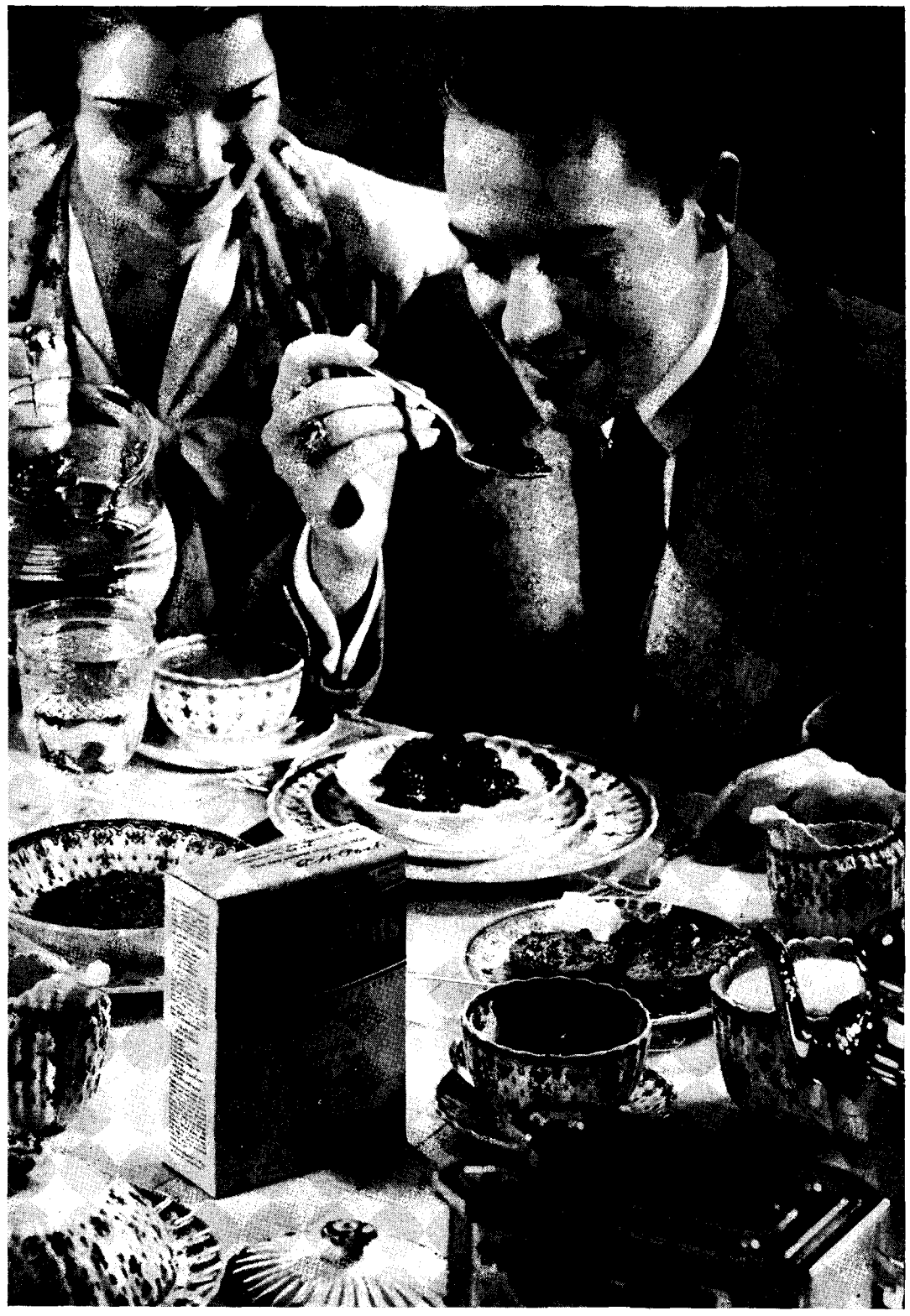
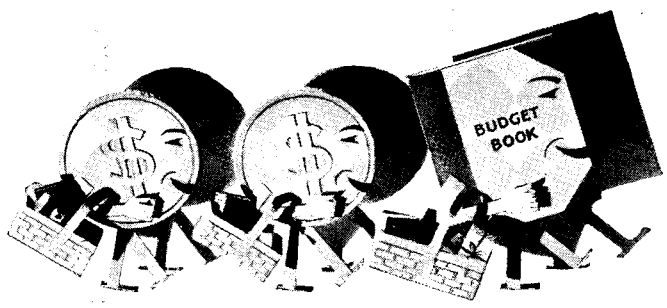
She's serving Budget-Breakfasts... but her husband goes to work well fed!



BUDGET-BREAKFAST No. 6

Blackberries
Grape-Nuts with Milk and Sugar
Toasted Bran Muffin
Butter
Jelly
Coffee or Postum



WHAT a wise little woman she is—the way she makes every penny of housekeeping money work for her—the way she *saves* money by serving these "Budget-Breakfasts."

Maybe you think there's a catch in it somewhere—there isn't! Maybe you think that a breakfast that costs so little can't be amply nourishing—you're wrong!

For these "Budget-Breakfasts" are *fully nourishing* breakfasts—real *he-man's* breakfasts! And the reason they're fully nourishing is this... each "Budget-Breakfast" includes *Grape-Nuts!*

You see—Grape-Nuts makes all the difference in the world, not only in what your breakfasts *cost,* but in what your breakfasts *provide* in nourishment.

Grape-Nuts gives you such *concentrated* nourishment that an ample serving of this crisp, delicious breakfast cereal is *only two rounded tablespoons!*

Yet that single serving, with milk and sugar, supplies more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal! That is why Grape-Nuts makes the "Budget-Breakfast" a safe, *amply nourishing* breakfast.

Get Grape-Nuts at your grocer's—today. Serve the "Budget-Breakfast" shown above—tomorrow morning. See how delicious—how fully satisfying it is.

More of these money-saving breakfast menus are coming—watch for them!

Don't miss the fascinating Grape-Nuts show in the General Foods exhibit in the Food and Agricultural Building at the Chicago World's Fair.

Grape-Nuts

FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW

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Watch the Small Change

Continued from page 13

sums. Something had to be done about this. And now, if you will attend closely, you will see swiftly one of those confused, obscure, little understood but nevertheless hectic dramas which are performed in the great, dim world of international finance, with millions of people and billions of dollars as pawns.

The chief hope of the allies was to bring down the price of silver—in short to break the silver market. India, of course, needed silver. The war brought prosperity to that slow-moving people. Transactions were on an unparalleled scale. The United States government was then persuaded to sell to the government of India, under the Pittman Act, 275,000,000 silver dollars. These dollars were actually worth more than a dollar each—they were at what is called the melting point, that is, the value at which it would pay the holder to melt the coin and sell the silver for more than a dollar.

These 275,000,000 silver dollars were promptly melted down and sold as silver on the Shanghai silver market. This broke the silver market and brought the price down, thus relieving the situation for the English in the East. The price of silver rapidly fell to sixty cents an ounce by the end of 1920.

But this was not enough. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, decided to still further relieve the pressure on the demand for silver. He began taking the silver out of England's small silver coinage. This proved so successful in England that France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy and even Mexico began doing the same thing, so that the demand for silver for small coinage was enormously contracted, thus pushing the price down still further.

A Stagnant Surplus

The final blow came in 1926. Then England forced India to adopt the gold standard. This made no great difference inside India. Her people, having always used silver coins, continued to do so, paying little or no attention to the new standard. It became important principally in India's international dealings. Its most important effect was on the price of silver.

As for the Indian government, it had at the time 361,000,000 ounces of silver as a reserve for paper money outstanding. This was worth in round numbers some $223,000,000 before England forced her onto the gold standard. After that, with the price of silver suddenly shrunk, that silver was worth much less. India no longer wanted this silver reserve. She wanted gold. Being on the gold standard, she needed a gold reserve.

The plan was to sell the silver for gold. But you cannot dump 361,000,000 ounces of silver on the market without demoralizing the price. India sold 100,000,000 ounces and as the price continued to sag she stopped. The Indian government still has left 261,000,000 ounces. They were worth $143,550,000 in 1929. Today they are worth something less than $100,000,000. But there they are—for sale—all wrapped up and on the counter. That huge surplus hangs over the world as a paralyzing load to prevent the price of silver from going up.

And that's where we are now. First, the abandonment of silver in the small change of almost all countries and then this putting of India on the gold standard—all acts of governments—cut the purchasing power of the silver money peoples of the world in half.

How can this be corrected? By raising the price of silver, and this can be done by increasing its use. The principal use to which silver is put is for money. About sixty per cent of all the silver produced each year is taken by various governments—chiefly the silver money countries, as China and Latin America, for use in coinage or hoarding. Now if England, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Poland, Italy and the leading commercial nations will all agree to resume the minting of solid silver coins for small change, there will be created immediately a potent demand for silver.

It Would Cost Us Nothing

The United States does this now—our silver coins are 90 per cent fine. This will be asking other countries to do no more than we are doing and no more than they have themselves done for countless centuries. This by itself does not mean bimetallism or going off the gold standard. It simply means making silver coins out of silver instead of other metals.

But it is proposed that the nations go a little further. There are many men who believe that there is not enough gold in the world to enable all the nations in the world to operate on the gold standard. When we realize that there is only about six dollars each available for the world's population, there would seem to be some truth in this.

"Pssst . . . Oscar! Colors!" *Jay Irving*

As a matter of fact, however, it is probably true that this amount, small as it is, is sufficient, provided the world adopts measures to make the best use of its gold. Obviously the kind of money and the quantity required will depend on the degree of civilization in the various countries. About half the world's population uses silver. Of these, however, only half use very much money and almost all they use is metal coins—silver—rather than paper money or credit. The other half of the world uses credit—bank credit—more than it uses metal or even paper money of any sort.

A nation like the United States can do countless billions in business with only a fraction of that much gold. And no one ever uses the gold in actual business transactions. There are business men who have never seen a gold coin in their lives. The only coins we actually do use are silver. And, for that matter, practically all of our one-dollar bills, as well as some of our twos and fives, are silver certificates. It is with these metal coins and these one-, two- and five-dollar bills that almost all of the actual hand-to-hand money transactions of the country are carried on. The American is just as well satisfied with these as he would be with gold certificates or gold coins.

Why, then, is it not possible to get all the great commercial nations of the world to agree to use only silver for their moneys of small denominations—their coins, their one-, two- and five-dollar bills and the equivalents of these in other currencies? This would immediately lift an immense load off the gold reserves of the world. It would make it far simpler to make the available gold go around. Gold then need never be used in actual money transactions. It could be employed wholly to settle the trade balances between the various countries of the world. It would become then a kind of international money—for the East as well as the West.

This would remonetize silver—but in a very different way and for a very different purpose than those demanded by the old-time bimetallists. And an agreement something like this is among the subjects which the United States delegation in London has in mind for restoring the price of silver and then stabilizing it. That it would have such an effect is beyond doubt and if this were done the purchasing power of the Orient, Mexico and Latin America would be immediately lifted to a point where these countless buyers would again be able to enter the American market.

Here we offer another suggestion. If followed it would raise the price of silver almost overnight. The thing which keeps the price of silver down, aside from the diminished demand for coins, is the huge surplus which India has upon her counter willing to sell. If that were removed from the market, the supply would be instantly diminished by that much.

If, then, the government of India, backed by the government of Great Britain, will agree not to sell her silver at less than fifty-five cents an ounce, this will produce the necessary effect upon the supply. On the demand side, then, the United States government can announce its willingness to take up to 300,000,000 ounces of silver for coinage at fifty-two cents an ounce. Of course, this would immediately force silver up to a little better than fifty-two cents. This government would not have to buy any silver at once. The Orient must have silver. And the silver countries have always managed to absorb all that the arts do not take. There is just about enough for them, and this they would take at a fraction above fifty-two.

The advantage of this is that it would literally cost the United States nothing. Ultimately it would have to accept silver at the mints for its needs. But the silver would never be as high in price as the silver dollars which it makes from it. But when the government does have to buy silver, the money is already available for the purpose. No new funds have to be found.

There is at this moment in the Treasury $156,039,088 in gold, to back the old Civil War greenbacks. These greenbacks amount to $346,681,016. They are out and in circulation. Why can we not take this $156,039,088 and buy 300,000,000-odd ounces of silver at fifty-two cents? This silver can be coined into silver dollars. These 300,000,000-odd ounces will just about make the number of silver dollars necessary to retire this $346,681,016 in greenbacks. These dollars could be deposited in the Treasury and silver certificates for one, two and five dollars issued against them. And with these silver certificates the old greenbacks would be redeemed and retired.

The government would not have spent one cent. But the price of silver would have been increased sufficiently to double the purchasing power of half the people of the globe when they enter our markets.

Knock Down the Walls!

At this point up rises the inevitable objector to remind us that as soon as the price of silver goes to fifty-two cents all the silver mines in the world will go into production and create another surplus. The answer to this is, very simply, that they won't. And for the very good reason that silver is not produced, save to a limited extent, in silver mines. Silver is largely a by-product of copper, zinc, lead and other metals. The amount of silver produced depends on the amount of these metals produced. That is regulated by the price of copper, not silver. That is why, during the war era, when silver went up to $1.40 an ounce, production of silver did not increase.

The direct gainers, of course, will be the men who produce silver. That's why the silver-producing states are for it and why the copper and zinc and lead mines are for it. There is no use fretting about that. You can't do anything to bring back prosperity without benefiting someone. Start a public works program and you help the cement makers and brick makers and steel makers. Boost the price of silver and you help the copper miners. But the indirect benefit is the thing that counts—the restoration of the trade of the United States with the East and with South America which will help countless lines to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars.

And there is one more thing to be considered: While we are not selling goods to the Orient or Latin America, they still need goods—textiles, tobaccos, tools, etc. As a result, factories for such goods have been built in China. By our folly we have actually been encouraging the industrialization of China, teaching our customers how to get along without us. By our tariff laws we put a wall around our own country to keep foreigners out. By our *money policy* we put a wall around other countries to keep ourselves out.

This is a grand time to start taking down walls to let trade both in and out. We will be the greatest gainers.

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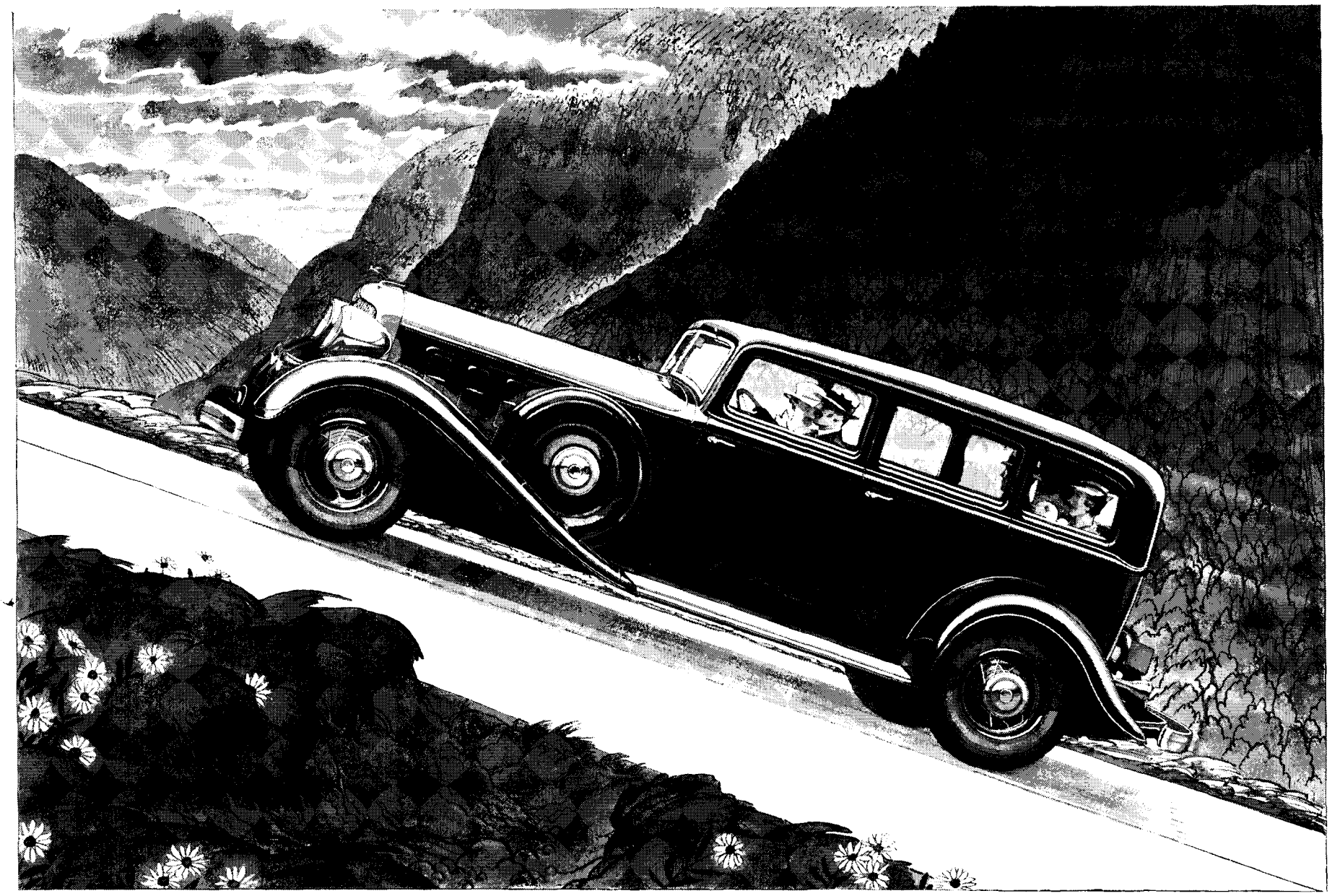
An all-time high for value
An all-time low for price



The new Six Sedan sells for only $785

NO WONDER shrewd value hunters are buying Chryslers! The 1933 Chryslers are selling at the lowest prices in history . . . *and they are the finest Chryslers ever built.*

Get these prices in your mind: The 1933 Chrysler Six sedan for $785 . . . the Royal Eight sedan at $925 . . . the Imperial Eight sedan for $1295.

With values like these, why accept less than a Chrysler? Why do without Chrysler alertness, Chrysler smoothness, Chrysler's unique road-clinging steadiness, Chrysler's stamina and long life. Why deny yourself the prestige of the Chrysler name . . . the sheer pleasure of Chrysler ownership . . . when it costs so astonishingly little!

The 1933 Chryslers are big, powerful Chryslers. The Six has 117 inches of comfort-giving wheelbase . . . a big powerful 83 horsepower engine. It is smartly low-swung and long lined. It has a wealth of ultra-modern features like the all-silent transmission, Oilite squeak-proof springs, and alloy steel inserts that practically eliminate valve grinding.

The Royal Eight is the fastest-selling eight Chrysler ever built. And little wonder! It's the smoothest, silkiest, fastest-stepping car you ever drove. It has 120 inches of wheelbase and a 90 horsepower engine on patented Floating Power mountings. It will turn up 85 miles on the speedometer without a tremor. It's rich and impressive looking. And its price is hundreds of dollars lower than any previous Chrysler Eight.

The Chrysler Imperial is a patrician among motor cars . . . a super-fast, ultra-powerful aristocrat of 108 horsepower and 126-inch wheelbase. It has dozens of refinements that take the effort out of driving . . . such as a power booster brake which makes its Chrysler hydraulics respond to the lightest touch, and automatic ride control. Never before has such a car sold at $1295!

Ride in these cars. Learn at first hand why they are so universally admired, respected, *envied.* See if you can be content with *less* than a Chrysler when you can be happier *with a Chrysler* at the lowest prices in history!

CHRYSLER

THE SYMBOL OF GREAT ENGINEERING

Chrysler Six; 83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types, $745 to $945. Royal Eight; 90 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, six body types, $895 to $1125. Imperial Eight; 108 horsepower, 126-inch wheelbase, five body types, $1275 to $1495. Custom Imperial; 135 horsepower, 146-inch wheelbase, six body types, $2895 to $3595. All prices f. o. b. factory (Special equipment extra).

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The Stars Fell Down

Continued from page 11

"For instance," said Galan Warbeck, "whether you got that belt to match your cheeks, or your cheeks to match that belt. And whether it would be as pleasant to sit on a rock with a girl like you, as I rather think it would. And whether the sunset is going to be as nice as it looks."

They sat on a flat rock in a clump of white birches. The sunset was very nice.

Galan Warbeck was very nice too. He was not handsome like Monty and Val Dewire. He was not, actually, handsome at all; and yet, somehow, there was more to look at in his face. He had a long, strong chin, with no cleft in it, and intent gray eyes—too direct to be tantalizing, under long, strong brows; he had a shock of sun-burned hair, scorched lighter than his skin, and a scar at one corner of his mouth which pulled it a little crooked and should have been ugly and wasn't. His voice was slightly husky from too many bouts of fever. And yet there was something moving about that husky voice. You imagined him speaking forcefully to striking river gangs. . . .

"Clarice says you've been building a dam," said Joellen. "Where was that?"

"That was in Manga-Lupa."

"And where is Manga-Lupa?"

"Manga-Lupa," said Galan Warbeck, "is halfway between the devil and the deep blue sea."

"Tell me about it," said Joellen.

GALAN WARBECK told her about it —little things that made her laugh. He talked simply, without pride, but with joy in his work. His next job, he said, would be an irrigation project in the Southwest. . . . "And where were you while I was frittering away my time in darkest Africa?"

"I was in Pembroke Village."

"And where is Pembroke Village?"

"Pembroke Village," said Joellen, with a twinkle, "is halfway between the Victorian era and the old people's home."

"Tell me about that," said Galan.

Joellen found herself telling him. From time to time they laughed—young and ringing laughter that shattered time and short acquaintance.

Then the others came back.

"You here, Joellen?" said Clarice. "Much obliged for looking after Mr. Warbeck till I came."

That was clear enough. Clarice was never one for subtlety. Joellen smiled. "I didn't wash the dishes because there wasn't a river," she began. But Clarice didn't hear her.

Later, however, as Joellen was taking off the dress that had butter on the front, Clarice came in. "Do something for me, will you?" she said. "This is a mess—with Monty and Galan both here. They'll be madly jealous. I thought you might take care of Monty for me."

Joellen stood before the mirror, brushing out her hair. She kept on brushing. "Why don't you ask Patsy?"

"Patsy's got Val," said Clarice. "And anyway, you can't leave Patsy with a man you want back again."

"Oh," said Joellen. She kept on brushing. "I'm not sure that I could do it satisfactorily."

"It won't matter much," said Clarice. "Anything to take up his attention. See what you can do."

"All right," Joellen promised.

Joellen laid the brush down with a bump when Clarice had gone. So that was it. Clarice wanted an extra girl . . . for cooking. An extra girl . . . to whom you could hand over a man, till wanted, without fear of attraction. Clarice wanted her to see what she could do, did she? Very well then, she would.

Plain Joellen Pembroke put on the Dress and went downstairs.

Downstairs they were trying to get the Chew-Chew Chocolate orchestra on the radio. Clarice did not turn from the dial. "When will dinner be ready?" she said.

Joellen seated herself in the middle of the black wicker lounge and arranged a blue pillow and a mauve pillow behind her; she smoothed the pink skirt over her knees and folded her hands in her lap. "I don't know," she said gently. "When will it?"

"Isn't the ham done?" asked Clarice sharply, over a shoulder.

"No," said Joellen. "You told me to bake the ham while I was washing the dishes, and I didn't wash the dishes. Besides, I'm not experienced with hams. We never had baked ham in Pembroke Village, because Grandmother Pembroke could not chew."

Clarice clicked off the switch as she turned. The sudden silence was a frame for Clarice's speech. "Where's the apple pie?" she demanded.

"It isn't anywhere," said Joellen pleasantly. "We never had pastry, because of Granduncle Enos Pembroke's dyspepsia. But I could make apple sauce. . . ."

"*Apple sauce!*" exploded Clarice.

Monty Crewe laughed rather loudly as he and Val crossed over to Joellen. "That's good!" he cried. He thought he had discovered a pale pink angel in a blue and mauve heaven, and he wanted to see if there was anything in the idea or if it was just the cocktails. He found that Galan Warbeck had arrived before him. He was sitting beside Joellen.

"Good," agreed Galan, "with plenty of sugar and spice." His nearness gave Joellen confidence. It gave her also a queer prickling of excitement—not unpleasant but rather disturbing.

PATSY joined Val at once and Clarice joined Monty. They looked at Joellen. For the first time they really saw her.

The light from one of the lamps came down behind Joellen through a turgid storm at sea, and tipped her head with gold and her heels with silver; it emphasized a cool, frail loveliness about her in that gaudy, downright setting—like one immaculate pink cloud broken loose from a sunset. Under the close bodice Joellen's breath rose and fell quickly. Under the fair bang her eyes were just ever so slightly too guileless to be true. Galan settled himself more comfortably—and Joellen smiled.

"Hello, Beautiful!" said Monty Crewe. "Where did you come from?"

Clarice was afflicted by the same sensation which Cinderella's sister had when Cinderella put on the shoe. She looked the pink dress coldly up and down. "Where's the party?" she said.

"Right here," said Joellen.

Galan settled himself more comfortably still. "That's the way it looks to me," he said.

For the moment it seemed as if he might be right. The tight, bright circle drew closer. But this time Joellen was at the center.

IT WAS not an elaborate meal they had that night, but it was rather lengthy. Clarice, beside Galan Warbeck, bombarded him with questions of Manga-Lupa. But Manga-Lupa, it turned out, was really very ordinary. "It was hot," Galan summarized.

"But didn't anything *happen?*" Clarice demanded. "Didn't you have any *adventures?*"

"Oh, yes," said Galan. "I almost missed the boat coming home."

"That reminds me," began Monty. "When I was in Hollywood . . ." Monty Crewe had visited Hollywood in the interests of the motion-picture industry. Although he had resolutely refused all offers of stardom, a number of things had happened. . . .

"When I was cruising in the Mediterranean . . ." began Val. The Mediterranean de luxe tours, it appeared, were just bristling with adventure. . . .

The talk swung back and forth across the world—and came to rest in Pembroke.

"I suppose you've traveled a great deal," said Clarice to Joellen. She had the air of a school-teacher asking a catch question.

"Yes," said Joellen. "I've traveled all up and down Main Street, with stopovers at the corner drug store and the grocery. I have also read a great many travel books into ear trumpets."

"I only started to carve my initials, but I must have got to thinking of something else!" *Frank Owen*

"I'd rather you'd read about Manga-Lupa than go there, any day," said Galan quickly.

"I'm going to the Southwest sometime," said Clarice. "I adore Indians."

"You might try adoring me," suggested Monty. "I'm ever so adorable." But he was not looking at Clarice.

"Let's dance," said Clarice hastily.

Joellen danced with Monty first, and then with Val, whose manner of holding you was certainly very . . . cozy; and after that she danced with Galan. Dancing with Galan Warbeck was pure motion. It was sailing . . . it was floating; it was a song in the heart and a flame in the spirit. Joellen let herself go in the strength of Galan's arms.

Monty cut in almost at once; he wanted to go outside.

"You'll need a coat," said Galan. "You'll be cold." He brought the coat himself, wrapping it snugly about her. There was something queerly moving even in so small a thing as that. His hands came down hard for just a moment on her shoulders—and were gone. Joellen did not want to go with Monty. But she had to look after him.

Monty Crewe, it turned out, needed a good deal of looking after. He had a talent for getting too close. His breath was hot and moist.

Joellen was very glad when Galan came. But she had been brought up to do her duty. "You must go right back to Clarice," she said, "I'm taking care of Monty."

"What's the matter with him?" said Galan gruffly. "Is he sick?"

"I've got one of those phobias," said Monty, grinning. "Crowds make me nervous."

"Come, Joellen," said Galan Warbeck, "we must take the crowd away."

Patsy scratched a match furiously on the sole of a red shoe. "What do you think you've brought up here anyway?" she said.

"I don't know," said Clarice. "But I'm going to find out."

THE next day began just the way spring days should. It came up all blue and shining, like the shining blue lake, and there was a fresh young smell in the air. Joellen, sitting on the porch rail, swinging white sandals between Monty's near-English brogues and Galan's scuffed sneakers, felt young and shining too.

Afterward Joellen thought that day was all made up of things that almost happened—and didn't.

First, there was the swimming party. Patsy jumped from the springboard, and Clarice dived from the float. Yesterday Joellen would have felt awkward; today she said frankly that Pembroke Village was much too dry for swimming—and she laughed when she said it, imagining Lawyer Windershin in trunks. Galan Warbeck undertook to teach her to swim, forestalling Monty's offer. Galan was prompt like that. Construction engineers are trained to quick action.

"The best way," he said, "is to put your hand on my shoulder, and get used to the motion before you try alone. See, like this. You'll get the feel for it in a minute."

Joellen put her hand on Galan's shoulder. His body was thin and hard under the wet suit. She was getting the idea very nicely when Clarice was taken with a cramp. . . .

After Clarice had been rescued and carried to the house, and laid on a sofa; after pillows had been piled about her, and a cocktail brought, and a hot-water bottle for the leg that had the cramp, and Galan had been seated beside her to hold her hand, Clarice was much better. She said she would not think of

(Continued on page 32)

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"The Girl or the Car"

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1 HE: "Five bucks for that lunch! What an expensive luxury you are!"

2 SHE: "And now let's get that lovely wrist watch I told you about."

3 SHE: "Look, isn't it beautiful! We've just time to make the matinee!"

4 HE: "Supper at the Ritz! Impossible! I've just enough money left to get gas and Mobiloil."

5 SHE: "Oh, look across the street! You could buy some of that cheap oil. Then you'd at least be able to get me a soda!"

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The Stars Fell Down

Continued from page 30

spoiling their fun, and they would go picnicking as soon as the pain was a little easier. You could hardly have believed, to see the sporting way she bore it, that she had a cramp at all.

Joellen did not have a cramp. But she was aware of a dull ache somewhere that she could not quite locate.

The picnic was great fun—just at first. Patsy complained of bugs in the food, and Clarice of smoke from the camp fire in her eyes; they would have considered it "frightfully naïve," even "not quite smart," to enjoy anything too much. Joellen was not like that. She had not picnicked often—with three cases of rheumatism—and everything had the freshness of novelty. She felt an enormous zest just for being alive—in such a pleasant world. Joellen's hair was still damp and blew loose on her shoulders; it tipped up at the ends as it dried, and made a net to catch the sun.

Monty showed Joellen how to broil bacon on a sharp stick; he held his hand over hers to prevent her being burned. Galan stood by, watching.

"Maybe I could catch a fish for the fish course," he said, "if I had a pin and a string and a pole and somebody to help me."

"I'll help you," offered Clarice.

"I don't think you ought to move around much on that leg," said Galan solicitously. "Got a pin, Joellen?"

"Yes," said Joellen. "Here's a pin."

"I suppose you always carried pins in Pembroke Village," said Clarice snappishly, "in case you had a chance to hook something." Perhaps her leg was hurting her.

"Yes," said Joellen gravely. "Grandmother Pembroke used them to hook knots out of her tatting."

GALAN WARBECK did not catch a fish. Probably he would have if his cuff link had not caught in Joellen's blowing hair. Joellen stood still, in the crook of Galan's arm, while he untangled it; the longer you work at a thing like that, the more it becomes tangled. Looking up at Galan from out of the crook of his arm, one saw him quite differently. The under side of his chin, for instance, and the long, clean line of his jaw, and the small muscle that stood out just below his ear. A little pulse, beating and beating in his throat. . . .

Joellen did not see anything more, because just then Clarice came, with a mayonnaise jar. "Here's some bait," she said, lifting mellow dark eyes under fringed and beaded lashes. She untangled Galan's cuff link in a jiffy—though she pulled Joellen's hair a good deal in the process. The exertion made her leg worse; she had to sit right down and lean against Galan.

Joellen helped Monty with the bacon. The bacon was burned.

Afterward they went out on the lake; Bob and Bunny Waters chose to walk back, so there were canoes for them all. Joellen was going with Monty, but at the last minute there was a mix-up, and her things and Galan's got into the same canoe. So she had to go with Galan instead.

At first they all stayed together, and everybody sang songs that Joellen did not know; but later a cross-current caught the canoe that she and Galan were in, and it drifted away from the others. Galan laid his paddle down finally. "There's no point in arguing with a current," he said, smiling, "if it is really cross."

That tilted grin of Galan's did something to Joellen; it freed something inside her that had never been free. She trailed a hand over the side, tracing magic words in the water that the waves carried secretly away. Galan was tall against the painted sky, with the wind in his hair. Joellen thought he belonged to big, simple things, sky and storm, and not to the small clutter of cities. She imagined him in stranger places, under more exotic clouds, in wilder waters; and there was an edge to her imaginings that she did not quite put a name to. . . .

"A gold ruble for your thoughts," said Galan.

"My thoughts," said Joellen, suddenly confused, "are—all mixed up."

"So are mine," said Galan.

Before they could straighten them out, the cross-current caught the other canoes too, and brought them all together. "There's a shower coming," called Clarice. "We're going in and make molasses kisses."

"What kind?" asked Monty loudly.

The sun was gone. The black pines crowded to the shore, and the lake looked small and cold.

"Molasses," said Joellen.

"James! Call back at 3:30 P. M. on September 12, 1948, and make sure you're on time!" *Adolph Schus*

Joellen was sitting on the rock in the clump of white birches. The shower had passed quickly, and the woods were still, save for a whisper of drops among the leaves. A wild young moon went hurrying down the sky, elbowing the clouds aside as if it were late for an appointment with a star. Joellen had on the pink dress. Galan was beside her.

Joellen had slipped away from the others—to straighten out her thoughts. When she reached the rock, Galan was there before her. There was a rug over the rock to keep it dry, and there was an empty place beside him—almost as if he were waiting for someone. . . .

JOELLEN could not quite remember how it happened. It had been cold, and Galan had drawn the corner of the blanket round her, and they had moved closer for the warmth. And then her head was on Galan's shoulder, and Galan's arm was hard about her, and she was seeing the moon up sidewise under the angle of Galan's chin.

Galan was strange, though, that night. He seemed nearer than he had ever been—and yet he seemed farther away. He held Joellen close, so that she felt the tautness of his muscles. But he held his head high, turned a little, so that she saw only the resolution of his chin, a flickering of muscle in his cheek. Joellen was a little frightened by the warm tide that Galan's touch sent washing over her. She stirred . . . and Galan released her and spoke.

"It has been a good week-end," he said. "I shall . . . remember it." Joellen was startled by a hint of finality in his tone. He added instantly: "I'm starting for the Southwest tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" echoed Joellen. . . . "And when will you be back?"

"It's hard to tell," said Galan. "Maybe a year."

A YEAR. A *year*. . . . Joellen sat up straight, all the warmth inside her stiffened to a cold rigidity.

"The climate isn't bad there," Galan was saying. "It's really very good."

"I'm glad of that," said Joellen, trying to be glad.

"There won't be any fever. No real danger. It won't even be uncomfortable—only maybe a little in the summer. . . ."

"It's very kind of you," said Joellen, "to be so thoughtful of your men."

"There will be women too," said Galan quickly.

"Oh," said Joellen. She could not think of anything to add. Nothing to say to this strange Galan who was going away tomorrow. The silence grew between them. Silence may have a bitter edge, it is so full of things that are not said. And then . . .

Abruptly Galan turned toward her. It was as if he had pushed his doubts aside. "I'm going to do it," he cried boyishly. "I'm going to make a proposal. . . ."

Joellen's hands twisted suddenly, twisted tight, in the folds of the pink dress—and Galan caught them up, pink dress and all, and held them between his. His face was young and eager in the moon. "Joellen," he said, "you're not like these others. You don't belong here. You belong to freedom, and new things to make your eyes shine. I could show you things like that, Joellen. The assistant foreman is taking out his wife, and the timekeeper. Joellen—will you come to the Southwest as expedition secretary?"

For a moment Joellen thought that the moon had fallen out of the sky. It had crashed into the lake, and the air was full of flying fragments of the broken, lovely moon. Then she knew that it was something in her that was broken.

Joellen dragged her suitcase from under the bed. She piled in the ash-rose suit, and the white seersucker, and the candy-striped linen, and the rose crêpe. She would have them all dyed navy blue. She would be an old, old, old maid, and read into ear trumpets all her long, long, long life.

Joellen understood then. She had been a fool—a silly, sentimental little fool. Galan had been kind. He had saved her from awkward situations. She had thought . . . And he hadn't meant *anything*. What was all the world to her was just a week-end to Galan. She was an interlude between a dam and a ditch. She would make a good, reliable, unattractive secretary. But it was Clarice he had saved a place for on the rock. . . . She laughed, a trifle wildly. So this was her proposal. A proposal of a job!

Someone had come in downstairs. It might be Galan. Joellen crawled through the window to the porch roof. She dropped the suitcase to the ground. There was a trellis, and she climbed down. It stopped halfway, and she jumped . . . straight into Monty's grasping arms.

Monty Crewe did not speak. He made a strangled noise in his throat, and his hot hands forced Joellen's head backward, and his hot, wet mouth forced her lips apart. Joellen fought against him. "Let me go," she cried furiously. "I suppose you want me to be *your* secretary too." And then she was free of him, and she was running . . . blindly, senselessly, through the woods.

JOELLEN did not know the nearest town, nor which way it lay. She did not know whether there was a train, nor which way it would take her. It did not matter. The wet branches scratched her face; they tore at her hair and pulled it down. The suitcase banged against the tree trunks, and she held it up before her. She ran and ran, and her breath caught between two sobs, and she ran. . . .

Joellen was conscious suddenly of someone running behind her. That would be Monty. He was running easily, with long, quick strides. Joellen was frightened, alone in the wet woods. She ran faster. The footsteps came nearer. She flung the bag away, and ran faster still. And the footsteps came nearer. And Joellen caught her high-heeled silver slipper on a root, and pitched forward into darkness.

Joellen opened her eyes slowly. Someone was bending over her. Monty. Joellen lay still, too stiff with remembering to move. There were hands on her then. Joellen knew they were Galan's hands before ever she saw his face.

Galan's face was all twisted, and the scar pulled his mouth down tight, and he was saying the same thing over and over. "Oh, my dear, my dear," Galan was saying. "Don't run away from me, when I love you so." Joellen's eyes were wide. "Are you hurt? . . ."

"Not as much as I was," said Joellen. "Did you say what I thought you said?"

Galan's words came tumbling out in little broken snatches. "I loved you from the very first—yesterday, on the rock. I didn't dare to tell you. It was so soon. You didn't really know me. I thought if you came to camp with the foreman's wife, then there would be . . . time. It was a crazy idea. I knew that when I heard you there with Monty. . . ."

"Not so *very* crazy," said Joellen.

And the stars fell down, and the moon went out, in the crazy joy of Galan's kiss.

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PRICES GO UP AGAIN ON SEPTEMBER 1ST

This advance notice is given so that you may take advantage of present low prices

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This Sand-Pit Test (*only one of many the New Dodge has undergone*) proves the Big Dodge "6" just as rugged as it is smart.

SMART—but rugged! That's one of the reasons the big Dodge Six is hanging up new sales records every week. In motor-wise Detroit, where even the school-boys know the cars that are winners, and where talk about a new automobile spreads from door-to-door almost overnight, the sale of Dodge is 973.6% of the corresponding period last year!

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That's why Dodge offers you the "Show-Down" Plan. It takes all the gambling out of car buying —lets you compare the new Dodge Six with competitors on a definite "Show-Down" basis. We couldn't afford to offer the "Show-Down" Plan to you if we didn't know the Dodge Six would win out! We'd just be selling some other manufacturer's car. With the "Show-Down" Plan you get actual *proof* of exactly where the big new Dodge Six excels. *You see with your*

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The New Dodge Six Convertible Coupe—$695 F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

own eyes every point of Dodge superiority. You are your own judge and jury all the way through!

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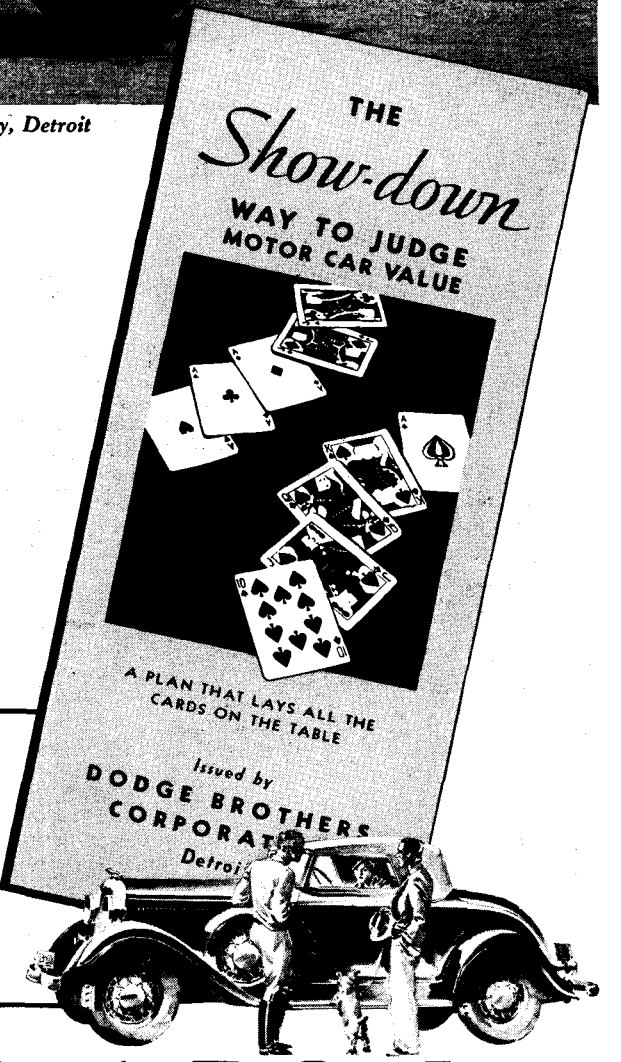

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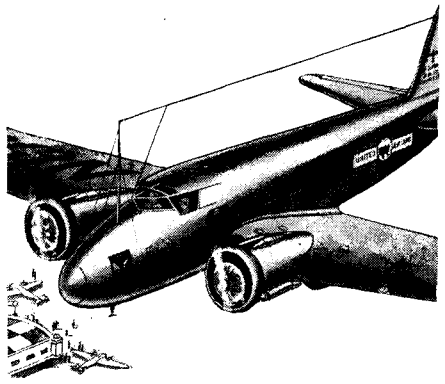

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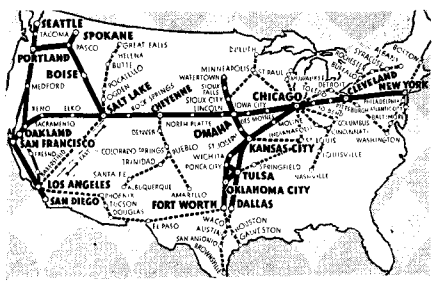

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In the King's Hut

Continued from page 17

played all over the South in that time. One took what one could and held what one was able. There was no question of revenge. There was only a question of payment.

He walked with seeming carelessness, dim in the rain veil, his shoes disturbing things that slithered or scuttled or crawled in the thick mud beneath him. Yet he was fully alert. He saw the dim figure of a native half hidden beneath the trunk of a koa tree and his easy side-swing to escape the flung spear was made with the negligent grace of a panther. His right-hand gun spat once and there was a squashy noise as the native fell.

He stared at the dead native a long time, a little puzzled. He knew there was no single man on Maewee who would attack him unless literally crazed with liquor or supported by something as strong. And then he saw the marks of ocher and white paint smeared on the man's chest and forehead and he nodded.

"Witch-doctor work," he muttered. "Daubed the poor devil up a bit and made him think he was taboo against death. *I didn't think they'd keep a* lookout. I wonder if they expect me."

HE TURNED suddenly aside from the path and plunged into the reeking jungle, half blinded by the water and the whip of the brush. You could never tell just how many guards were set along the path, and it might be traps had been laid. The noise of the rain drowned all other sounds and he had not gone two hundred yards when he saw the glint of a wet shoulder leaning against a palm. He was, in fact, almost upon the native before he was heard, or rather sensed, and the other whipped about with an upraised tomahawk. Wallaby Jim shot him and went on, calm and unhurried, inevitable as death.

He saw he had been wise to come alone. To have landed with his crew would have precipitated a bloody fight and he had no wish to annihilate the village. Naiga the king was his friend, or had been his friend for many years, and the rest of the natives were friendly at normal times. Besides, he needed them to work the copra. No sense in killing them. It was solely a matter of business.

He did not venture into the road again but turned still farther into the jungle, and after an hour of heartbreaking progress finally emerged sweating and scarred and breathless at the edge of the taro patch behind the village. The thunder of the drums was deafening now, and the wild chants of half a thousand men swelled and died and swelled again. Wallaby Jim listened for a while and shook his head. Brietman must be a fool, or else he knew the Islands very well. The natives were worked up and it was not unlikely that in a new frenzy they would fall upon Brietman himself and sack his ship. He moved with caution from tree to tree.

Half an hour later he parted the rain-soaked mats before a certain hut, some little way off from the rest, and he slipped inside. A man of middle age sat cross-legged in the center of the hut, a well-kept carbine across his knees. Two women crouched against one wall, wide-eyed and shivering. Children crawled about the floor.

Wallaby Jim dropped to the mats and sat cross-legged also, while the other man, without a word, reached behind him and proffered a half-filled box of cheroots. Wallaby Jim took one and a woman brought a light. The other lighted one also and then with care poured two drinks of whisky into polished half-shells of coconuts. He was as calm as Wallaby Jim, reflective almost. The ceremonies of friendship could not be disturbed because of a little madness going on about them.

"You are well?" said Wallaby Jim at last.

"Very well," answered the other in clipped Mission English. "And you?"

"Very well," said Wallaby Jim. He reached out and patted the cheek of a fat baby that crawled near him. "Is this the latest one? He will be a fine man." The drums thundered and roared so he had to raise his voice. They spoke of trivial things for a while, of the news from Apia and Sydney, of the Kestrel, of other ships and men. Kinoo the half-caste had been Wallaby Jim's supercargo and companion for ten years in his youth and had traveled widely.

"This is a bad business," said Wallaby Jim at last. Kinoo, who had been smiling at some sally, became grave and nodded.

"Very bad," he agreed. "But I knew you would come."

"I told you I would be here three weeks ahead of time," Wallaby Jim observed. "Only you and Monroe knew that."

"Those fools"—Kinoo spat and inclined his head to the drums—"would not believe me when I told them. They thought they would wipe out the plantation and then go to the hills for a long time, until after you had gone. Then Captain Brietman would reward them and there would be peace and much gin."

Wallaby Jim smoked a while in silence.

"How did Brietman win Naiga over?" he asked finally. "Naiga has been my friend a long time. His sons have sailed with me. I have never failed to bring him gifts."

"Brietman came first two months ago. He talked with the witch-doctors and with Naiga. He brought gin and traded for *bêche-de-mer*, copra and shell."

"The village is in debt to me," said Wallaby Jim. "If there was shell and *bêche-de-mer*, it should have been mine."

Kinoo nodded.

"So I said, but they laughed. Brietman told them that all they owed was set down in black marks in the books in the bungalow safe. And if they took the safe away there was no more debt. But they were not ready to kill, not the first time Brietman came."

HE PAUSED and poured two drinks into polished coconut shells.

"Six weeks ago he came again, with more gin. He brought two young girls from the Marshalls as a gift to Naiga." He sipped at his drink. "The king grows old and feeble. And the witch-doctors were bribed. Also gin was given to the village. Wah!" He made a chopping gesture with one hand. "The old men remembered and talked of the bad days. And Brietman promised. I did what I could but they talked of driving me away. Since Brietman came again I have sat here with this." He patted the carbine. "And waited for you. Three nights ago Brietman landed his crew . . . all dogs from Malaita . . . and they were armed with guns. They led the attack. I could do nothing."

Wallaby Jim nodded and smoked a long time in silence.

"There is nothing that can be done," he said at last. "Except there is a payment."

"Aye," said Kinoo softly. "There is a payment."

"As a matter of business," added Wallaby Jim, "it is always well to attend to payments."

"It is always well," Kinoo agreed. He rose to his feet and dropped the carbine in the crook of his arm. "Shall we go?"

They went out of the hut together and the women began a soft, low wailing. What could two men do when the whole village was mad? But they were women from the Louisiades whom Kinoo had bought from a wandering "black birder," and they did not know Wallaby Jim.

CAPTAIN BRIETMAN was in a jovial mood. He sat on a canvas-topped stool in the great hut of Naiga the king, a cigar in one hand and a pannikin of whisky in the other. His mate, Conch, a quarter-caste Tahitian, lounged against one of the carved posts that upheld the roof, his thumbs hooked in his cartridge belt and his dark, bloodshot eyes very somber. They had been invited to the celebration and Brietman had thought it good policy to attend.

Naiga the king squatted on a pile of soft mats, swaying with drunkenness, and at regular intervals a slender and giggling girl held a square-faced bottle to his lips so he could imbibe. Near Brietman's feet squatted the paramount witch-doctor of the village, fantastically arrayed in a headdress of parrot's feathers, necklets of human finger bones and weird streaks of ocher and white paint. He was deadly sober and his beady black eyes moved restlessly back and forth while some inner nervousness made his bony hands alternately clutch and release a broad-bladed spear, edged with shark's teeth that lay across his knees. The thunder of the drums outside came almost unchecked into the great hut but they had been sounding for so long they were unnoticed.

"Tomorrow," said Brietman, "we'll start work rebuilding the bungalows. Here, have a drink."

"No more," said Conch, his mate, dryly. "And there'll be no rebuilding tomorrow. It'll be a week before the niggers'll feel like work." He spoke contemptuously of his own kind with the arrogance of the white blood in him. The witch-doctor cast a malevolent glance upwards but said nothing.

"To hell with the niggers!" blared Captain Brietman. "We'll use our own crew until they've got over their headaches. I want to get things in shape and then chase back to Samarai for supplies."

Conch shrugged. Brietman was a belligerent man and you could neither argue with him nor explain. He was tall, broad and dark-bearded, a surly, scowling man when not in liquor, and with a reputation that stank from Brisbane to Callao. He was a killer on his own word, and that word was not altogether a boast. He had served two jail terms in Australia for manslaughter and he was very strongly suspected of being the reason why many small and well-laden ships had never reached port. That he had courage was not to be doubted, and his strength was a by-word.

Seated on the canvas-topped stool, his sea boots up to his thighs, his captain's cap set at a jaunty angle, his guns belted about him, his fan-shaped beard sprayed over his hairy chest and a pannikin of whisky in his hand, he looked like the pirate he was, celebrating his victory and loud-voiced with triumph.

"Tomorrow," said the witch-doctor

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suddenly, in the dialect, "we go away. We all go away."

"You can go to hell for all I care!" blared Brietman in English. "You damned robber. I suppose now you've done what I paid you for and th' station's wiped out you're going to quit on me? I need men, savvy? Working men."

"We go away," said the witch-doctor, shrugging. "For a long time."

"Go away where?" said Brietman. Conch heaved upright from the post and spat.

"He means to the hills," he explained. "They're all afraid Wallaby Jim's coming."

"Wallaby Jim!" said Brietman harshly. "I'm sick of hearing about him. Because he made some sort of a rep twenty years ago they think he's the devil. I'll fix all that."

"YOU'D better walk easy," Conch warned. Conch had sailed the South Pacific a long time and captains usually listened to him. But Brietman laughed. He had heard of Wallaby Jim, of course, but he had never met him. And he thought it was mostly talk. It usually was, for that matter. Besides, he was a hard case himself. He had a rep too. There were places in the Islands where whole villages were evacuated at the mere sight of his topsails and even white men discreetly forgot to send a bill for supplies ordered or commandeered.

"I'll fix Wallaby Jim," he swore. "I got it all figured out. He brings the Kestrel into the lagoon through the western pass through the reefs, don't he? We use the eastern pass but he uses the western."

"That's what the village says," Conch agreed, rubbing a nervous thumb along the tops of the cartridges in his belt.

"Well, there's an overhang of coral right to one side of the channel," Brietman went on harshly. "A dose of dynamite and it'll sit right square across. We'll fix it tomorrow. Plenty of time. Th' Kestrel ain't due for three weeks. And when she does come sailing she'll go slam bang against the coral! Down like a log! It'll rip the bottom out of her. I'm leaving Jake ashore with half a dozen of the Malaita boys when we sail. They'll be sitting on the cliffs to pick off the survivors, what the sharks don't get. Wallaby Jim hell! I've bucked these big noises before!"

The witch-doctor stuffed betel nut and lime into his mouth, and made a snuffling noise.

"Wallaby Jim come," he said uneasily. "Come soon, I think. Then goodby."

Brietman leaned forward and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Don't weaken now, you old sinner. The thing's done and you've got your pay. I'll take care of Wallaby Jim."

"Wallaby Jim?" grunted old Naiga the king, suddenly. He seemed to enjoy a moment of clarity and sobriety. "Wallaby Jim will kill us. Ai, ai!"

"Aw, shut up!" snarled Brietman. He thrust his pannikin into the king's face and the old man gulped mechanically and lapsed into a nodding drunkenness. The two young girls Brietman had given him held his withered arms so he should not fall on his face, and exchanged whispered banter over his shoulders. The witch-doctor scowled and muttered to himself. Now that Naiga the king was in his dotage he was the real leader of the village. He knew it and he knew Wallaby Jim knew it. And he had been very drunk the night of the massacre along the beach. It was true he hadn't cared then; had even exulted in the return of the old days. Gin did strange things to a man's head. But he had sobered since and had drunk no more. Fear sat coldly upon his heart. Wallaby Jim would come, soon or late. Yes, he would come. And there would be a payment.

It was true the Kestrel was not due for three weeks yet, and by that time, long before that time, in fact, the witch-doctor planned to be safely in the hills. Yet he was not sure. He had a premonition. And Kinoo the half-caste, who was a friend of Wallaby Jim's, had promised the Kestrel would come before time, and soon. How did Kinoo know? Was he talking from knowledge or just to frighten them? Had the tall, half-legendary white man given him some magic so that Kinoo could talk to him across a thousand miles of sea? Wallaby Jim had much magic.

The witch-doctor shivered a little. There was some comfort in the fact he had taken precautions, though. He had set guards on the path from the bungalows to the village. He had cast a spell on them so they did not fear Wallaby Jim. And if he came along he would die. But were the spells strong enough? He shivered again.

"What in hell are you mumbling about?" said Brietman suddenly.

"The hills," said the witch-doctor bleakly. "The hills. In the hills we can be safe."

"You can't stop them running," said Conch uneasily. "Wallaby Jim's got 'em scared. And they won't come back to the coast until he's gone or you finish him."

Brietman swore.

"Well, let the fools go to the hills. But we'll round up a few of the girls first to keep us company."

The witch-doctor, who understood a little English, looked up.

"The women are taboo," he said grimly. Brietman slopped more whisky into his pannikin and laughed.

"What's that mean? More graft?"

His mate shook his head.

"Don't talk like that. The niggers have gone far enough but they might go farther if we touch the women."

Brietman stared at him with narrowed eyes. He set the pannikin on the floor at his feet.

"I'm running this island from now on," he stated flatly. "And I'll run it if I have to wipe the whole damned village off the map. Savvy?"

"All right," Conch soothed. "But wait until things settle down. With the niggers all drunk and busy smoking white men's heads it's no time to get tough."

Brietman thought for a moment and tugged at his beard.

"Maybe you're right," he admitted.

NAIGA the king lifted his head and wiped the rheum from his old eyes. "Wallaby Jim," he muttered. "Wallaby Jim."

"Aw, shut up!" Brietman snarled. "You're giving me the willies running on about him." It suddenly dawned on him that Conch was rigid and staring towards the doorway. And the witch-doctor was making vain efforts to rise on trembling knees. The thunder of drums had suddenly ceased, leaving an uncanny silence through which a hushed mutter of native talk drifted above the noise of the rain.

"Are you Brietman?" asked a slow, calm voice.

Brietman looked at the doorway then, and saw a tall, lean man in drenched duck pants and a cotton singlet and with twin guns belted about him. Behind him stood a stern-faced middle-aged native with a rifle in the crook of his arm. Brietman wilted for a moment, more from surprise than anything else, and then he took a grip on himself.

"What if I am?" he blared belligerently. "Who the hell are you?"

"Carstairs and Company," said the other. Brietman rose to his feet and his full height and felt new confidence

(Continued on page 38)

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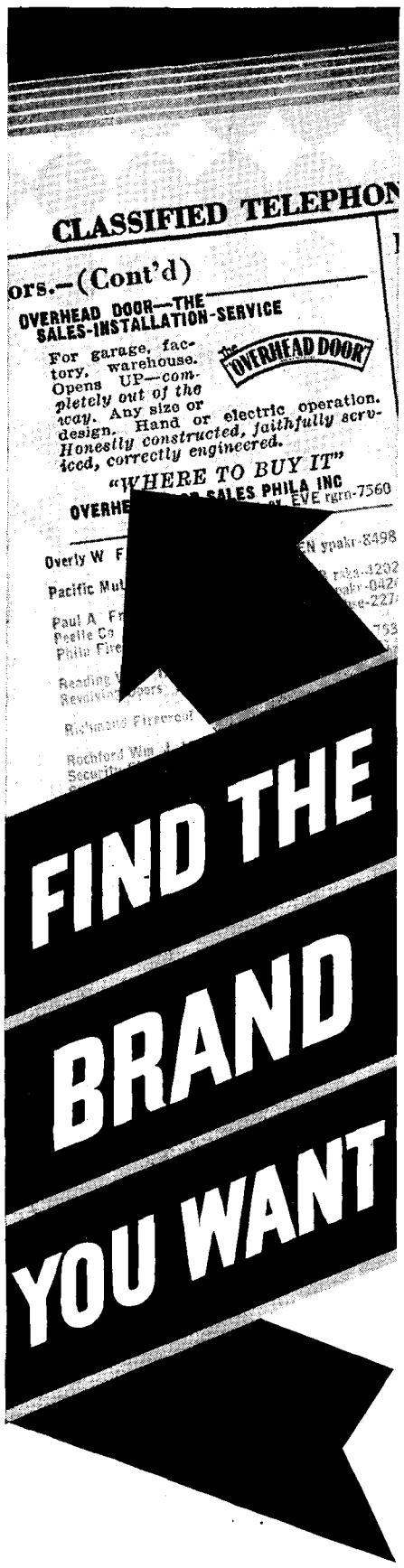
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(Continued from page 37)

as he towered above the newcomer.

"Trying to be funny?" he greeted. "I said who the hell are you?"

"Carstairs and Company," the other said pleasantly. "I believe you are familiar with the name. You arranged for the burning of my bungalows a night or so back."

"So," said Brietman slowly. "So, you're *it*, eh? Three weeks before time."

"A matter of business," answered the lean man with a faint smile. "I had planned to arrange for business with the hill tribes this trip and needed the extra weeks. I'm Wallaby Jim."

There was a short silence. The Kanaka women withdrew, frightened, to the back of the great hut. Wallaby Jim stood at ease, negligent almost, his arms outstretched and his hands resting on the door posts. Kinoo was just behind him, erect and alert, his dark face grim. Conch was a little crouched as if about to spring, sweat beaded on his forehead and his loose lips hung apart. He had heard too many tales of this man not to be afraid. Brietman was the only one beside Wallaby Jim who seemed fully at ease.

"So you're the big noise, eh?" he said at last. And then curiously, "How in hell did you get through that mob?" He nodded beyond Wallaby Jim and Kinoo where the village crowded and gaped and whispered. The men were still drunk with the drums, with triumph and with gin, but after thirty-six and more hours of continuous celebration not so drunk they did not remember things.

"How did I get through?" said Wallaby Jim, amused. "Why I walked, of course."

BRIETMAN felt a wave of something like uneasiness and fear go through him. He would not have thought that any white man save himself could have passed through the village safely at this time, and even he preferred to have the witch-doctor or old Naiga with him. Yet somehow he knew it was a fact. He knew that Wallaby Jim had drawn no weapon, used no threat. He had simply walked through the drum-mad natives towards the great hut of the king. There are times when a reputation for ruthlessness, for killing, for justness, comes in handy. And Wallaby Jim had even more than that. Did not Kanaka mothers frighten their children when they were bad with his name? He was a legend in the South. Wallaby Jim knew that those natives who had attacked him on the path to the village would never have done so unless believing themselves safe under the strong magic of the witch-doctor. And the witch-doctor knew that Wallaby Jim knew this, which was one of the reasons why he was crawling on his hands and knees towards the white man's feet. Brietman spat.

"Hey, Naiga!" he said roughly. "Tell your crowd . . ." He stopped. Naiga had risen to his feet, his seamed and wrinkled face gray as ashes, his eyes wide, his toothless jaws agape. He was staring at Wallaby Jim and, even as he stared, trying to utter some words; suddenly sober, he toppled and fell. No one spoke. Kinoo ducked under Wallaby Jim's arms and touched the king with his foot. There was no need for more. Naiga had seen Wallaby Jim, twenty years before, tame Maewee Island. He had seen him, in the years since, deal justice swiftly, calmly and ruthlessly. As inevitable as death itself. And now his time had come, fear had stopped the old man's heart. That payment was made.

"This is evil work," the witch-doctor was mumbling, patting Wallaby Jim's shoes. "The white man came and made this evil work."

Wallaby Jim did not take his eyes off Conch or Brietman. His smile was thin and hard.

"It is evil work," he agreed. "And your watchers had not strong enough magic."

"I sent no watchers," moaned the witch-doctor. And he added, "We were all mad."

"Fifty miles to the south is Tanlau Island," said Wallaby Jim. "The village there needs a witch-doctor and there are canoes on the beach."

"They will kill me at Tanlau," whimpered the witch-doctor, but Wallaby Jim only shrugged.

"And I will kill you here," he said.

THE witch-doctor grew rigid and then, apparently resigned, drew back, still on his hands and knees. Wallaby Jim stared at Brietman.

"You started this thing," he said evenly. "I suppose the idea is you'll take the place over."

Brietman shrugged.

"Why not? It's anyone's island."

"Anyone's," Wallaby Jim agreed. Brietman ran a tentative thumb over the holster of his gun.

"You've got the Kanakas tamed all right," he said. "But I'm not a Kanaka. I'm here and I'm staying."

"You're here," Wallaby Jim agreed again. "And you're staying."

Brietman laughed in his beard.

"I'm glad you see it that way," he said easily. He was wondering if he dared draw and shoot and he was more than half tempted to. He had considerable name as a gunman and no man had outshot him yet, but he too had heard of Wallaby Jim. He wondered if he should take a chance.

"Maybe we can split the island between us," he suggested. The other man smiled faintly and shook his head.

"I said you were staying," he pointed. "But I didn't say alive."

"Ah," said Brietman sullenly. "Are you sure?"

"Reasonably so," the other answered. "You see, there's a little matter of white men massacred and a white woman killed."

"Well, that's none of my business," said Brietman roughly. "You don't suppose I go around shooting women, do you?"

"I've heard so," said Wallaby Jim. "There was a little affair on Ponape, wasn't there? The Kanaka maid who tried to keep you away from the missionary's daughter."

Brietman spat.

"What the hell are we gassing for? Say what you've got to say and get out! And don't think you've got me scared. I've heard geese honk before. And I've put better men than you under the beach."

They were all tense in the great hut. Wallaby Jim and Brietman eyed each other, alert for the moment when a break might come. Conch, in deadly fear, was beside himself. Outside the hut the Kanakas waited, and it explains all of Wallaby Jim to say that he kept his back towards them. If he went down he knew there would be half a hundred spears flung at his shoulder blades. But as long as he was erect, tall, straight and calm, he held them. He was Wallaby Jim and that was a name to conjure with.

"I'm going to kill you, Brietman," he said at last. "No hard feelings. Just as a matter of business. I can't have my stations wiped out like this, and then, too, I promised Monroe, my manager. His wife was killed."

"I didn't kill his damned wife," said Brietman with an oath. "Conch here dropped her with a carbine."

"That's a damned lie!" choked the quarter-caste, and clawed for his gun.

Bedlam broke loose in the great hut of Naiga the king and several things happened at once. As Conch drew, the witch-doctor, numbed with the dread of being exiled and reckless as a consequence, rose upright and flung his spear edged with shark's teeth. Kinoo, shooting from the hip, got him in the stomach and smashed his spine. The spear, searing along Wallaby Jim's right arm, deflected his aim a little and gave Brietman two seconds more of life.

Brietman ducked and shot as soon as things started. He thought he had won, for no man could watch a fighter as fast and as desperate as Conch, a savage and reckless witch-doctor and a gunman like Brietman himself all at the same time. Yet even as he ducked Brietman knew he was wrong. He saw Wallaby Jim's hands move and that was all he did see. He heard Conch crumple and fall on the hut floor beside him. Then a bullet shattered his left arm and a second made a neat hole over his heart. He could never know his own folly. Wallaby Jim was the fastest gunman in the South, and all the tales were true.

When the smoke haze thinned and died there was a silence in the hut. Outside the Kanakas, suddenly sobered, had fled. Wallaby Jim holstered his twin guns and glanced momentarily down at the red gash on his right arm and at the broadening red stain on his left thigh where Brietman's bullet had hit him.

"It was time there was a new king, Kinoo," he said calmly, staring at Naiga's crumpled form.

"That is your word," said Kinoo gravely. "I am the king?"

"That is my word," said Wallaby Jim.

Kinoo looked at the dead and nodded.

"I will tell them," he said. "It was a good payment. In full." And he went out to seek the men of the village who had fled.

Wallaby Jim searched the hut, ignoring the frightened women, and broke every bottle of liquor he could find. Then he passed out into the heavy rain. Kinoo was standing in the center of the village talking to some of the elders, and Wallaby Jim paused beside him.

"I'd like fifty men to start rebuilding the bungalows tomorrow," he said.

"At dawn," agreed Kinoo, inclining his head, "there will be fifty men."

WALLABY JIM nodded and made a tranquil way back to the beach where he had left his dinghy. He climbed into it and pulled for the Kestrel. Bancroft, his mate, stared a little at the rain-washed blood upon him, and Wallaby Jim laughed.

"Scratches," he assured him. "Take a boat's crew and find Brietman's schooner. She's probably anchored round the point and down the lagoon a way."

"Shall I take her over?" asked the mate.

"Take her over," said Wallaby Jim. "It'll cost something to rebuild the bungalows. She'll pay expenses."

It was getting dark, he saw. The rain was easing and a violet mist was beginning to seep in from the sea. In an hour it would be night. He went below to the main cabin and then to the cabin where was Monroe, his manager. Monroe was lying white and still and Wallaby Jim felt his pulse. It was slow and weak. When the lagoon tide turned with the end of the day he would be dead. Monroe opened his eyes and saw the blood on Wallaby Jim.

"All right?" he asked weakly.

"Everything," said Wallaby Jim. "Everything's all right." Monroe closed his eyes again and a faint smile curved his lips. He had known that. Wallaby Jim went into his own room for bandages. He was neither annoyed nor angry nor elated. It was all a matter of business.

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Tough Dollar

Continued from page 19

"That wine you wanted," said the rugged gentleman. "Here it is."

"Oh, is it?" said the policeman in charge of the raid. "Glad to get it."

He took charge of the wine, alias vegetables, and of the place. Ensued protests from Mr. Durante and padlock from the government.

So it isn't surprising, when you ask America's foremost slap-stick comic about the night-club days that gave him his start as a high-priced entertainer, that his comic face becomes less comic—that the ridges in his forehead deepen to ruts, that the pellucid gray eyes almost meet above the tremendous nose, and a gruff voice that isn't so much a voice as a sustained animal sound becomes sonorously sad.

Piano Music for Sailors

Jimmy was born heir to a barber shop near New York's Five Points, where it was no uncommon thing for bystanders to be transformed into corpses at any moment of the day. It was his principal job to lather customers for his father. There was one customer who took note of Jimmy's nose because it sometimes got in the way of the shaving brush. This customer was outspoken then, as now. He told Jimmy:

"With a bugle like that, my boy, you should be an entertainer."

"But I want to be a boxer," said Jimmy.

"Not with that beak," said the customer. "You'd always be leading with your nose. You're a born comedian, Jimmy. And you'll never be out of a job if you can make people laugh."

The customer was Alfred E. Smith, then assemblyman and neighbor of the Durantes.

He gave Jimmy a two-dollar tip—the biggest Jimmy had had to that date.

"That's for you to go and get yourself a piano lesson," said Assemblyman Smith. "Learn the piano—I wish I had."

Jimmy went to what he calls a "perfessor" of music. He was very good for a half-dollar a lesson. Jimmy acquired a repertoire of tunes like After the Ball, Sweet Rosie O'Grady and one or two very lively Italian longshoremen's ditties.

"I specialized in piano music for sailors," says Jimmy.

He became a favorite "piano perfessor" for sailors in those places where sailors congregate for simple pleasure away from the sea. For a lad of sixteen these halls were culturally inferior to those found about a campus; but Jimmy knew more about the facts of life and its fictions than any two dozen assorted Rhodes scholars or Phi Beta Kappa grandees by the time he had graduated from Chinatown dance halls to Coney Island cabarets.

"I could have made a lot of money out on the island," says Jimmy. "But I fell in love with a gal. That was a mistake. Never make the mistake of falling in love with a gal who's in love with somebody else.

"I was making thirty a week playing the piano," says Jimmy. "Big dough for those days. This gal would come with others on an outing to the place where I worked. My pal Mac would bring 'em along. While I played the piano she liked me. When I quit playing, she went right back to Mac. That's where I left her last—with Mac. She told Mac that when I played the piano she forgot about my nose."

He suffered at their final parting, but it was a wise decision. Between permanent piano-playing to hold a gal and wearing the same nose to lose her any sensible chap would stand by his nose: Jimmy can almost stand on his.

Kerry Walsh's famed abode of singing waiters was Jimmy's next esthetic stop. Jimmy was never a singing waiter. He was still the "perfessor" at the piano. The technique of the singing waiter was to warble while bearing aloft platters of corned beef and cabbage and seidels of beer. As long as the pianist kept even tempo, the waiter could do likewise. Sudden variation at the piano and, unless the waiter was advised of its coming and unless he were quick-witted as well as quick-footed, he spilled things. Waiters who spilled things were not at a premium. So Jimmy became a power among singing waiters. They had to keep pace with Jimmy or they couldn't keep pace with his piano-playing.

He worked it this way: One brawny waiter was a bully with a tenor voice that had long since lost its top note. This waiter disliked particularly a little barytone, an East Side barytone with oversized eyes. Jimmy likes barytones better than tenors—always has.

Each waiter had a single act of singing while waiting, as well as his regular act at his station. The solos brought coin-throwing from all patrons; the regular act just the usual tips from those they waited on. Jimmy fixed the bully. When his solo song came, Jimmy shuttled the tempo back and forth. Nobody could sing and pace to what he did on the piano. The bully always dropped dishes. But he wasn't dumb. He observed that when the little saucer-eyed waiter's turn for a solo came, Jimmy gave him the breaks—played for him the most popular songs, and played them well.

The bully didn't complain. He acted. He socked Jimmy and the saucer-eyed waiter. The management kept the bully: fired Jimmy and the other waiter. Doubtless the management knew its business, but it didn't know that the piano player would some day be the Schnozzle Durante of the talkies, and the saucer-eyed waiter Eddie Cantor.

"If it had known," says Mr. Durante with the mellowed wistfulness of one grown great, "it wouldn't have given a damn."

When Ladies Meet

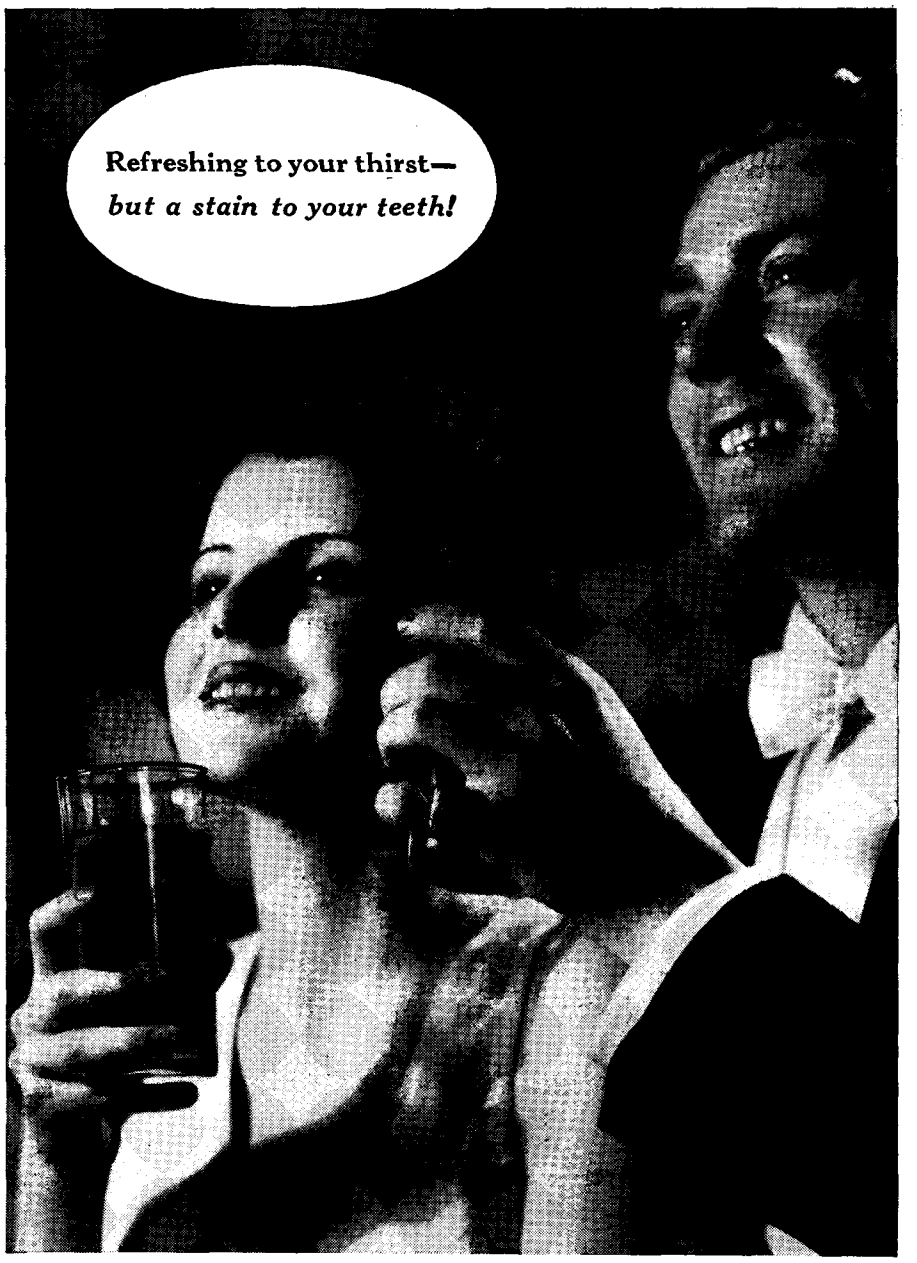
His most eloquent phrase descriptive of cabaret life in those days, in these days, in any day is, "It's a tough dollar." The racket is always risky, for, he argues, wherever men gather together with women and liquor among them, there's always a surprise in the offing.

"Funny," he philosophizes, "how gents can sit down and drink and be convivial and swap gags: but plant dames in a party and sooner or later punches are swapped."

On this we cannot speak with authority. Mr. Durante at least talks with experience. In his twenty-year climb from the Bowery to the boulevards, he has seen the big city at its tenderest and its toughest.

Mr. Durante's tale proceeds to the Alamo and prohibition—the Alamo being one of the first crop of New York's night playgrounds designed to make the tired American business man much more tired. There Mr. Durante beheld the social and financial change wrought by prohibition. Drinks at a dollar each, beer at a dollar a bottle, champagne at $18 to $25 a quart, with no guarantee

(Continued on page 40)



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

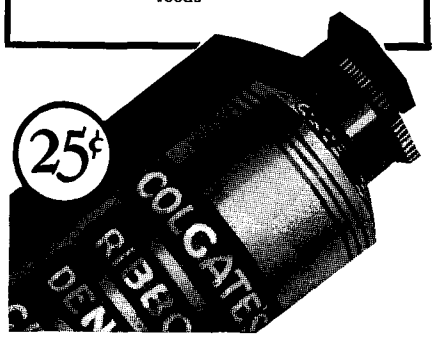
THE THINGS YOU EAT and drink leave seven kinds of stains on your teeth.

Some of these are actual discolorations. Some show themselves only by increasing dullness. But *all* are a threat to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking *all* stains. But all stains will not yield to *any one* way.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods
Group No. 2—Sugar foods
Group No. 3—Protein foods
Group No. 4—Fatty foods
Group No. 5—Mineral foods
Group No. 6—Fruits
Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.



Some stains can be rubbed off by washing action. Others respond only to *polishing* action. A combination of *both actions* removes *all* stains—and from all parts of your teeth.

Colgate's does a *complete* job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it foams! The washing action of this creamy foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

Stop trying to get teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Start today using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice what a difference it makes in your appearance—how much cleaner it gets your teeth. The large-size tube at your druggist's, only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth, use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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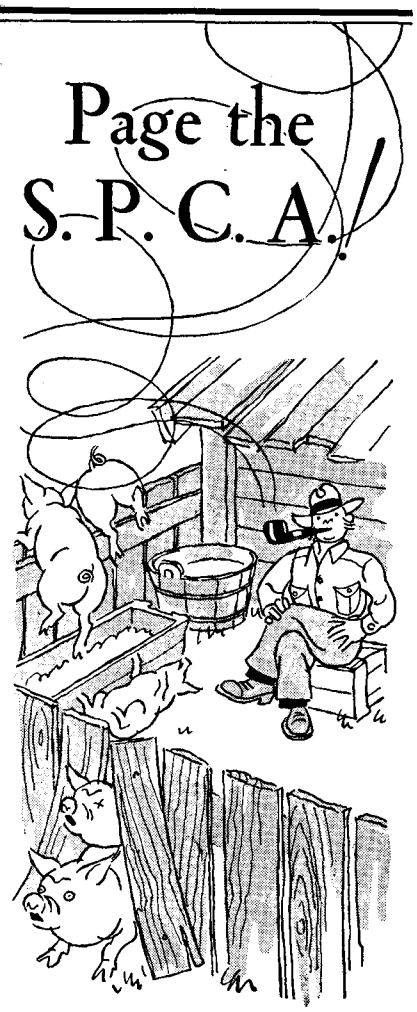

SPEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When *they* complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! You've seen less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the *right kind* of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

Those rare Kentucky Burleys satisfy the smoker, and delight the nearby non-smokers. Try a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh on your next store visit—ask for the tin wrapped in gold foil. You'll see why particular men have adopted this fine tobacco "whole hog."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
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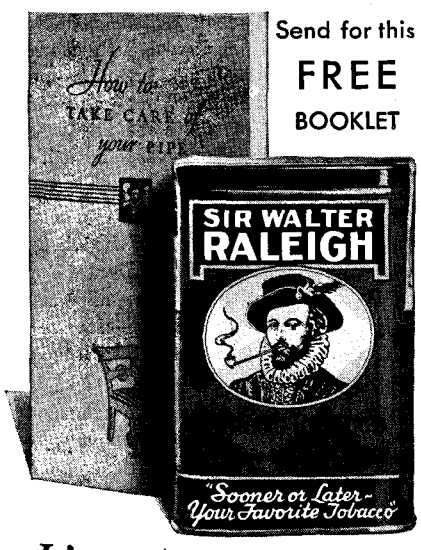

Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

(Continued from page 39)

for the quality of anything. Mineral waters at old-time liquor prices.

"This is the business!" said Mr. Durante.

A fine clown like Jimmy, whose main talent was to amuse people and be well paid for it, found himself tangled in illicit tavern affairs. At first, Durante argues, and with justice, night-clubbery was the outlet for those who could no longer run open cabarets. Then the liquor sellers began to covet the other profits of these places they supplied with liquor. The big bootleggers muscled in. Durante wisely moved out.

"By golly," he says, reverting to that Weber-and-Fields idiom at times, "I found there was a lot of money in the night-club business—but we didn't get it. I'd see blokes pay $1,500 checks; but somehow the cash was distributed too quickly. I know I always wound up with a net of $700 or less a week—and what was that for a guy clowning four times a night? Then running the risk of jails and police and padlock lawyers!

"I tell you it's a tough dollar!"

An Agile Adam's Apple

He found something worth finding before he sought the higher arts. There was a torch singer at the Alamo. Jimmy Durante was her accompanist. They worked together for one week, then two. Finally the girl broke down.

"Tell me," said Jimmy gently. "Somebody's troubling you. What's his name? I'll murder him."

"It's you, Jimmy," she said.

Jimmy wiggled his nose and stared in alarm in a mirror. Was it possible that the girl was dippy over him? It was possible. But it wasn't true.

"I simply can't go on singing to your playing," said the girl. "Instead of one of us being rotten it makes us both sound bad."

And so they were married. They've been married for twelve years—a long, long time for a Broadway-Hollywood blending.

When Jimmy left night clubs behind and took his plunge into straight entertaining, he was motivated, as we have seen, by a New Year's raid. He was also getting a bit fed up with having to be gallant and defend floor-show gals from aggressive patrons. A pugilist who did most of his training by artificial light was especially annoying. He was good-looking and well-behaved, sober; still good-looking but an obnoxious ogler when drunk.

Reaching for one of the girls without her permission one night, the pugilist was surprised at a hand smacking his face. It wasn't the girl's. It was Durante's. The boxer lurched up, fists clenched.

"Big boy," said Jimmy. "No roughhouse here. I'm going to take you to my gymnasium, right now, and teach you a lesson."

All present thrilled. Jimmy could have sold tickets to that gymnasium—if Jimmy had had a gymnasium. His strategy was simpler. Jimmy had and has a brother on the cops. Jimmy knew his brother's beat, a quiet, residential spot. Jimmy's plan was to drive to that beat, have an ally confer with his brother, who was good with his dukes and better with his night stick, then Jimmy would square off to the pugilist and give him a run-around until the brother's night stick functioned.

The pug was sobered by Jimmy's challenge. He agreed to sit through the floor show, then to go to Jimmy's gymnasium. Durante finished his act, then took a trusted waiter with him and the pug to the gym. They stopped in a quiet side street. The waiter went after Durante's cop brother while Jimmy and the pugilist argued before a dark building which Jimmy claimed was his gymnasium, closed.

Now, you can guess what happened, so we'll admit it did. The pug wanted action then and there. Jimmy squared off. A cop came running up with a night stick. He hit Jimmy. He was not, of course, Jimmy's brother—who had been pulled away just twenty minutes before by a traffic accident.

Jimmy doesn't know the difference between singing and shouting; but, then, so few latter-day troubadours do: their only alternative is crooning, which is vocal heresy. But one thing Jimmy may well claim—the most agile Adam's apple in the talkies. When he shouts or whispers that Adam's apple, large enough to be a spare nose, is dynamic and disturbing—always on the point of leaping from his throat.

With George M. Cohan Jimmy reached the top in the talkies. He had been in shorts and long comics with others; but when Mr. Cohan went to Hollywood to make The Phantom President the powers that be had made the script so unfunny that they needed a good clown to be foil to a grand actor. Mr. Cohan, who forgot at the age of, say, twelve, more than most Hollywood geniuses will ever learn, let the executives know that Mr. Durante would do. Jimmy was borrowed by Paramount from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The picture's fairly familiar; it was a hit.

But there was a little constraint in the making of that hilarious comedy, in which Cohan and Durante had the charming aid of Claudette Colbert. Cohan was the big name of the picture; Durante the low comedian. For the first time in his career Cohan played "straight man" to somebody else's clowning, and the two finished that picture better friends than they began it—something of a tribute to the deft diplomacy of the lad who calls himself just a plain, gas-house roughneck. For if you know much about the theater and its rivalries, you ought to know that "billing" and "part-fattening" can rift many a beautiful friendship.

Jimmy's next big shot was an extemporized farce called What, No Beer? which settled his reputation as a box-office attraction. It almost settled his fate with a large group of admirers who, for one painful hour, didn't admire him very much.

In that picture Jimmy, a barber, had the bright, original idea that he should step ahead of the legalization of beer and be on the spot with a vat-filled brewery the moment Congress said the word. For realism, fifty barrels of near-beer were ordered from a cereal beverage plant. It happened that a number of business men on an outing had contracted for beer to be delivered to them. The shipments somehow were switched. The gents assembled in a grove waited for the beer to flow. When it did language flowed with it—bad language appropriate to bad beer.

Saving the Show

Instant checking-up revealed that the real beer had been delivered by error to a movie lot. Off went a committee of the gents. They arrived at the lot just in time to see Jimmy Durante smashing barrels of foaming amber.

First there was murder in their eyes, followed by tears. But it's no use crying over or into spilled beer. Jimmy offered to commit hari-kari; but the committee of gents relented.

"We forgive you," they said nobly. "But we can never forget."

Jimmy himself has become a pet of Hollywood—and of the millions marching to the movies who ache for comedy. Indeed, his picture people, after sending him around the different lots, devised a campaign to ballyhoo Durante into the spotlight as America's Prime Minister of Mirth.

Then Jimmy suddenly packed his bags and sneaked from the apartment he rents in the soberest part of Los Angeles. He had a job to do in New York. Friends who had given the former Bowery piano player his first step up into big-time revue, The New Yorkers, were in difficulties over a new revue.

"They promised me thirty-five hundred a week besides," Jimmy told me on the morning after the bank holiday. "Ain't that a lot of money?"

"A lot of money," it was agreed.

"I'm just wondering what it'll look like when I see it," said Jimmy.

Jimmy betrayed why he had really left Hollywood. His former partners, Clayton and Jackson, were out of jobs; Jimmy tried to pull them together in Strike Me Pink—but the managers and public were wise. They knew Durante was the comic showman, not his partners. Jimmy has to go it alone—so he's traveling faster and farther.

The show was deprived of the services of the female star, Lupe Velez, when, in a scene between them, Jimmy pushed her into a small chair so hard that when Lupe walked off-stage she walked off wearing the chair, and all Jimmy could do to save the situation was to escort her off, rescue her from the chair, come back alone nursing his piebald dome to remark:

"She broke a bottle over my head and said: 'Consider yourself launched!'"

Broadway couldn't hold Jimmy. He quit one big stage success to get back into pictures, frankly admitting: "The money's easier."

Mrs. Durante Survives

He has one grievance: Hollywood isn't as nutty as he'd like it to be.

He entered the Paramount lot one afternoon and a lady waiting outside said: "Good morning, Mr. Durante."

He doffed his hat so that his thin plume of pale hair waved.

"Good morning," he said—hedging for the name.

"Ethel Barrymore," the lady smiled.

"I'm Adolf Hitler," bowed Jimmy and departed.

They told him later that the lady *was* Ethel Barrymore. So when Greta Garbo actually came to the lot to see him work, is it any wonder that Jimmy walked right up to her and declared:

"I love you and if you'll marry me I'll drown my wife!" Garbo wouldn't, so Mrs. Durante survives.

To conclude, here's the net of Mr. Durante's philosophy: "I know a million guys like me who could make just as good a job of what I've done if they had the same chance.

"I'm happy to be living. I've never been sick. I don't drink, because on the rare occasions when I have, it's made other people brutes and I want to hit 'em.

"And all I want is two hundred thousand dollars so that I can get out of show business. Show business is too tough a dollar."

Right. I recalled a night in Newark—a chaotic "opening" when Jimmy ran full tilt through lines of merry maidens onto a stage, jumped tables, chairs and was thrown for a twenty-yard loss by two ushers, dashing back from the wings to chant, I Ups to Them! The curtain dropped on his first act—and he had ten more spots in that show; a matinée and a night performance as well. He was dripping one of his 148 pounds on the way to his dressing-room to change. Somebody waited to remind him of a radio date between shows and a movie-making date after breakfast.

"A tough dollar."

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 25

you can park," Chris told the driver, "and we'll open up the big black bag and get the address."

Fanny gave a dramatic shriek.

"Oh, look out—look up that way—look down here, Mack! It's Fifth Avenue; it says on that light that it's Forty-third and Fifth Avenue!"

"I thought we was in trouble," contributed the driver, moving on after a distracted moment. He drew up on the wide avenue, almost deserted at half past eight o'clock, and came around to open the door.

"Then that's a Fifth Avenue bus with the people on top!" Fanny exulted. "Oh, look—what fun, on a hot night like this—to ride up and down—"

"Can you park here for a minute?" Chris asked.

"Sure, park as long as you like." The driver wiped his wet forehead. Chris, Mack, Madge, Fanny all scrambled down, and stood in a little knot on the sidewalk.

"I FEEL terribly sorry about this," Fanny said in an apologetic undertone to Chris, who seemed a trifle grim.

"This is the deuce of a break!" Mack commented. "Gosh, I'm tired and dirty! Fifth Avenue, hey? Well, I don't think so much of it. Take the Alameda, for instance, down at San José—"

"This is awful!" Fanny said, with a suggestion of hysteria in her laugh. She was kneeling quite frankly in the hot, open, deserted street, plunging madly through a suitcase that could never have been especially well packed, and that now presented every appearance of a ragbag or rubbish heap.

"Well, I blame only myself," Chris said, looking down at her with an expression of pain, looking away again. "We should have had all this written down—"

The meter of the taxi ticked, ticked. More omnibuses went by, with wilted silent folk packed in their upper seats. North and south ran the great canyon of the street, framed in rising tiers and tiers and tiers of the layers of steel and brick and stone that were human habitations by day, and that stood stark and unpeopled under the soft blue sky of night.

"That's Radio City—you've heard of it—up there," volunteered the driver. "That's the Rockefeller Building; it ain't finished yet. And down there—that way—is the Empire State. Some big building!"

"Oh, Fanny, *do* find it!" Madge besought her, after a perfunctory look at the glories of the Avenue.

"My dear, it isn't here!" Fanny searched her purse for the tenth time.

"It must be!" Madge fairly wrung her hands.

"Well, let's go to a hotel!" Mack suggested.

"Oh, Mack, we can't; Fanny and I can't. And we have to stay together!" Madge protested.

"I guess we were all crazy to come here," Chris muttered, half to himself.

"We could look up boarding houses in the telephone book; we know it's Smith, and East Fifty-something," Madge suggested.

"Or was it West Fifty-something, Madge?"

"Well, would there be so many?"

"Smiths!" Chris commented, on a reluctant laugh. "But this is ridiculous. We can't stay here in the middle of Fifth Avenue," he said.

"Drive us to a drug store, will you?" Mack said authoritatively. "Somewhere where you can stand at the curb for a few minutes."

In the drug store ices and cold drinks were clinking and splashing at a long counter, and great fans whirled the cooled air overhead. More lights were in here; it was like a corner broken from the glittering street; Chris found the tumbled telephone book chained to a wooden counter in an obscure corner, and they all jumbled about him eagerly.

"There are eighteen columns of Smiths!" he looked up to say briefly.

"But not in the East and West Fifties!" Fanny said helpfully.

"Oh, Lord—this is no use!" Chris muttered, in despair. "We'll never find her this way."

"WAIT!" Fanny exclaimed, seizing a thinner red book, almost jerking it off the chain she did not see, and being brought up with some confusion against an unknown person immediately behind her. "I beg your pardon!" she interrupted herself to say, confusedly. "This is the classified book," she told the others. "We'll find her right away here!"

"That'll be the same thing; there'll be five hundred of 'em!" Mack said.

Fanny looked up from the pages of the red book, wide-eyed.

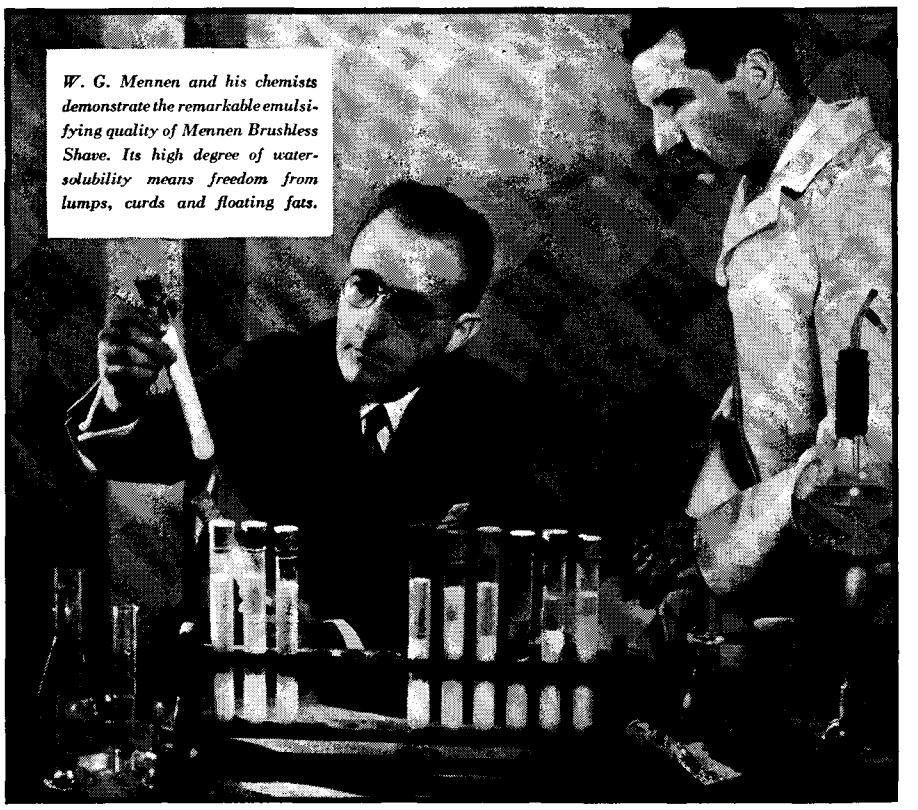
"There isn't one!"

"Oh, come!" Chris exclaimed, at her elbow.

"Not—one—Smith in the boarding house business," Fanny reiterated. "There's an Iwai, but he's probably a Jap, and that's way down on Nineteenth, anyway—oh, and look, Chris,

(Continued on page 42)

Reamer Keller



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"My new Brushless Shave doesn't clog pores or drain-pipes • it's a cream— NOT A GREASE"

"I TOOK my time. I didn't rush. Before offering you my new Brushless Shave I wanted to find out what was wrong with *other* brushless preparations. I analyzed. Tested. Talked to men. And I found that the one big objection to brushless shaves was their *greasiness*. They are hard to wash off the face . . . they clog the razor . . . they leave floating curds in the wash bowl.

"So I set out to make a *new* type of brushless shave—*a cream, not a grease.* No easy job! It took my chemists and me 13 months before I was sure that we had the one brushless preparation *definitely superior* to the old-timers. Was I right? . . .

"My laboratory check-ups say 'yes'. And thousands and thousands of enthusiasts all over the country say 'yes'. I've sent my Brushless Shave to skeptics who have 'tried everything.' And—right and left—I have made converts.

"Because Mennen Brushless Shave is a cream (a fine, even, quick-melting cream without lumps or curds) it *improves your shave five ways. . .*

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2. **Shows white on the face.** You can see the path of the razor.

3. **Washes off EASILY.** Being a highly soluble cream, it leaves no residue on face or hands. Doesn't clog razor. Doesn't leave curds in the wash bowl.

4. **Economical.** It spreads easier; you can use less (about ⅓ less). And men tell me the blade *stays sharp* longer.

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Three Products! Generous Sizes!

Package contains Mennen Brushless Shave. Mennen Skin Bracer, Mennen Talcum for Men, An *exceptional* bargain! Offer good only a short time. Mail coupon *now* with 10¢ to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-4.

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★

(Continued from page 41)

there's a Wild August—imagine having such a delicious name, and keeping a boarding house. 'Wild August,' it sounds like a play!"

"Hotels," Chris muttered, whirling pages. "No Smith Hotel either," he said.

"Oh!" Fanny exclaimed suddenly, at this point, in a tone that arrested the attention of the other three. "I know where it is—" she murmured, in a stricken tone. "Oh, dear! I put it—the letter—I remember now! I was going to give it to Madge, and Madge was asleep, so I put it—no, it's not in my purse, Madge; it's in my coat pocket—I thought I'd have it—come on, we'll go back to the taxi—I thought I'd have it handy."

THEY followed her in silence to the street; Fanny was the next to speak.

"I know it seems awful," she said, groping in the coat she had pulled out of the taxi. "I see that meter, Chris; I see one dollar and eighty-five. But I guess it was the excitement of really getting here. Don't be mad, any of you. Just remember that this time tomorrow—tomorrow, right after breakfast, we can head our letters 'New York'! It's four-three-three West Fifty-fourth," she went on hastily to the driver, bundling herself into the car with a great air of saving time and trouble. "Four-thirty-three West Fifty-fourth. Do you know where that is, Mullins?"

The driver, taken unawares, started, and Madge, with her weary head sunk against Fanny's shoulder, laughed sleepily.

"His name is on the license there," explained Fanny, as they started with a jerk. "There it is—Frank Mullins. Another New York custom. I thought he might like to know we'd identified him. Chris, fagnant isn't a word, is it?"

"*What* isn't?" Chris asked patiently, twisting about on the small seat. He had the air of a person who had borne much and is prepared to bear more.

"Fagnant. I've heard of *stagnant*—" Fanny murmured, "and regnant. And I suppose if there's an indignant there's a dignant—I never saw it. But in this list of boarding houses it said, 'Gee Harry'! which I *do* think is a cute name, and it said 'Fagnant Joseph.' You can't help wondering if being fagnant wouldn't be something like being—"

"Fanny, shut up before you get into trouble!" Madge said, half asleep on her shoulder. "I don't think we're ever going to get there, or anywhere. I think we'll all four live right here in this taxi for the rest of our lives. What is it?"

"Is this the place?" Frank Mullins asked, as one expecting the unusual.

"Great heavens, no!" Chris exploded. Once again, wearily they all climbed out, and looked at a dark stretch of street whose northern side was shut off by a low, stout fencing. The sidewalk was completely torn up, and beyond and below the fencing for the entire square of the block lay the tremendous excavation that would some day be the basement floors of a new skyscraper.

"My affectionate compliments to the dean!" Chris said. And because they were all tired, and because Chris was not very often funny, they laughed as if they never would stop, leaning on the parapet, clinging to each other, helpless with fatigue and hunger and youth and the strangeness of it all.

"Maybe—maybe we'd better try 'Gee Harry'!" Fanny gasped in the first break, and they were all off again.

"Or Joseph—Joseph—Joseph—" Mack began, and was helpless.

"Joseph Fagnant!" Fanny was in a gale, and conscious at the same time of the wild happiness of being steadied by Chris' arm.

"It's about time," Chris said, sobering first of them all, "it's about time that I took this idiotic expedition in charge!"

"Maybe—maybe—" faltered Fanny, still tremulous with laughter, "we shouldn't have come at all to New York. Why—why—why didn't we think of that?"

"Seriously," Chris said almost sternly to the driver, "do you know of a good hotel here, where my cousins and I could spend the night?"

"No, sir," said the driver simply. "I live in Brooklyn. You wouldn't want to go that far tonight. My mother has two rooms she might rent you."

Madge, with her back to Mullins and her agonized eyes on Chris, now made a desperate grimace indicating extreme unwillingness to become the paying guests of Mrs. Mullins, but Fanny said lightheartedly, as she wiped her eyes from her last burst of mirth, "Oh, I think that would be fun! How far is Brooklyn?"

"It would take you about forty minutes," said Mullins.

"No," Chris said decidedly, "there are lots of hotels about here; any one will do for tonight, and tomorrow we can see what's best to be done."

"The Carpathian," Mack added, reading a sign several blocks away, as it punctually flared up and down.

"Take us there!" Chris commanded without more ado, and once again they were all bundled inside the taxi.

Five minutes later Chris paid Mullins two dollars and twenty cents, with an extra thirty cents for tip, and composing itself to sobriety the quartet entered the dark yet ornate foyer of the Carpathian. There was what Fanny afterward giddily described as a "nicotiney, spittoony, footweary" odor to the hotel, but it was after nine o'clock now, and it seemed to the men no time to be critical. At the somewhat uninviting desk that was flanked with a cigarette stand and a display of sensationally covered magazines, they were registered, and presently two dubious-looking boys assisted them to the elevator with their bags.

"I wish I had managed to get over to Brooklyn to my dear old friend Ma Mullins!" said the irrepressible Fanny, as they followed their guides down a narrow upper hall and were ushered into adjoining rooms starkly numbered in smoked copper figures, on the eleventh floor.

"Where's the bath?"

"Down the hall there; it's marked," said one of the boys.

CHRIS lowered his voice, looked at Madge, who was visibly exhausted.

"Can we stay here?"

"One night we can," Fanny answered in a low tone. "We don't know any other place." She wavered. "What do you think?"

"Oh, stay here!" Madge begged. "I'm dying. We can find Mrs. Smith or someone else tomorrow. Tonight it'd only be another hotel, and we might be just as badly off."

"Yep, stay here," Mack added. They turned to the boys, claiming bags, bestowing tips. Then they were alone in two rooms no more imaginative in shape than two match boxes; small rooms, each one provided with two flat beds, two narrow chairs, a washstand with two red-striped towels, a bureau, a little table nicked and inky.

The door between the two rooms was open; the four could have a last moment of consultation.

"How much are the rooms, Chris?"

"Four—three-fifty single, but four double."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Fanny. "Then what do you suppose people pay at the *famous* hotels?"

"You mean to say that we're paying eight dollars for these *horrible* rooms for one night?" Madge demanded.

"Well, there are four of us, you know. And this is New York."

"By hanging out to your knees," Fanny stated, coming back from a brief trip to the window, "you can see Broadway. I guess we're all too tired to go out tonight? I had a vision of a hot bath with lots of soap. Never mind, we'll do the best we can at these basins, and have baths tomorrow."

"You girls are awfully good sports," Chris said, his kindly glance enclosing them both.

"We're on a fire escape, aren't we? That's all I care about," Madge said. "What is this—the eleventh floor? Well, we'll get into something nicer tomorrow."

"GENTLEMEN, we bid you good night," Fanny said, tearing off her hat with a vigor that made her hair stand straight up in the air. "I am locking this door, but I wish to warn you that at the slightest disturbance in the night Miss Rountree and I will spring in upon you without fear and without reproach. Oh, Marjorie," she went on, in a whisper, when all doors had been locked, "this is horrid."

"Do you suppose the whole city's like this?"

"It can't be. Joan Bennett and Marlene Dietrich and everyone else simply adore New York, you know."

"But this is what I was thinking, Fan. If we have to pay four dollars for this—"

"I know. But this is probably popular with drummers, or something. Maybe they're bootleggers—"

"Oh, don't!" Madge whispered, closing her eyes, leaning back against the head of the bed.

"You're dead, aren't you?"

"I'm too tired to undress. Oh, Fanny, was this a crazy thing for us to do?"

"The beds really seem nice and clean," Fanny observed, turning them down. "You'll only want a sheet over you tonight, won't you? It's suffocating. Was what a crazy thing for us to do? You mean our coming to New York?"

"With the boys. It seemed—when we were down at the desk there, registering, it suddenly seemed so cheap! Did the way they looked at you make you feel cheap?"

"I don't like the desk clerk, if that's what you mean. But otherwise—why, here we are only two blocks from Broadway, our first night! And as for our coming on, it was a mere coincidence," Fanny said cheerfully, "that two friends of our college days should be coming on, too. I'm sure I feel much safer," she ended, in an almost inaudible voice, and with a jerk of her head toward the next room, "I feel much safer with the gents right there, I tell you that frankly! If the Smith place hadn't been torn down, we'd be in a nice white room now, with old maids and bank clerks murmuring all about us—"

"I wish we were!" Madge put in fervently.

"We will be, tomorrow. We'll go to the Travelers' Aid or something. The Salvation Army's got a place near here; I remember seeing it while we were cruising about in the cab."

"Oh," moaned Madge, freed of her clothes, flinging out her arms, "what a day—what a day—what a day!"

"There's good hot water here," Fanny announced, vigorously soaping. "And tomorrow we're to be called at seven-thirty; we'll pack everything, and take it down to the desk the first thing, and then we'll all wander out and find some nice little white place for breakfast; Childs', maybe. And by noon we'll be settled somewhere, and we'll have had baths, and we'll all feel better!"

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"Do you suppose," Madge asked, when they were both in bed, "do you suppose those lights out there will shine in all night?"

"I don't know; I was thinking of that. It's only ten now," Fanny mumbled, from the luxury of flatness and softness and ease. "These beds aren't so bad. If the lights do shine in, Madge, they're the lights of New York! Broadway—Broadway is fanning us to sleep!"

THEIR luggage stacked by the desk that looked dingier and darker than ever in the dull morning gloom of the foyer, they walked forth in search of breakfast the next morning just as Broadway's jewelry store clocks were agreeing upon the hour of nine. Chris and Mack looked very serious, Madge was white, and had been crying, and even Fanny was rather pale.

"We *did* lock our door," said Fanny, for the twentieth time. "But we couldn't shut our windows on a night like that. Did you"—she turned to Chris—"did you close your windows?"

"No, we didn't. They came up the fire escape, I suppose. It's—it's just too bad," Chris said, frowning. "It's too bad."

"But we'll get it back? We'll *have* to," Madge stammered, looking sick.

"He thinks they may. The cop seemed to think they might get them."

"They'll have to!" Madge said angrily, her cheeks red.

"Here's a restaurant," Fanny suggested. "Coffee—toast, bacon, strawberries!"

"I feel," the other girl said, "I feel as if we oughtn't *eat* until we get our money back!"

"Oh, listen," Fanny protested. "I have twelve dollars and ten cents. It was the two hundred, ten lovely twenties, that they got."

"Where were they, Fan?" This was Chris; he called her "Fan," her heart noted, singing with the singing June morning.

"In a long envelope in the flap of my suitcase, just where he'd been trained to look for them."

"The whole thing makes me sick," Mack said darkly. "It makes me sick. Nice saps we've turned out to be! And what a city!"

"We ought to have thought that we came in late, and tired, and that anyone seeing us would have seen how green we were," Chris said. "We ought to have thought of the windows, and taken every cent we had down to the clerk."

"Another time we'll go to Mullins' mamma," Fanny said. "She might have had bread rising in the bathroom and a pet cat kittening in our beds, but she wouldn't have stolen our money!"

"You'll wire your mother, Madge?"

"I can't, Mack. She'd simply wire, 'Come back instantly.'"

They were seated at the shining white table now, and the heartening odor of good food was about them.

"Sliced peaches, double order twenty cents—that's me," Fanny announced. "Oh, this is fun! Cheer up, Madge! If we're going to make good in New York a few hundreds won't matter. And if we're *not*, they wouldn't have saved us. The boys—thank goodness!—still have their money."

"I have sixteen dollars," Mack announced, after a count.

"I have three dollars and ninety cents," Madge burst out, ready to cry.

"I have twelve dollars and ten cents," Fanny said, adding hers to the little pile on the table.

"I'm a rich man," Chris said. And quite suddenly Fanny knew that he was glad to be richest, even though the amount he promptly produced was composed of but one twenty, one five, and some silver. She knew what she had not even suspected before, that the reason Chris had been rather silent during their free and frequent talks about finances was because he was a little ashamed of having so little. "I've twenty-eight twenty," he said.

"FIFTEEN dollars and five cents apiece," Fanny announced, after calculation with her new fountain pen—the dean's parting gift. "But isn't this fun?" she asked, glowing, as the rich gold of the cut peaches was set before her, and her coffee smoked at her elbow. "Look at that man over there drinking iced coffee at nine o'clock! I never tasted it; I'll bet it's good."

"You'll find out today, Fan," Chris said. "It's going to be broiling hot."

"Fifteen dollars and five cents apiece," Madge murmured. "We can't—we can't beat New York on that!"

"We can live somehow for a week, and I'll have a job then," Mack said.

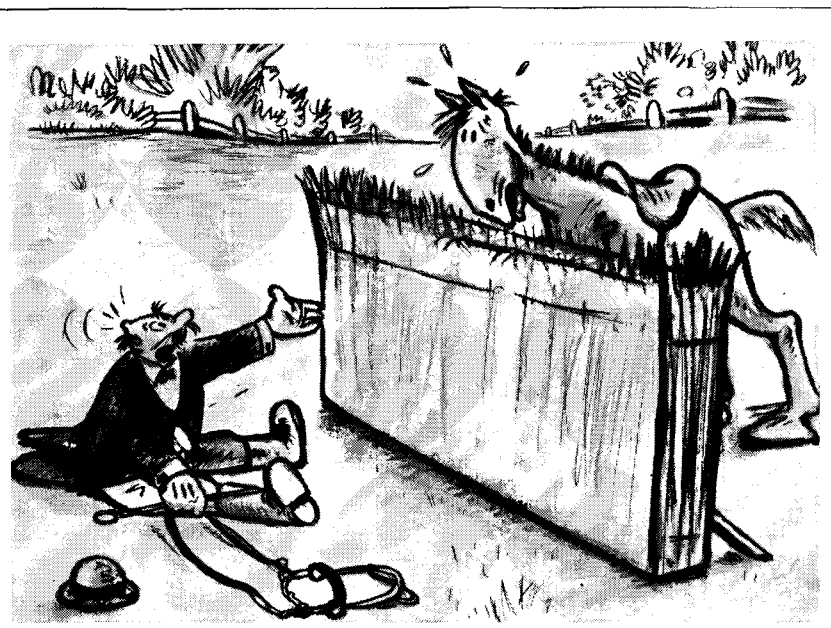
"And I—when I see Mr. Overman—they promised, and they *can't* offer me less than twenty-five a week," Chris said, so earnestly, and concernedly, that Fanny's heart gave the little twist that was becoming familiar, as her eyes met his.

"If we can beat New York at *all*, we can beat it on fifteen dollars and five cents," she announced.

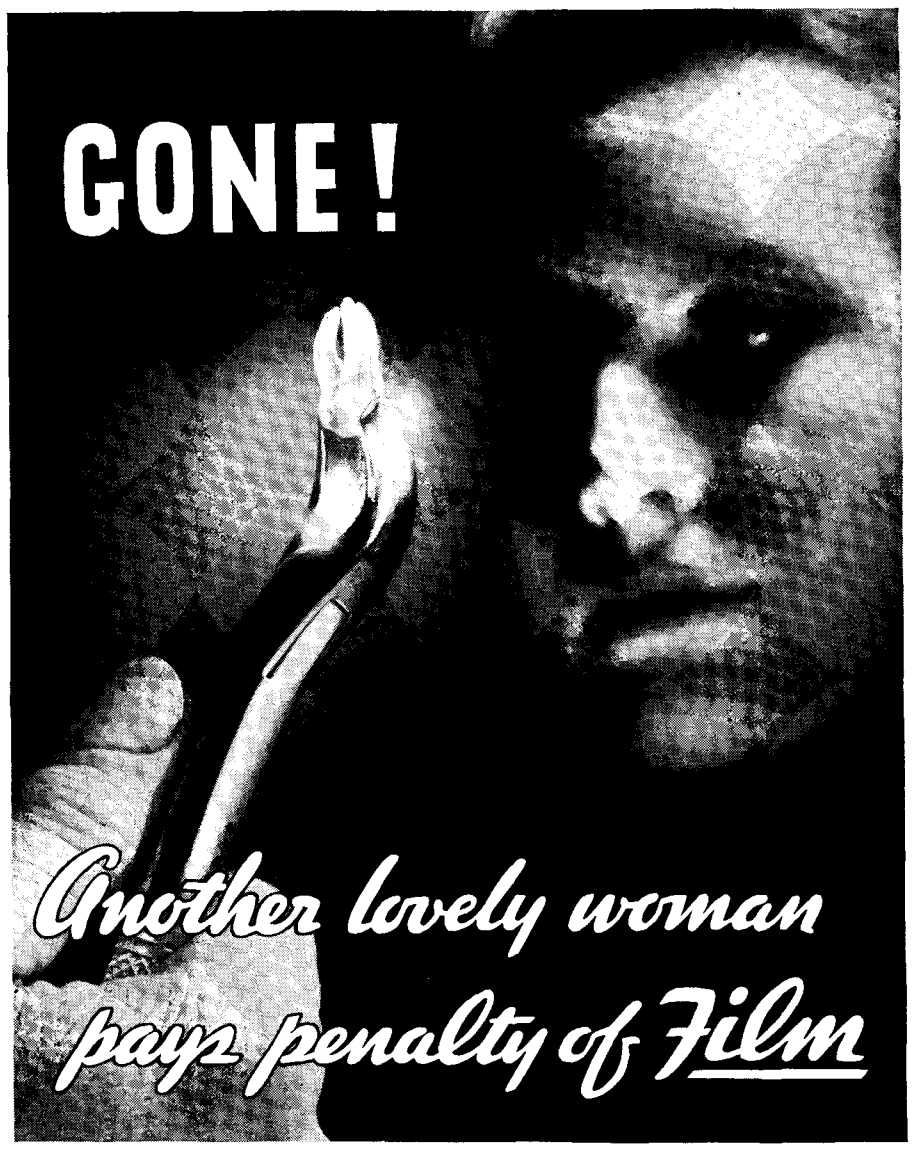
"Less what this breakfast costs," Mack reminded her.

"Less what this breakfast costs!" Fanny agreed serenely.

(To be continued next week)



"Aren't you coming?" *Frank Owen*



Remove film . . . don't let it ravage teeth and gums

THIS can't happen to me, you think. But it can. Film spreads over teeth without your knowing it. In film are particles of food—the nesting place of germs. Hourly these germs do their work. Before you realize it, another tooth has been destroyed.

What is film?

Film is the sticky *mucin* in saliva. It forms in coats and patches. Bits of food stick to it. Some cause stain—others can't be seen.

In this moist, warm film live millions of tiny germs which cause tooth decay. They multiply. They decompose food particles. They produce strong acids that first break through enamel, then destroy the part beneath. Soon the tooth is too far gone to save—and that's the result of tooth decay.

Other germs are found in film that spin like corkscrews. They are associated with dread "trench mouth." Still others are linked with pyorrhea. And all of these are incubated in the coating dentists know as *mucin plaque*—and we call film.

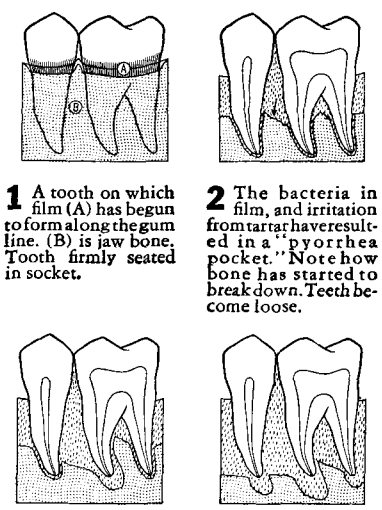
"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because the true value of a tooth paste is determined by its polishing material.

The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Its power to remove film stain is revolutionary!

When tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. **Use it twice a day and see your dentist twice a year.**

How *Film* leads to Pyorrhea!



1 A tooth on which film (A) has begun to form along the gum line. (B) is jaw bone. Tooth firmly seated in socket.

2 The bacteria in film, and irritation from tartar have resulted in a "pyorrhea pocket." Note how bone has started to break down. Teeth become loose.

3 The pyorrhea pocket grows. Teeth are very loose.

4 Pyorrhea is spreading to other teeth. Teeth are lost.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

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You'll sleep like a top in our quiet rooms

THE clatter and clamor of city night life won't seep into your bedroom at these hotels under the direction of Ralph Hitz. At any one of these famous hostelries you're near the town's joys—but far from its noise. Soft, downy beds...plenty of clear, fresh air...will lull you to restful, unbroken slumber. You'll awaken fit and refreshed, ready to tackle anything in the way of business or pleasure that presents itself. Next time you're in New York—Detroit—Atlantic City—or Dayton, stop at one of these hotels. You'll get a new deal in comfort and economy, with radical new low rates just put into effect.

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- *In New York*
  HOTEL NEW YORKER
  34th Street at Eighth Avenue
  2500 Rooms, $3.00 up
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  Lexington Avenue at 48th Street
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  THE BOOK-CADILLAC
  1200 Rooms, $2.50 up
- *In Dayton*
  THE VAN CLEVE
  300 Rooms, $2.50 up
- *In Atlantic City*
  THE RITZ-CARLTON
  450 Rooms, $4.00 up

Bodyguard

Continued from page 21

"You look pretty old to graduate from college," remarked Mr. Bitz. "Where did you go?"

"Oh, I played the field. Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale. I finally got a degree this year, and decided to go to work."

"Uh. . . ." Mr. Bitz strove to collect his thoughts. "What did you do in college?"

"Football. End at Dartmouth for two years. I did a little boxing, too. I was captain of the boxing team last year."

"So." Mr. Bitz leaned back in his swivel chair and surveyed the young man before him with new and increasing interest.

"You look a little like Dempsey," he chuckled, comparing him in his mind with the æsthetic Lester Willis. The face of the young man, by way of contrast, was heavy-set, dark-jowled, stern; only his eyes were irresponsible and slightly mocking behind half-shut lids that shut altogether when he grinned, spreading a sudden fan of wrinkles at the corners of his eyes like cracks in ice. It was a nice, friendly grin; but it would be a dangerous grin, Mr. Bitz reflected comfortably, in a fight.

MR. BITZ smiled. "As a matter of fact," he began cautiously, "it just so happens that I *might* have a job for you too . . . ah . . ." The young man had brushed aside the papers on the desk and slid a thigh carelessly onto the glass top, leaning back and lacing his fingers across his knee. "Sit down," said Mr. Bitz in astonishment, as the young man opened the humidor on his desk, selected a cigar, studied it thoughtfully, and placed it between his lips. "Have a cigar," added Mr. Bitz weakly.

Casey nodded and struck a match.

"This is a rather confidential matter," resumed Mr. Bitz. "You see, I just thought I might arrange to employ you as a sort of personal bodyguard for a friend of mine—"

"Woman?" Casey exhaled a cloud of smoke.

"How did you guess?" asked Mr. Bitz.

"I've been to college," said Casey mildly, and twirled his cigar.

"Well, to be frank, Mr. McCarthy," began Mr. Bitz, evidently convinced that he could withhold no secrets from this superhuman intelligence, "it's Miss Dial Andrews." Casey did not seem to be impressed. "The actress," prompted Mr. Bitz. Casey shook his head. "Miss Andrews," irritably, "is accustomed to wear a number of expensive pearls, and I have felt for some time that it was unsafe for her to venture on the streets without some sort of bodyguard. It was my feeling—"

"What do you want on her?" interrupted Casey impatiently.

"You misunderstand me," said Mr. Bitz, with offended dignity. "My only desire is to protect—"

"Sure," said Casey easily. "Who is he, Mac?"

Mr. Bitz crumpled helplessly. "Lester Willis. The theatrical producer. Of course, you realize, I have nothing against Mr. Willis; he's a very good friend of mine. All I want you to do is accompany Miss Andrews wherever she goes—to the theater, to rehearsals, even . . . ah . . ." He cleared his throat. "Even to Mr. Willis' apartment, if they go there at night to work on the play—just in case of robbery, you understand—"

"Sure, I understand," said Casey frankly. "It sounds kind of low to me. Dropping eaves on a woman."

"I don't want you to *spy* on her," said Mr. Bitz. "It's just I want you to be there so that nothing can happen, like—like—like a hold-up, you know. Of course, it might be best if you told her that you were a private detective, just to relieve her mind." He looked at Casey anxiously. "What do you say?"

"It depends on the lady," said Casey dubiously. "When do I see her?"

"Miss Andrews is going to stop here on her way to the theater." He hesitated. "Of course, I haven't told her about hiring a bodyguard . . . it's a surprise."

"Oh, she'll be tickled to death," said Casey ironically. "I'd need some money," he added, glancing at his shiny blue suit. "I'd need to get a whole outfit."

Mr. Bitz wrote a check and blew on it thoughtfully. "This is . . . entirely confi . . . dential, you understand," he said between puffs, "about . . . Willis." He flapped the check and handed it to Casey. The buzzer sounded. "I think Miss Andrews is here now."

The prim secretary said "Miss Andrews," and looked at Casey, her eyes full of laughter. He was staring past her without seeing her. Her face fell and she withdrew glumly, shutting the door hard.

"Hello, Dial, darling," said Orson Bitz, extending both his arms and trotting toward her. Dial hesitated in the doorway, in severe street clothes, a double-breasted suit of dark tweed with wide lapels, a small-brimmed black hat crammed down over her black hair, just a glimpse of pearls at her throat. Over Bitz's embrace she studied Casey calmly. He swung his leg and surveyed her in return from ankles to waist, then looked away.

"Oh . . . darling," said Bitz, "this is Mr. Casey."

"McCarthy," said Casey.

She nodded to him briefly. He unlaced his thick fingers from his knee, dropped his foot to the floor and slowly lounged erect, and shook her hand. "Pleased to meet you," he added. "I'm a private detective."

SHE started, turned to Bitz. "Orson, what's happened?"

"Nothing, dear. You see, sweetheart," stammered Bitz, licking his lips and glaring resentfully at Casey, "it was only just what we were talking about last night, dear. What you suggested yourself, I mean. About your jewels."

"Nothing's happened to my jewels," said Dial. "I can take care of them."

"It was just in case something *should* happen," urged Mr. Bitz. "You said yourself that a bodyguard—"

"You know I wasn't serious," snapped Dial with thin lips. "I don't need any bodyguard. Nobody's going to steal my—"

"Is this yours, by any chance?" inquired Casey, holding out a pearl bracelet casually.

"Where did you get that?" Dial demanded.

"Off your wrist."

Dial snatched the bracelet, clasped it onto her wrist again. "Do you play the zither too?" she inquired unpleasantly.

"You see, Dial, honey," pursued Mr. Bitz, with more authority in his voice, "it's for your own protection, dear." She shook her head stubbornly. "For me?" He pleaded: "Sweetheart, I'm not saying a word about your doing this play for Willis. . . . I'm not even objecting if I practically never see you again for a while. I'm trying to be a good sport about it. . . ." His voice broke. "I thought you'd do this one little favor for me, just so I wouldn't worry while . . ."

She melted. "All right, Orson. But at least," vindictively, "I might have been allowed to pick my own bodyguard."

"Do you think *I* had any choice about it, either?" shrugged Casey.

She looked at him with cold dislike. He returned her gaze evenly, his legs spread apart and his fists planted solidly on his hips, his lip curling in an insulting grin. She asked Bitz: "Is he going to follow me everywhere I go?"

"Unless they've got a sign 'Ladies,'" said Casey.

"It's just with all these stick-ups, dear," Bitz began all over again, "I was only thinking—"

"Then we'd better start at once," she interrupted with a vicious smile. "I want to do a little shopping first—some pajamas and lingerie I need. You'll help me select my lingerie, of course, Mr. McCarthy?" she asked with disagreeable emphasis.

Casey shrugged.

"And I have a fitting at two; and I did want to stop for a facial." She apologized with elaborate sweetness: "I'm so afraid you'll be bored with all this shopping, Mr. McCarthy."

"Not a bit," said Casey, picking up his hat. "I got to buy some things myself. Let's go!"

"SOMETHING like this, Miss Andrews?" The salesgirl opened the box on the counter, spread out the shimmering expanse of silk. She cupped her hand beneath it and lifted its fragile folds upon her finger tips like a tent, turning her hand slowly.

"Thank you." Dial glanced at Casey cruelly out of the corner of one eye. He leaned negligently against the counter, crossing his ankles and resting his weight on the heels of his big hands, his back to the incongruous display of delicate pink brassières and silk lingerie behind him. Several salesgirls in black were whispering in a corner, staring at him and giggling among themselves. "May I see it?"

The girl behind the counter lifted the soft material from the box and held it before her. Dial's lips twitched: "I'm sure Mr. McCarthy wouldn't mind holding it while I decided."

Casey lifted the slight pink garment and held it before his chest with impassive expression. A gasp of laughter echoed across the lingerie department, and several women customers halted and smiled indulgently. Dial tapped her chin with a gloved forefinger. "A little higher, Mr. McCarthy."

He raised it stolidly to the level of his chin. His face was blank, but there was a dangerous light in his eyes.

"Do you mind turning . . ."

"Maybe it would help if I put it on," Casey suggested calmly.

There was a muffled snort behind the counter, and the salesgirl hid her face swiftly. Dial felt herself growing red. "I'm afraid I'm late for the theater," she said hurriedly. "Please send me a half dozen . . ." and hurried down the aisle. Casey grinned serenely to the salesgirl, put on his hat and strolled after her.

They rode side by side in the taxi in loaded silence. Her hands were clenched, and she tapped her foot steadily, hating him, hating Bitz, hating herself equally. Once she lurched against him as the machine skidded on wet street-car tracks, and she drew her-

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self away from him sharply. When they dismounted he paid for the cab. "It goes on my expense account anyway." She hurried across the deserted lobby and through a door, and he followed her twinkling ankles up red-carpeted stairs to Willis' office.

". . . so sorry I was late but . . ." she was saying breathlessly to Lester Willis as he entered the room behind her. She glared at him over her shoulder in Willis' embrace. "I had something unpleasant I couldn't avoid."

"It's all right, dear," murmured Lester in an expiring voice. "I've called off the rehearsal today. I thought we could go somewhere together instead . . . to talk over the part . . ."

HE WAS looking with a little astonishment at Casey, who had seated himself in a comfortable chair, crossing his legs and hanging his hat over one knee, and begun to clean his nails with a pocket knife. Lester's voice trailed: "Is this gentleman . . . with you, dear?"

"From morning to night," she said bitterly. "Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Willis."

"Meetcha," said Casey cordially, looking up from his nails.

Lester turned his puzzled face aslant and peered down at him dubiously. His weak, pale eyes shifted uneasily; he ran an æsthetic hand through his long white hair, opened his mouth to speak, shut it again irresolutely. The ruddy strength of the young giant before him accented the unhealthy pallor of his own skin, and his slim waist and narrow, bony shoulders seemed slightly cadaverous in comparison. He appealed helplessly to Dial. "Who is he?"

"Orson gave him to me," she explained dully. "Isn't he cute? He follows me around everywhere and growls if anyone touches my pearls. He's ever so bright, and full of tricks."

"I bark at strangers," said Casey, shutting his pocketknife with a snap.

Lester did not seem to understand. "Did you explain to him, dear? That we are planning to go to my apartment this afternoon?"

"That's O. K. with me," yawned Casey. "I'm not afraid to go anywhere."

"We are planning," said Lester pointedly, "to be alone."

"Will you let your hair down?" asked Casey with interest.

Dial's face was white and set. "Lester," she interrupted hopelessly.

Lester cleared his throat. "I'm afraid you don't understand, my dear fellow. This is a matter of business with us."

"You don't think it's any fun for me, either?" grinned Casey.

"Lester!" Dial burst out furiously. She controlled her voice. "I'm terribly sorry . . . I'm afraid I can't see you this afternoon after all, dear. I've got a little headache, it—it feels like a cold coming on. I'm going home and take a headache powder."

Casey picked up his hat and lounged to his feet again patiently.

"You'd better go to bed, dear," said Lester solicitously. "You don't want to get the grippe."

She glared at Casey.

"I'd get double pneumonia," she muttered bitterly, "if I thought it would be catching."

MR. BITZ was chuckling to himself as he dismounted from his limousine and entered the door of Dial's apartment-hotel the following evening. The doorman opened the door of the car, touched the brim of his hat. "Evening, Mr. Bitz." With a happy nod Mr. Bitz handed him a bill and skipped with little birdlike hops across the lobby to the elevators.

Mr. Bitz was content. All the evidence to date seemed to indicate that his little plan had worked out to perfection. Since the advent of Mr. McCarthy, so far as he could gather, Lester and Dial had not had a moment alone, she had not even tried to go to the theater this afternoon, and the rehearsal consequently had been called off. There were vague rumors in the air that Lester contemplated abandoning the show altogether.

The sight of Lester sulking alone at the bar of Twenty-one half an hour ago, his pale face baffled and furious, had been the last delicious straw. At the recollection, Mr. Bitz broke into an audible chuckle and rubbed his stout, damp palms together.

He was still smiling as he gave his thin hair a final pat in the elevator

(Continued on page 46)

"It might have been those American tourists we saw hanging around last week" *Laurence Reynolds*

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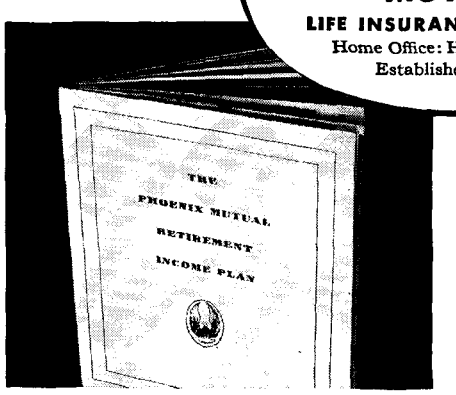

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(Continued from page 45)

mirror, pranced lightly down the hall to the door of Dial's apartment, and gave the bell three elfin jabs with his gloved finger. Mr. Casey McCarthy, in immaculate evening dress, opened the door. Mr. Bitz stopped smiling.

"Hello, Mac," said Casey easily. "Come in."

"Oh," said Mr. Bitz. "Hello." He hesitated: "I didn't know you'd be here."

"Sure, I'm here," Casey reassured him. "I'm right on the job, you see."

"Is Miss Andrews expecting me?" asked Mr. Bitz stiffly.

"Sure, she's almost dressed," said Casey. He jerked a thumb toward the silver cocktail set on a low table. "We've been waiting for you. I got the drinks all mixed."

Mr. Bitz cleared his throat. "I'm taking Miss Andrews out to dinner, you know."

"Sure, I know," said Casey unconcernedly, dumping ice into the shaker. "That's why I got dressed." He glanced proudly at the dinner jacket. "Bought it today with some of your advance. Not a bad buy for a ready-made suit, except the pants are a little tight in the seat. But I guess it looks pretty good on me, huh, Mac?"

"I mean," said Mr. Bitz sternly, "I don't think it will be necessary for you to come along tonight, Mr. Casey."

"McCarthy," said Casey without rancor.

"McCarthy," said Mr. Bitz. "You can have the night off."

"Nope. No-o," said Casey thoughtfully, "that's mighty nice of you, but I couldn't think of it. Suppose something were to happen, Mac," he mused; "suppose a bunch of thugs held up the place, suppose they tried to steal all those pearls. Why, Mr. Bitz, I'd never forgive myself. No, sir, I never would. No, much as I appreciate your generosity," he sighed, "much as I'd like to have the night off—I couldn't do it."

CASEY grasped the cocktail shaker horizontally between two hands and commenced to rattle it briskly.

Mr. Bitz licked his lips. "But I'm telling you to do it," he choked. "I'm dismissing you for the night. Don't you see?"

Casey shook his head gently. "Nope. Sorry, I just wouldn't feel right about it, that's all. As long as I've got this job, Mac, I want to do right—"

"My name is not Mac, Mr. Casey," Mr. Bitz screamed at him.

"My name is not Mr. Casey," he replied pleasantly.

"I forbid you to come." Mr. Bitz was breathing heavily, and he loosened his collar. "Just who is boss around here—?"

"Miss Andrews?" suggested Casey, nodding toward the door.

Dial leaned a hand against the doorjamb, towering regally in black, her dark eyes surveying Bitz coldly. Her face was paler than usual, a little drawn and tired; her lips were unsmiling. She fingered the pearls at her neck, twining and untwining her forefinger in them. "Good evening, Orson."

"Darling!" He trotted to her, embraced her. "Sweetheart," he said, glowering triumphantly at Casey, "I was just telling this fellow he could have the night off. We'd prefer to have dinner together alone."

"On the contrary," said Dial evenly, "I'd prefer to have Mr. McCarthy along."

Bitz gaped at her.

"I've grown so used to him lately, dear," she said vengefully, "I'd really feel rather lost without him. He made me feel so *safe* with Lester," pointedly, "I'm afraid I'd be nervous now if he weren't around—you know, dear, all these stick-ups in the papers—if anything should happen—"

They ate dinner in austere silence: Dial, in black, presided over her food like a monk, Mr. Bitz nibbled gloomily, Casey resigned himself casually to devouring his meal with a healthy appetite. He finished his coffee and stood up. "Do you want to dance?" Dial glanced briefly at Bitz and rose without comment and they moved silently across the dance floor. Mr. Bitz poured himself a second cup of coffee and sipped it in solitude, his round face puckered and downcast, looking very much as if he were about to cry.

CASEY danced well: he had the natural rhythm of the boxer, an easy and effortless balance as he moved erect across the floor; and Dial, after a moment, let herself rest upon his strong arms. She leaned against him, her dark hair brushing his cheek faintly, her delicate hand very slim and white against his broad back. They moved silently to the discreet dinner music. Casey looked down once and caught her eye; she looked away instantly, and nodded brightly to someone across the room. There was a thoughtful interval of throbbing music, snatches of conversation about them, the steady whisper of shuffling feet over the polished floor. He mused half aloud: "I guess I'm poison, huh?"

She looked up at him blankly.

"I mean, to you," he explained. "I'm a dime a dozen, I guess. Huh?"

"I don't know what you mean," she murmured coldly.

"Sure you know what I mean," he said bluntly. "I mean, you hate hell out of me, don't you? To you, I'm back of the eight ball. Hmm? Sure I am."

"Are you just beginning to find that out?" she parried. Her eyes searched his face suspiciously.

"I get it, I get it," he said. He was not smiling. "Anyway, I just wanted to tell you. I'm quitting tomorrow."

Her hand tightened on his in surprise.

"It's a low-down job," he muttered, "dropping eaves on anybody. Dragging around after somebody, like a tin can tied to a dog's tail. You know, shoving my way in wherever I'm not wanted. . . . I thought it might be funny, but it isn't funny. It's kind of low."

She shrugged. They moved around the floor in silence a moment.

"Anyway, I just wanted you to know why I was quitting," he added in a low voice, "so you wouldn't hold anything against me."

She nodded. "I'll be sorry to see you go," she murmured casually. "There were so many things we could have done together."

"On the level?" he asked slowly, halting.

"Lots of things," she said innocently. "I could have taught you to sit up and beg, or carry a newspaper in your mouth—"

"Sure, I get it," he grinned dully, and began to dance again.

She whispered into the hollow of his shoulder: "Stick around, Casey."

"Say, just what the hell *do* you want me to do?" inquired Casey angrily, halting again in the center of the dance floor. "Quit or not quit?"

"Not quit," she answered under her breath.

"O. K.," said Casey after a minute. "Then I'll stick around."

They began to dance again in embarrassed silence. He shouldered forward, prowling and rising like a stalking animal, his supple muscles moving in easy rhythm, his dark face beaming; she retreated before him, her head back and her eyes meeting his eyes calmly, her long graceful body curved from him and the pearls at her throat glowing faintly in the shadow of his pursuing grin. Mr. Bitz watched them disconsolately from the little table, collapsing slowly behind his shirt-front in a series of loose folds, his shoulders sagging and his little thighs spraddling outward, like a brooding hen on an empty nest.

There was an air of excitement around the bar of Twenty-one: a rising hum of voices, shouts of laughter, the staccato rattle of ice stirred in a tall glass, hiss of seltzer, the scrape of chairs, and snatches of eager conversation: ". . . meeting Leland Hayward here. I wonder if he's heard . . ." "All the afternoon papers have it!" The strident nasal tones of the lady from Ohio: ". . . about Dial Andrews? *The* most exciting thing, Muriel, I certainly can't imagine . . ."

At one end of the bar Mr. Bitz locked his elbows over the ridge of the mahogany and solemnly lifted a hooker of straight rye to his lips. He lowered his head until his pleated chin sank into his collar, shut his eyes, and flung the contents of the glass solidly into his opened mouth. He swallowed convulsively with his head back, like a robin drinking from a bird-bath, opened his eyes again and set the glass onto the bar. "Another rye," he croaked hoarsely.

". . . eloped!" gasped Ohio's companion audibly at his elbow.

Ohio drew in her breath triumphantly: "Hyop! And they say he's worth a fortune! That's what I heard. They simply went down to City Hall together this morning, and the first thing anybody knew . . ."

At the other end of the bar Willis combed his bony fingers backward through his long white hair, and lowered his white hand in a slow, listless curve. It dipped and twisted like a piece of white paper and floated down onto the bar, where it rocked lightly once or twice, then moved again toward his Martini. He lifted the glass tragically to his lips, drained it, hesitated a moment as though he were planning to snap the stem, evidently thought better of it, and slid his glass instead across the bar. "Another Martini," he requested faintly.

". . . the most romantic thing, it said in the tabloids," the persistent nasal voice of Ohio continued. "He's worth all this money, but he wanted to take a job when he graduated from college, just to do something on his own. So he got this job as her bodyguard, and that's how he met her. Love at first sight, I guess. . . ."

MR. BITZ winced and raised his second hooker of whisky. Above the rim of the glass he caught the gaunt and hollow eyes of Mr. Willis, staring dully over the rim of his second Martini. A look of sad understanding passed between them, that instinctive bond of sympathy born of mutual misery. Mr. Bitz unhooked his elbows and moved down the bar slowly, carrying his drink. Mr. Willis moved up the bar toward him. They halted side by side.

"It's all my fault," admitted Mr. Bitz. "I got him to take the job in the first place. . . . I paid him his salary . . . it was all my idea. I hired him just to keep an eye on you."

Lester shook his head. "An inspired notion," he mumbled.

He lifted his Martini and sipped it silently. Mr. Bitz opened his mouth, heaved the whisky into it with a faint smack, and gulped. They extended their glasses across the bar in silence.

"The same," said Lester in a faint whisper.

"This is on me, old man," croaked Mr. Bitz.

"I guess," said Lester dully, "I guess it's on both of us."

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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 23

reaches of southeastern Oregon there lived one of the clan who controlled the resources of a small empire. He thought he had made admirable provisions; and so thinking he turned his face to the wall with the first actual peace of his lifetime. A week afterwards, not long following Hugh Tracy's ambush, Lynn Isherwood, with her roped trunk and pleasant expectations, arrived at TS.

The first interview with this dissembling, avaricious man in the ramshackle desolation of that ranch house dispelled the pleasantness. She knew instantly there could be nothing kindly here. Within forty-eight hours she knew, too, that her life was pitched in a rough and violent and broad-mouthed company. She was the only woman in a household through which hard, none-too-pleasant men tramped at any hour of the day or night.

SOON enough realizing there was trouble afoot, it was the more strongly brought home to her when Shadrow one day peremptorily ordered her never to ride more than five miles from the quarters. This was oppressive, deadening; and there was no escape. Only once did she rebel. Shadrow, never a man to waste money, gave her the storeroom keys and in effect told her she was to be housekeeper, cook and general chatelaine. Under any other condition, she would have embraced the chance. Here, she knew what drudgery meant and so she threw the keys in his face and rode her coal-black horse furiously out across the plateau, leaving her astonished uncle with a resentful knowledge that for once he was balked and could not enforce the law he laid down. Thus the situation stood.

She rode into Antelope that morning with the outfit, unaware of the developing trouble. Being in the courthouse, she missed the keyed-up scene developing around Tracy. But the call to arms brought her out and down the street, and she saw him then, at once comprehending his risk. Swept along by the party, she heard enough pass between her uncle and his two lieutenants to know what was ahead. At the rim road Shadrow curtly commanded her to go home; and accordingly she swung up the grade, watched the cavalcade race on along the desert, and in time reached the empty house.

Unpleasant enough when occupied, it seemed even more dismal empty. A sweltering heat invaded every room, powdered dust clung to everything. Contemplating flight often, she thought of it again but rejected the idea quickly enough. Shadrow's long arm reached far out. Not a soul within fifty miles dared offer her shelter and she knew too little of the land to risk a run-and-hide game.

Beyond dusk they came back, cantering, easy style, across the flats. Framed in the doorway she watched them swing around the yard and dismount. Rough humor ran through the twilight. They seemed in high spirits, and she knew they had won. Even so, they had paid a price, for one hand led seven empty-saddled ponies toward the great barn. The group split toward the bunkhouses. Shadrow, the foreman, and Maunders came to the house, followed by another pair. Slipping back, Lynn went to her own room and closed the door, leaning against it. All her fear of this black place returned and she felt indescribably alone, helpless. The men stamped into the office. Shadrow's grumbling seeped through the partition and something fell to the floor.

Placed by the door, body rigid, it suddenly occurred to her that what they had done was only a part of what they would do; inevitably Hugh Tracy's fortunes came to her mind. And perhaps tonight her uncle might reveal his plans toward a man, his dislike of whom he never bothered to conceal. Thinking of that, Lynn doubled one white fist and moved to the bedroom's inner wall. They were speaking now but the words were blurred. All that came through the partition distinctly was a quick, harsh laugh. For a while she stood there; then, the risk of it leaving her a little breathless, she slipped to the door, opened it and passed through. The dark hall led out to a living-room and thence to the porch. The other way it went toward an offset kitchen; and a little short of that was a right-angle corridor reaching another entry to the office. A sliver of light gushed through the bottom of the closed kitchen door and she heard the cook banging pans on the stove; moving to the lesser corridor, she took three quick steps and crouched against the office door. Shadrow's desk was directly beyond it. She heard him talking.

"That's wrong, Sid. They're scattered all to hell, but they'll collect again."

Maunders' answering voice displayed impatience. "Then why didn't we follow and bust 'em up? Either you stop on what you've got or else you go out and do the job a second time."

"You're a fool at any sort of thinkin'," said Shadrow calmly. "Have a drink, boys."

They moved about, glasses tinkling against a bottle. A long pause followed, interrupted by Shadrow. "I never stop on what I've got. I never got enough and never will. You should know me better."

"Then we have to make another pitched fight of it again?"

"One thing you need to learn, Sid. Let the other man move first and make his mistakes. I was always mighty careful of Morgan Testervis, for he was a damned watchful fellow. But he's dead, see? And the rules we used on him ain't good any more."

SILENCE settled. Lynn heard her uncle breathing heavily. He moved around, chair squeaking; and he resumed the thread of his thought: "They'll collect at the Testervis place Of course they will. But it won't ever be the same ranch, don't forget that. About half of those duffers will skip the country. We've put the fear of God in 'em, you bet we have. So it's a weak ranch now. And it won't have Morgan to keep it goin'. He was the only one that counted. Put this in your hat: We can run our cattle five miles south of the cairn and never provoke a fight. They won't dare. We got that job done."

"And that's the extent of it?" asked one of the other punchers Lynn didn't know.

"I pay you thirty dollars a month," said Shadrow contemptuously, "and that's all you're worth. We're not finished with the job. We keep on goin'. But we wait to see what Bat Testervis does first. Ain't I said, wait out the other fellow? Well, we won't have to wait long. Bat's a fool. Either he gets reckless and busts into a fight without any figurin' beforehand, or else he quits cold. You can't tell about him except to say whatever he does will be premature and flighty. Never was a lick of sense in him."

(Continued on page 48)

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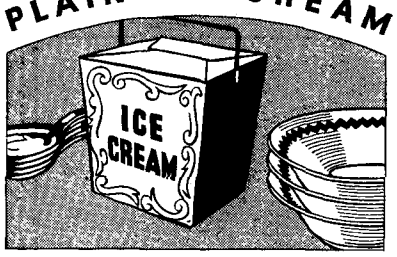

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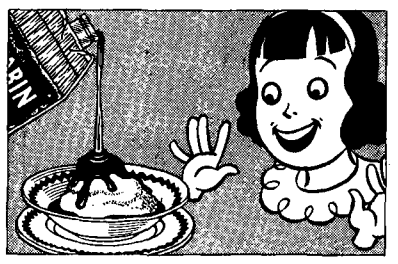

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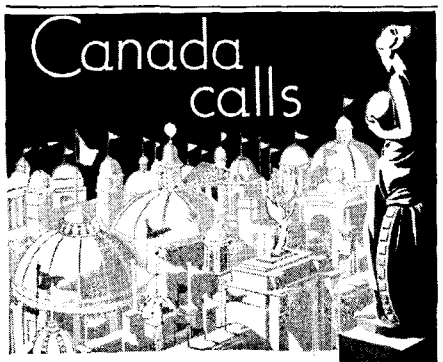

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(Continued from page 47)

Lake Tolbert's dead drawl came into the conversation for the first time: "You ain't completed this chore yet. There's Hugh Tracy."

Maunders cursed. "The man's shot with luck! We had him and we lost him! Next time—"

Tolbert said: "I tell you something. Tracy's a bigger problem than the Testervis outfit right now."

"Don't speak such damn' nonsense!" yelled Shadrow, touched on a sore spot.

"Tell you something more," went on Tolbert with that same down-pressing calm. "Miss him a third time and you'll never get him. Hugh's got no fear of any man that walks in pants. Be careful, Tade. He's your immediate business and will be till you salt him down. Leave him loose and you'll wake up one *mornin' shot to pieces.*"

"One man?" scoffed Shadrow. "What's the matter with you, Tolbert?"

"A hunch. He's one man, sure. But he can get more scrappers together in a minute to fight you than anybody else could. This country takes Hugh for a winner."

Lynn's heart leaped. Shadrow's chair banged violently against the door and she heard him tramping back and forth, directly beyond it. Yet she clung to her place, waiting for something to come.

"If he had sense he'd be out of the valley now," growled Shadrow. "He ain't a fool. I told him what to expect."

"And he laughed in your face," said Maunders. "There sure has been a mistake made and I'm the man that is going to suffer for it. He's pointed at me. That misplay in Antelope was your fault, Tolbert. I had it worked right until you refused to give the high sign."

"With Vivian layin' his sights on me? I like my skin."

"And there's another trouble-maker," grunted Maunders. "Dammit, this business gets worse."

"Where's Tracy apt to be now, Tolbert?" demanded Shadrow.

"Unless I'm wrong," drawled Tolbert, "you'll find him on his place, forted up and waitin'. That's why I said you wasn't finished with this particular business yet."

SHADROW'S boots stamped on the wooden floor. Apparently the chair was in his way, for it struck the door *again so hard that the latch jumped out* of its seat. Light gushed instantly through the widening aperture. Lynn's hand checked that swinging panel and she wheeled silently back from certain discovery. So near had it been that she caught a momentary glance of her uncle's face—deeply lined and a fiery glow of anger in his eyes.

"Maunders," said he, "this is your fight. You've made a hash of it too many times. Get a dozen men and go back. If he's there, take care of him, *right. Burn the condemned place.*"

"Me again?" muttered the gunman. "How about Tolbert takin' a crack at it?"

"What do I pay *you* for?" challenged Shadrow. The venom in the question stung the big-bodied lieutenant. He snapped back: "All right! I'll show you monkeys! But I'll stand for no more advice! Every time I been told how to do it. Now I'm goin' to go at it my way!"

The girl had enough. She backed down the short corridor and ran through the black hall as far as the living-room. For a moment she stopped, exploring the dark shadows with her glance. Seeing nothing she ran out of a rear doorway and around the corner of the house. Maunders' square torso moved ahead of her, diagonally over the yard, and he was calling out the names of certain men in an arrogant voice.

Maunders she hated enough to shoot; but it was Lake Tolbert who inspired in her something far deeper—a dread, an actual creeping of the flesh. The man's eyes were blank. They denied light, they repulsed warmth or feeling. Yet this very impassivity spoke of inner emotions avariciously hoarded. And as she slowly crossed toward the small barn where *Shadrow kept his own saddle horses, it* was Tolbert she feared more than the dull, unimaginative Maunders. Thus it was with half relief and half apprehension that she reached the stable, groped in the dark for her pegged gear and hastily saddled her favored coal-black. Leading him out a far end, she walked a good hundred yards into the plateau before mounting. After that she drifted a like distance before clipping the animal with her heels. At this prompting the black went breasting away to the northwest, toward Hugh Tracy's place. The last thing she heard from the ranch was Maunders' heavy summons to his men.

THE moment she entered the stable, Tolbert moved from an obscure angle of the porch and lifted a cupped cigarette to his mouth, turning his attention to Maunders out in the middle of the yard. He had seen the girl cross to the stable—the rest was obvious. Such was the mind of this foreman. He knew what others did or were likely to do because, long before the players fell to their parts, he had weighed them in the cold balance of his mind. Others spoke and revealed themselves. Tolbert locked himself in rigid silence and looked on. This night in the office he had stood at his usual place by the wall as a spectator rather than a performer; and so placed he saw Shadrow kick the chair into that near-by door and he saw the door, flying open, suddenly recoil from a gentle pressure on the other side.

He guessed the girl might be hidden there to listen. She was the lone outlander on the ranch, the one rebel. Therefore, she would be the one person to do such a thing. Naturally, a desire to know what Shadrow was about had brought her to the risky position. But what fed that desire? No idle emotion, certainly. Profoundly shrewd as to people, Tolbert made another long guess. She had ridden the plateau considerably. She possibly had met Hugh Tracy. Indeed, he rather suspected she had. Well, *Tracy was a rebel, too; and these two* people were young and healthy and attractive. The rest was simple. If she had spunk enough to listen in, she had spunk enough to convey what she heard. All this pieced together, he stepped to the porch and drew back, placing his eyes on that spot where she was likely to appear if his reasoning was sound. She appeared there.

The foreman remained on the porch until Maunders had gotten his men roused. Then, seeing the gunman tramp over to his horse by the main house, Tolbert shifted ahead and immediately caught the other's attention. Maunders motioned to the office and asked a subdued question: "Where's the old man?"

"Eatin'."

Maunders expelled a sharp blast of breath. "He's foolin' himself. He thinks we're goin' right ahead steam-roller style. But I'm damned if we are. We've hit a snag. When thirty men can't handle three it's time to do some thinkin'. I don't like it. We've missed Hugh Tracy too many times. He's pretty near bullet-proof. And I'm the man that's going to be hunted like a jack rabbit if he starts a snipin' contest."

Tolbert let the silence drag out. "Listen. Tracy's at his place."

"How in thunder do you know?"

"Figure it out. Ever hear of Tracy runnin'? No. He'll scrap. Where will he scrap? At his ranch. So he's there."

"You're a long-headed cuss."

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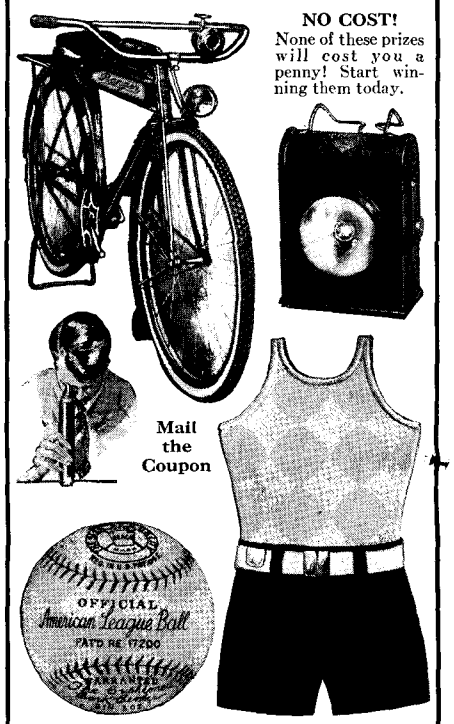

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HARPER & BROTHERS

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"He's there. But if you try to sneak up from shelter you won't do anything but warn him. He won't be expectin' you to come—not after the hard day we've had. He'll be off guard. Go to the trees and bust out into his clearin' fast. Catch him sleepin'."

Maunders' suspicions, always half roused, came strongly to the fore. "Why this kindly advice, Lake?"

Tolbert drew a slow breath of smoke, expelled it. "Bobble this time, Sid, and Shadrow will land on you with both feet. He's pretty sore about Tracy."

It was Maunders' turn to remain silent. He came a little closer, peering up at the foreman.

"You don't fool me, Tolbert. You ain't workin' here for love—no more than me. What's up your sleeve?"

"What would be?" parried Tolbert.

"I dunno. Can't see the cards you're playin'. But, brother, I know damn' well you're playin' 'em. Let a man in the game, Lake."

"Poppycock."

"Lone hand, uh?" muttered Maunders. "Well, I didn't think you'd be that foolish. Don't you know it's what Shadrow wants—you and me pullin' apart."

"Don't try to cross him, Sid. Can't be done."

"You're a fool," said Maunders.

"Wiser than you. I know my limits and I know Shadrow. He's got us both watched all the time."

MAUNDERS pivoted his big body, staring into the shadows. After that he climbed to his horse and reined around. Tolbert emitted a soft warning: "Don't creep up. Bust down there—and you better not make a fozzle of it this time."

Maunders galloped away, drawing his men along. Tolbert had detained him a good ten minutes behind Lynn Isherwood. Tolbert had lied to him about Tracy's unpreparedness—for Tracy would be prepared. In that small round head of the foreman a thought flipped over and found its place. Pinching out his cigarette, he went to the mess hall, thawing to a reserved affability during the meal.

(To be continued next week)

The Man Misfortune Made

Continued from page 14

He admits publicly that some may not meet the test, promising to try something else if they fail of his hopes. He never keeps butting his head against a stone wall.

What he wants is action—going somewhere—and he has learned that the means of locomotion are not so important as the distination. He never makes a mountain out of a molehill in his dealings with Congress or vast portions of the electorate, as other Presidents often did. Therefore he gets what he wants from Congress, from the veterans, from organized labor, from the United States Chamber of Commerce, more often than his predecessors did. It is one of the secrets of his success so far.

But he can be stubborn—another trait he got from his years on a sickbed. In his comeback to health, like his friends at Warm Springs, he had to pass each hour of the day and night in a clock-like routine. There could be no chance of cure unless he underwent various treatments at the same time each day, unless he tied his body to a chariot of optimism, unless he regulated his diet, his movements, and even his sleeping, by prescribed standards. Such an existence, naturally, makes for a certain kind of obduracy.

Heritages of Illness

He shows it every day in big and little things. Cabinet members and politicians say that, once the welcoming smile has left his eyes and lips, and his jaws clamp down, they know it is foolish to argue. He laughed when "Jim" Farley urged him not to make the "swing around the circle" in the campaign, and events proved that he was right. He refused to discharge Secretary William H. Woodin immediately after the Morgan revelations, despite bi-partisan clamor for the Cabinet member's silky-white scalp.

Even the "brains trust" is an acquisition dating from the days of his illness. Mr. Roosevelt had to get his knowledge of what was being done and thought outside his bedroom from books, from people who write books, from having books read to him. Friends, with Louis McHenry Howe heading the list, read and talked to him. He learned from physical and intellectual necessity the value of study and the consultative method; he had to use other people's brains, whether he wanted to or not. It was from reading their writings on society and government that he got to know some of his professional advisers. He collected a mental "Who's Who" of experts upon whom he has called for the last ten years.

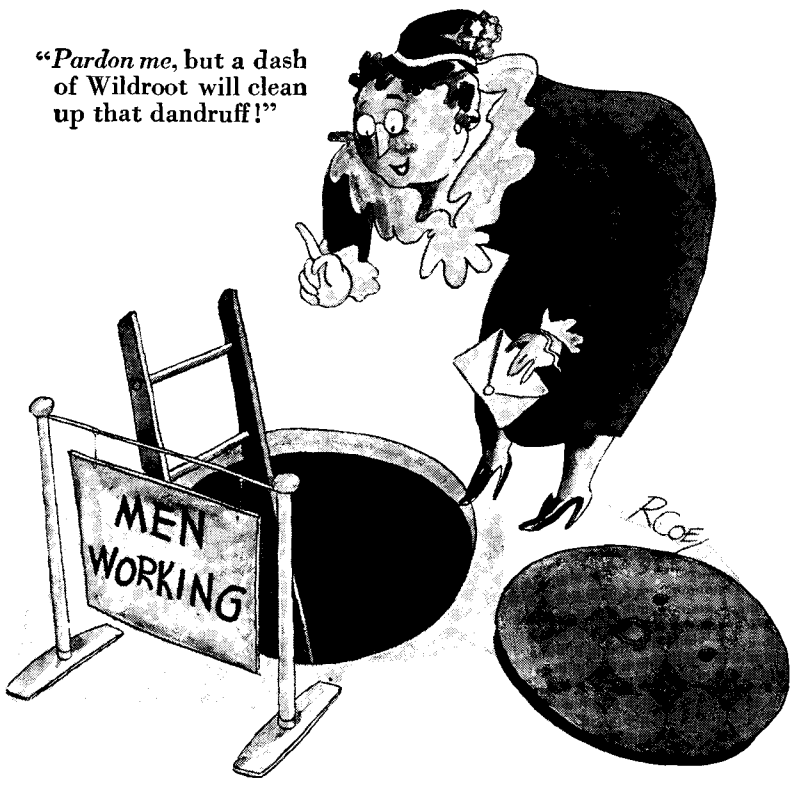
During this period he also learned the secret of delegating power and assignments to others. He has carried this system into the presidency, with results generally known. It explains why major reform measures reached Congress in the last session at the rate of one every ten days. Other Presidents tried to do too much themselves, and sometimes failed to do anything. Mr. Roosevelt is not too proud to ask for help. That is why, when cynics sneer at the "brains trust," he says: "The phrase should be transposed. It should read, 'trust brains.'"

Mr. Roosevelt has also developed terrific power of concentration. For years he had to husband physical energy, and this stored-up power had to find an outlet, a mental one. It is no strain for him to spend hours in reading or conferring or thinking about a problem. He left the White House only twice during his first week there. Mental activity is his substitute—in fact, his compensation—for physical movement.

The same necessity has steeled him to a system under which he can turn from one subject to another without recurring distractions, without worrying over whether a decision should be reconsidered. His starts and stops in the realm of thought are as definite and abrupt as other men's are in the field of physical action.

In the White House he has displayed a courage which is more basic than physical or political stamina. He has surprised all his friends except those who watched him grow and change as he fought his way back to health. He has discarded conventions by which his predecessors lived and led, and each day furnishes some new surprise to the capital—inflation, going off the gold standard, assumption of world leadership, defiance of organized lobbies, dominance of timid Americans.

He has thrown tradition out the White House window. He plays presidential politics according to his own rules—rules which brought him back to the kind of health he hopes to give to a convalescent nation.



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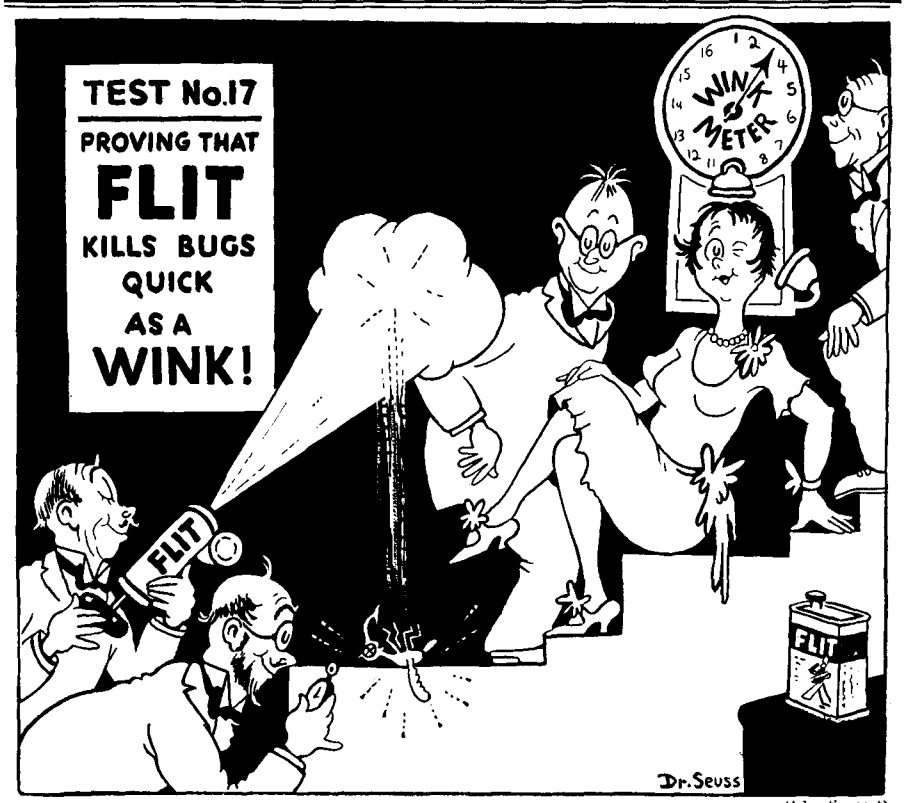

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Collier's

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Yesterday's Sin, Today's Virtue

IF a man had stood on a box in Chicago's Grant Park or on the Boston Common fifteen or so years ago and advocated such changes as are actually written into the Industrial Recovery Law, he would have been arrested as a dangerous radical or treated as an out-patient of Bedlam.

Yet without the flicker of an eyelash conservative citizens welcomed a few weeks ago the passage of a law which until recently they would have opposed as socialistic, communistic and utterly un-American. We are moving rapidly and without partisan struggle or class bitterness.

Nobody of great importance fought the changes written into the recovery law. *Leaders of industry favored it. An old* order was passing and a new era was taking form and there was no time for regret.

Make no mistake about the fact that the industrial recovery measure does mark a profound change in our American system. In law and in custom we came to a parting of the ways and we chose a new road.

The anti-trust laws are as dead as Napoleon and that's all right. The anti-trust laws never worked and never could work. They were invented by men who longed for the good old days which never existed outside the imagination. They were intended to keep business small when conditions made it profitable for business to be big.

The anti-trust laws merely prevented big business from accepting its responsibility of providing jobs and decent wages for those dependent upon it for a living. The Sherman and the Clayton laws forbade captains of industry to combine even for the humane purpose of making work for the unemployed. *So the old law has been suspended.*

With the passing of the anti-trust laws much else goes. Business, big and little, will be combined. Destructive competition is out. We shall seek to save our skins by cooperation, not by industrial warfare.

Necessarily there will be some confusion at first and, human nature being what it is, some will try to extract mean and selfish advantage for themselves. The administration of the law will require high ability and strong character. It will be surprising if no mistakes are made. But it was inevitable that we should face the facts and adjust our ancient rules to our new conditions.

From now on the ancient rule of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost is out. We won't achieve perfection tomorrow or the day after but at least we have realized our common responsibility to put the vast resources of our civilization to work so that none may want and all may enjoy its fruits.

Price-fixing, the ultimate crime under the anti-trust laws, will be openly practiced under the new code of the recovery act. Obviously prices have to be fixed at profitable levels if decent wages are to be paid and jobs supplied.

Instead of avoiding combination as a crime, manufacturers must now join their trade associations when the public interest requires it. Rules of fair conduct must be agreed upon. If the manufacturers can't write their own code the government will.

The government will naturally act as an umpire to see that the rules are observed and that justice is done. The prime objective is, of course, to create jobs for those out of work and to provide adequate funds for wages.

In this new law workers have the unlimited rights to organize and to join labor unions. This, too, is destined to bring about vast and important changes in our industrial life.

The recovery act does not say that every worker must join a union recognized by the American Federation of Labor. It does say that every worker may without penalty join a union of his or her own choosing.

The general counsel for the organization created to administer the law is the former attorney for the railroad brotherhoods. Unquestionably all sorts of unions will arise under this new law and they will be sympathetically received by the government.

During the immediate future workers will be organized into unions on a scale unprecedented in this country. There will be the craft unions of the A. F. L., independent unions such as the railroad brotherhoods and the garment workers, company unions, industrial unions, representing not crafts but entire industries. This, too, is part of the new deal.

Altogether American industry will have new freedom and new responsibility. There will be freedom from the restraint imposed by the anti-trust laws. There will be responsibility to put this freedom to work.

New taxes will be imposed. The government will be a partner in every enterprise and a silent partner only so long as affairs are well managed. Prices must not be fixed too high. Wages must be fair. Conditions of work must be decent. The President may issue licenses and those who won't coöperate may not have licenses.

The astonishing aspect of this deeply radical change is that both the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce accepted it with friendliness. The opposition which would have appeared at almost any time before 1933 simply did not exist this year. Public opinion generally was ripe for a change.

Without a ripple we are passing through the new industrial revolution. There are no enemies except waste and idleness. Against such impersonal forces there can be no personal bitterness or hatred. Still it is a tribute to our political maturity that we have been able to make such changes calmly and peacefully.

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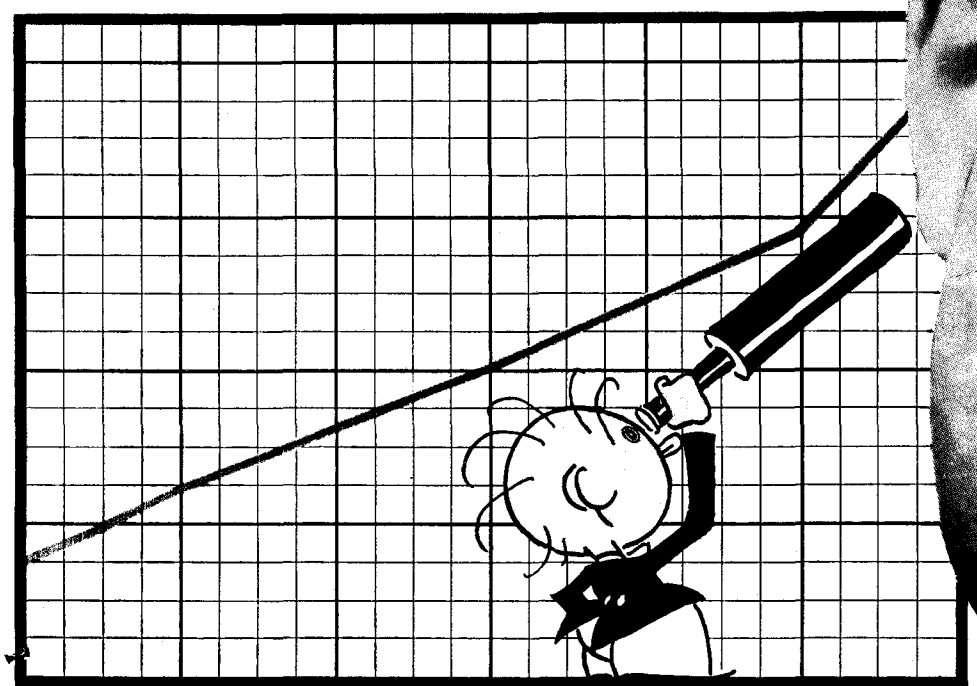
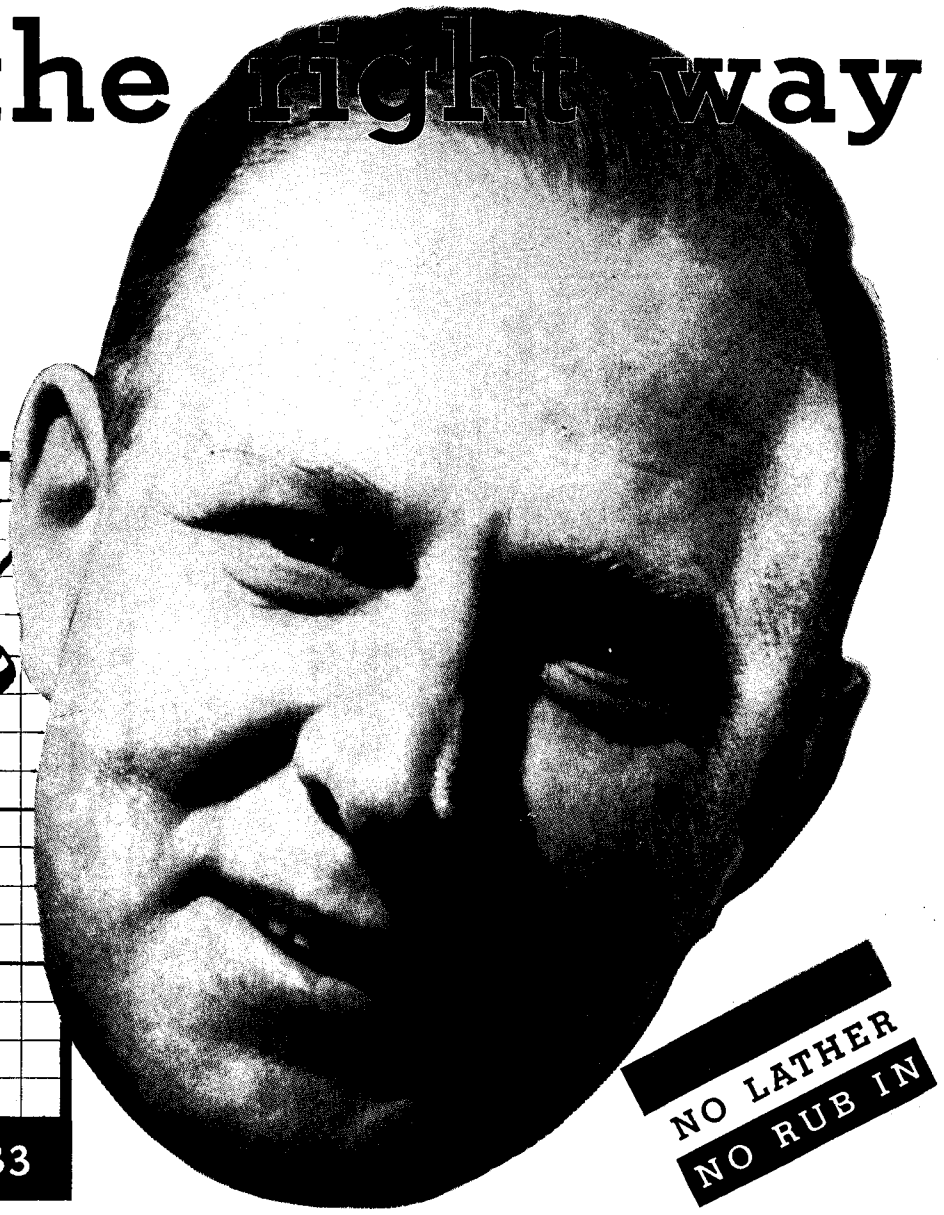
Here's one sales curve that points the right way

by "Singin' Sam"





SEEMS to me there's been enough bad news in the past four years. Let's take a look at the sunny side for a change.

Here's what Barbasol sales have been doing, thank you.

Yes sir—thanks to all you millions of men who have the good judgment to know a smooth, soothin', comfortable shave when you *feel* one—Barbasol has been selling *bigger* and *bigger* year after year.

When you look at this, you can't blame a lot of the Brush and Lather boys for climbin' on the Barbasol bandwagon and goin' in for *creams.*

And the more the merrier, I say. It just hastens the time when *everybody'll* agree that the messy old shaving brush is as out-of-date as a bustle.

Then it's just a matter of who makes the best cream—and I can tell you the answer to that.

It's *Barbasol*—the fastest-selling shaving cream on the market. Barbasol is actually so kind to your skin, so soothin' and healing, that lots of smart men and women use it for sunburn.

So, folks, when you decide to lay down your trusty old brush and start shavin' by the modern method, go all the way. Ask for, and be sure you get, real Barbasol in the red, white and blue barber pole package.

The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana

TUNE IN

Singin' Sam, Every Monday, WABC and Columbia Network, 8 P.M., E.D.S.T.

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NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

TWO O'CLOCK— AND NOT A WINK OF SLEEP YET!

DID I LOCK THE DOOR? BILLS! BILLS! BILLS! MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING I ATE EVERYTHING'S WRONG AT THE OFFICE

1 HOUR LATER

I'D GIVE $100 IF I COULD ONLY SLEEP!

NEXT MORNING

I FEEL TERRIBLE. THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE WRECKING ME.

AGAIN? WHY JOE, THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS!

LATER.

I'M SIMPLY WORRIED TO DEATH ABOUT JOE. HE CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS--LOOKS TERRIBLY RUNDOWN.

WHY DON'T YOU TRY ***OVALTINE***? DR. GUNTHER ADVISED IT FOR CHARLIE--AND IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

OVALTINE?

YES—IT'S A DELICIOUS FOOD-DRINK YOU TAKE WITH WARM MILK BEFORE BEDTIME. CHARLIE SWEARS BY IT AND SLEEPS LIKE A CHILD, 8 HOURS EVERY NIGHT!

THAT AFTERNOON

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. ELLIOT. MY HUSBAND HASN'T BEEN SLEEPING LATELY. I WANT HIM TO TRY *OVALTINE*.

YES MRS. TAYLOR, IT'S FINE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS AND HASN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT.

BEDTIME THAT NIGHT—

I'M DEAD FOR SLEEP--BUT I SUPPOSE ALL I'LL GET IS ANOTHER NIGHT OF TOSSING.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG DEAR, COME ON OUT TO THE KITCHEN.

SAY THIS TASTES GOOD! WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?

OVALTINE! THEY CALL IT THE "WORLD'S NIGHT CAP" BECAUSE IT BRINGS YOU NATURAL SLEEP SO QUICKLY. NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED.

10 MINUTES LATER, *AND ALL NIGHT LONG*

NEXT MORNING--

WHAT A SLEEP! I FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS!

WHY JOE!

JUST WAIT TILL I GET TO THE OFFICE, I'LL LICK THAT "DEPRESSION" SINGLE HANDED.

WE'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT *OVALTINE* IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JOE?

HE'S CERTAINLY "ON HIS TOES"— AND HOW!

WHAT? YOU CAN'T SLEEP? TAKE MY TIP--SEND THIS IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW WONDERFUL *OVALTINE* IS.

WHY HE LOOKS LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON!

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